

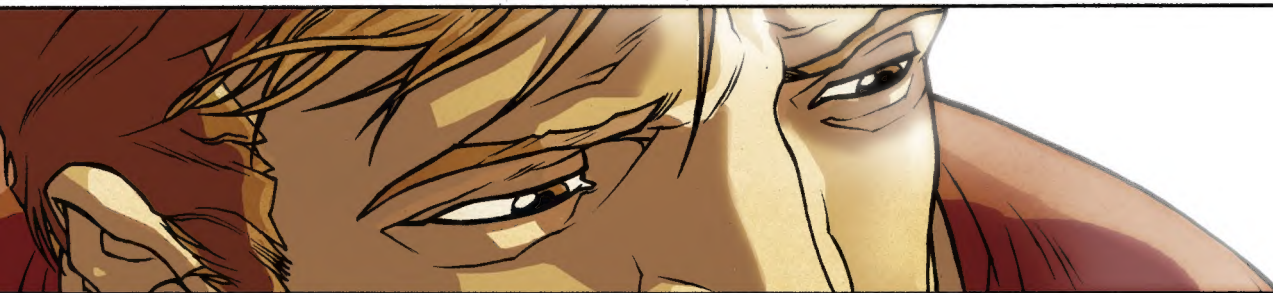
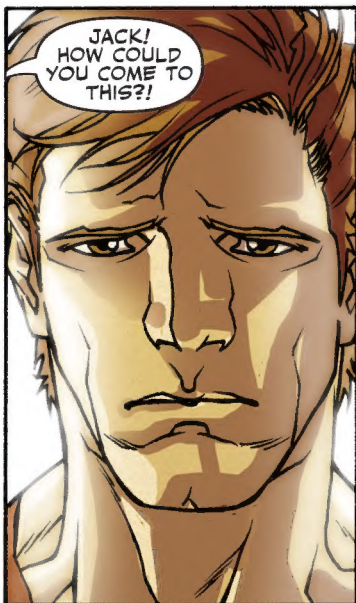
DAREDEVIL

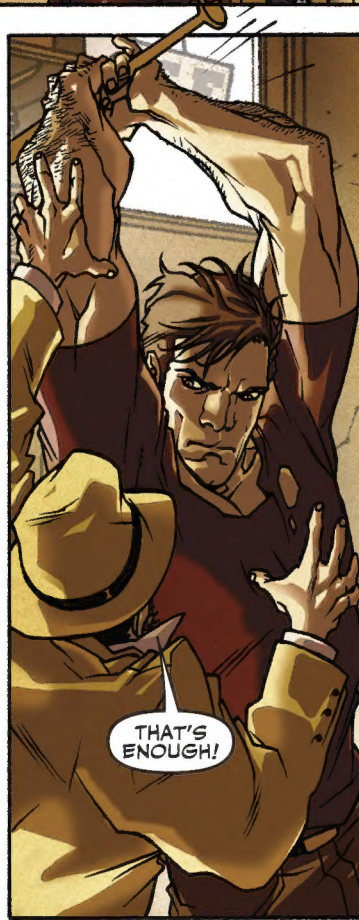
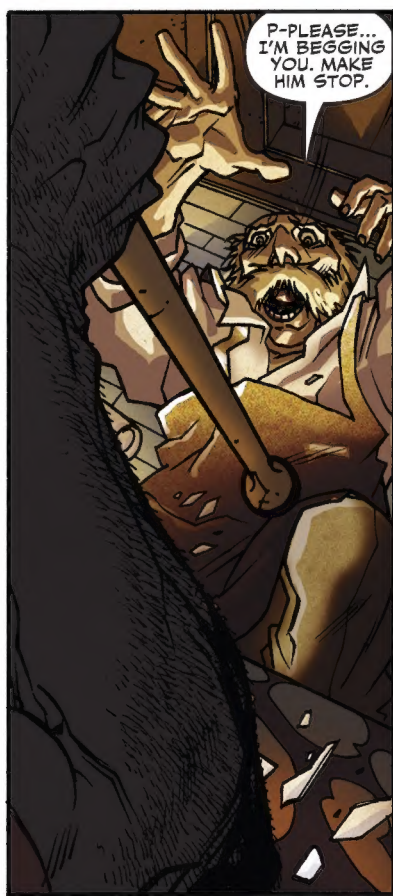
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



YEAR ONE
A CHRONOLOGICAL EDIT









THAT WAS UNPROFESSIONAL, MURDOCK.

SORRY... LOST MY HEAD FOR A MINUTE.

DO YOU THINK I COULD GET MY MONEY NOW...?

ARE YOU KIDDING? YOU KNOW I DON'T PAY YOU PERSONALLY. I'LL SEND THE KID BY LATER.



AH, COME ON, BOSS. JUST ENOUGH FOR A LITTLE DRINK...



ARE YOU DEAF, YOU %\$#&ING DRUNK?

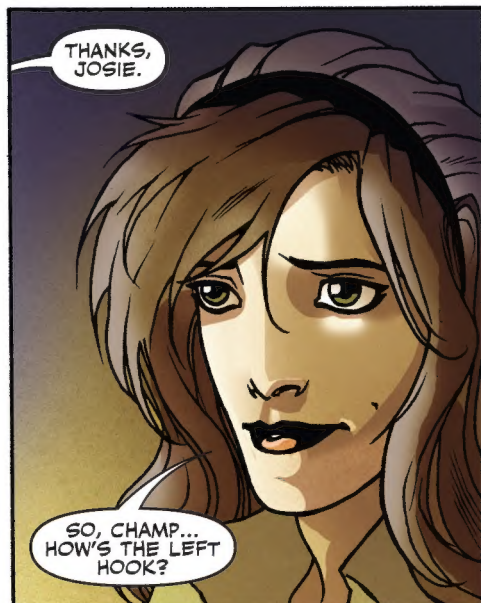


I SHOULD HAVE YOU PUT IN THE RIVER FOR BUSTING UP THAT SHOP WHILE I WAS THERE!!

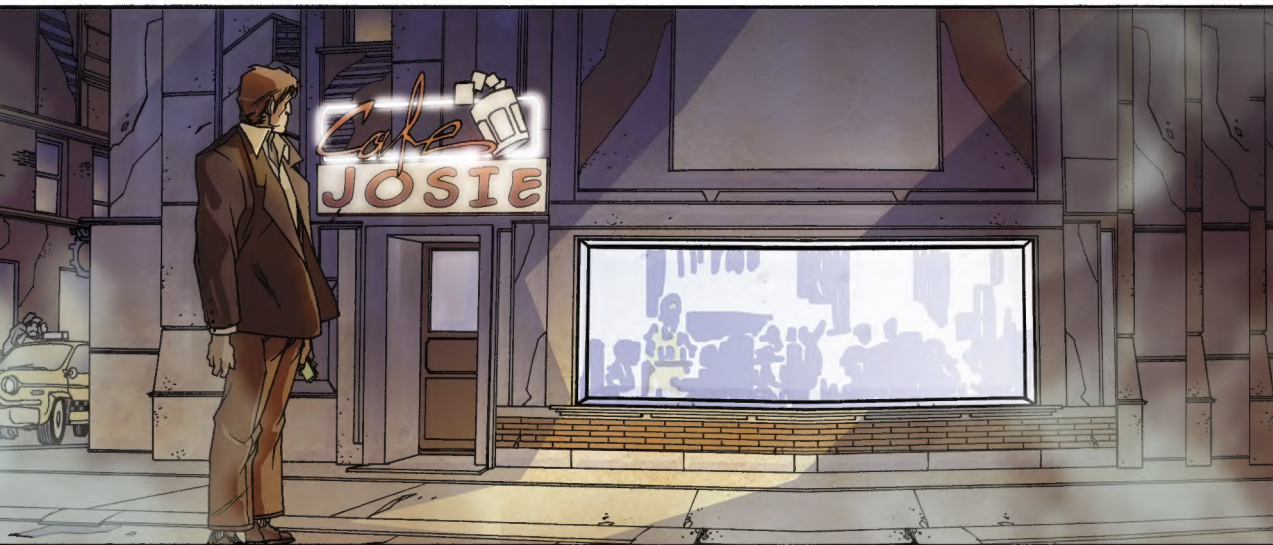
YOU THINK I WANNA GET POPPED FOR ASSAULT AND BATTERY?!

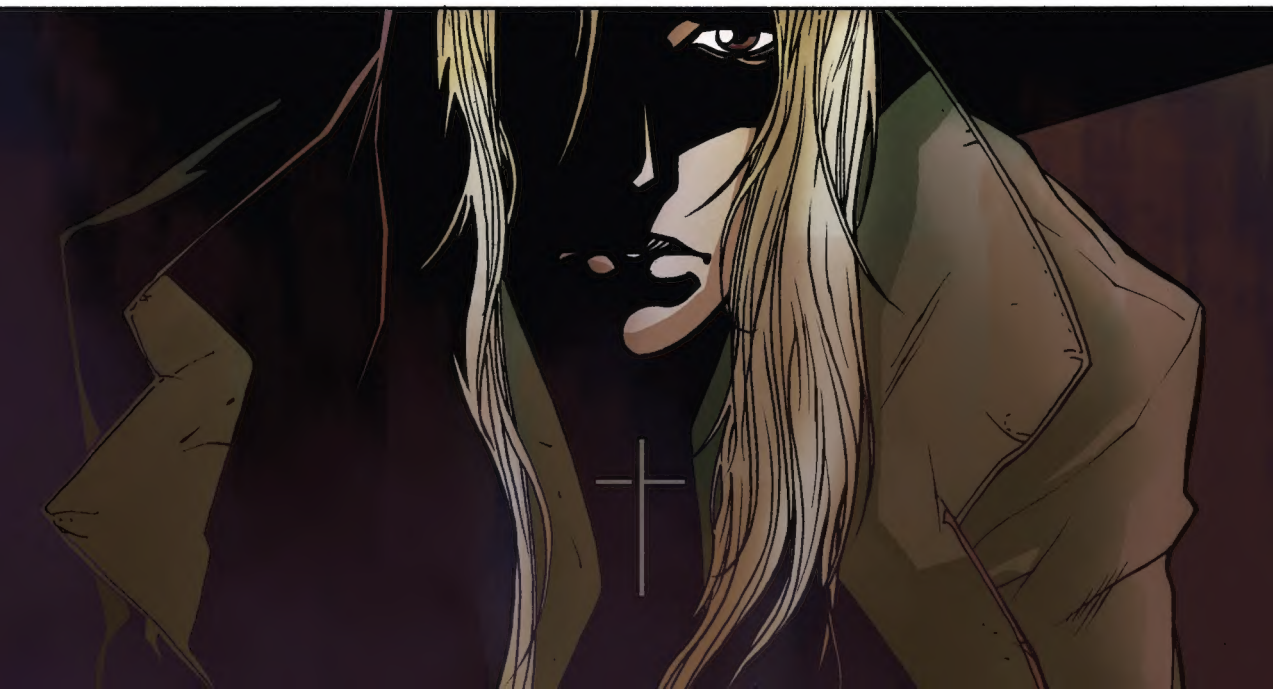


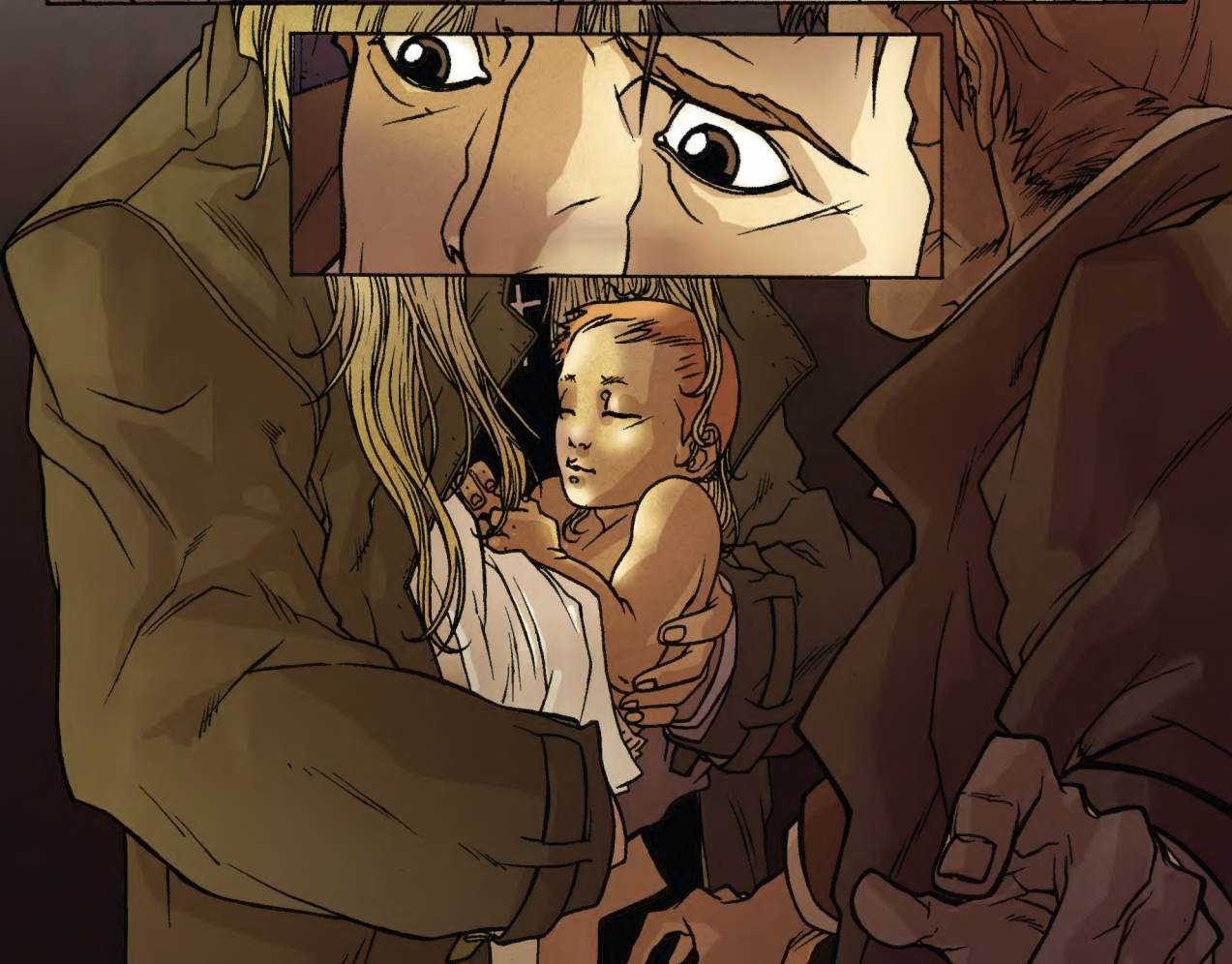
JEEZ, MURDOCK. YOU DRANK YOUR WAY OUT OF THE RING...YOU GONNA DRINK YOUR WAY OUTTA THIS GIG TOO?

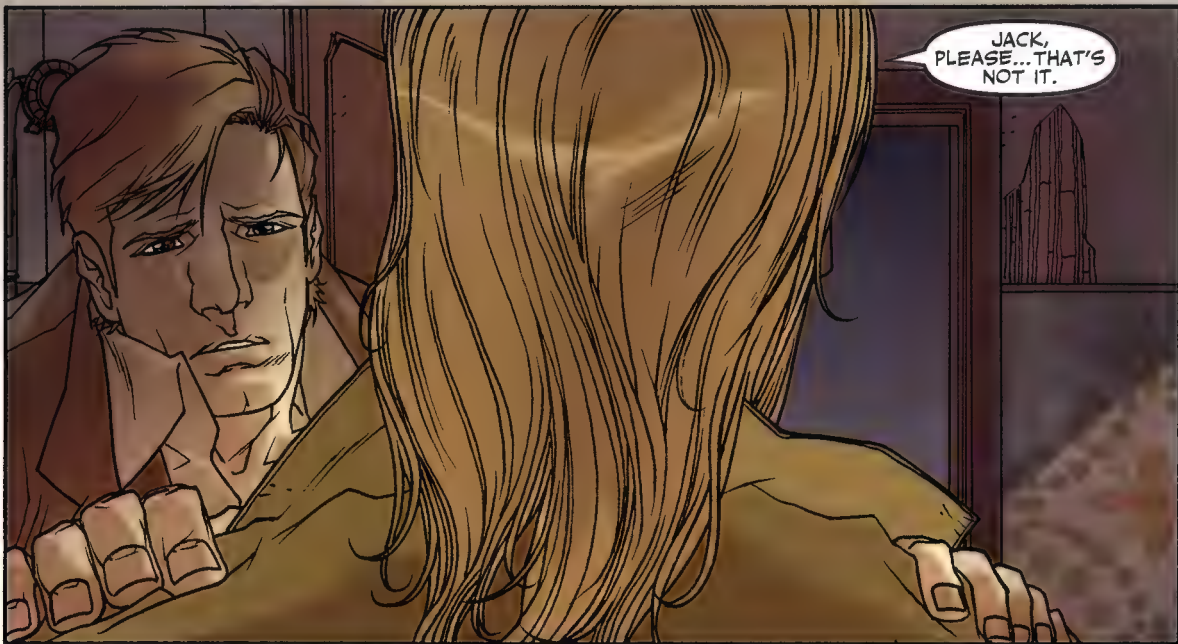
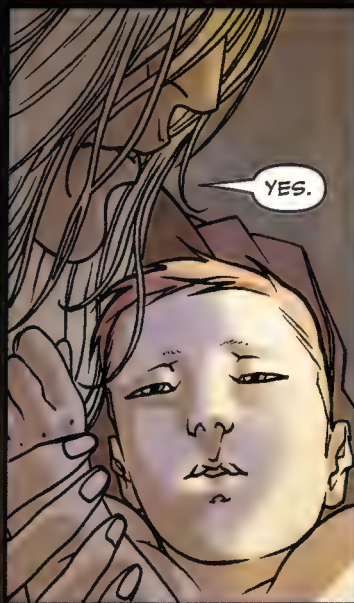


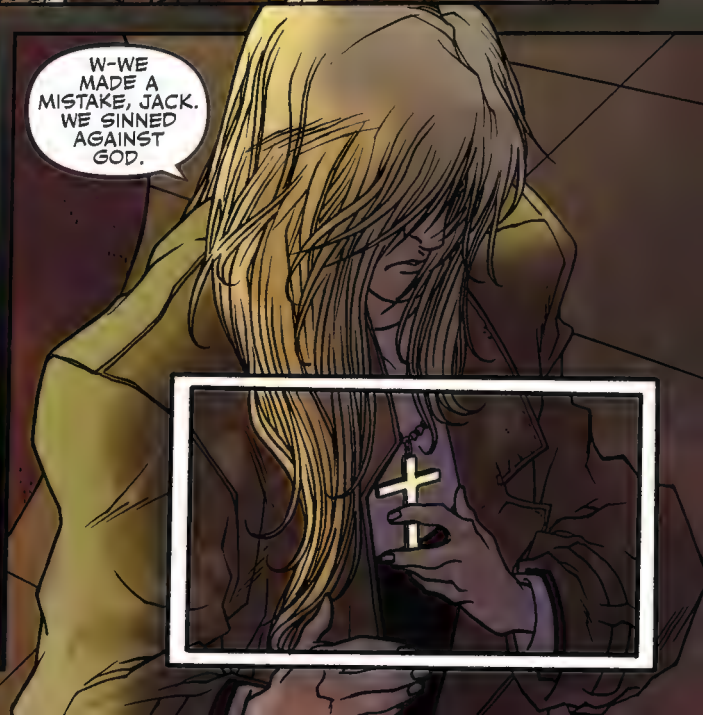
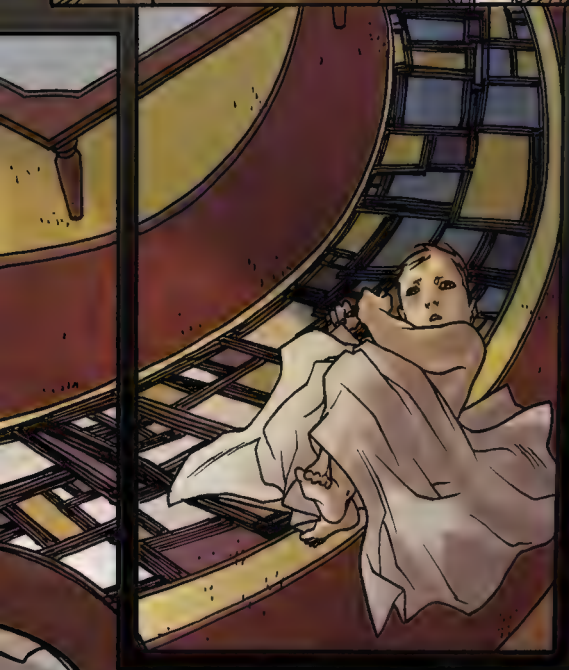
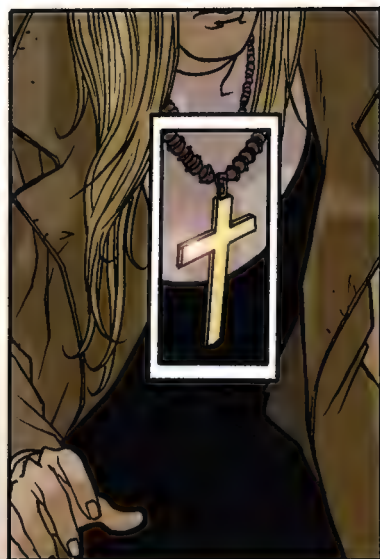
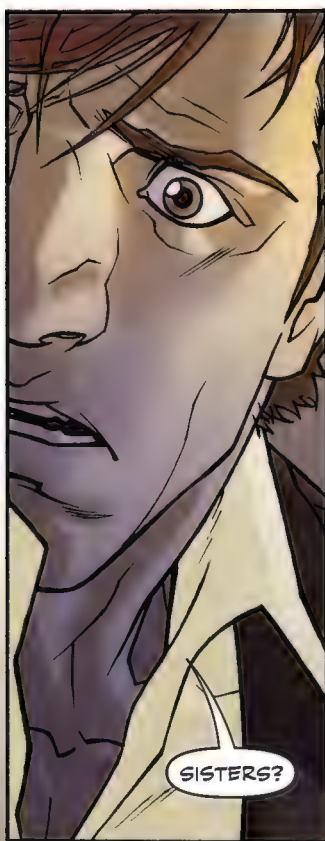
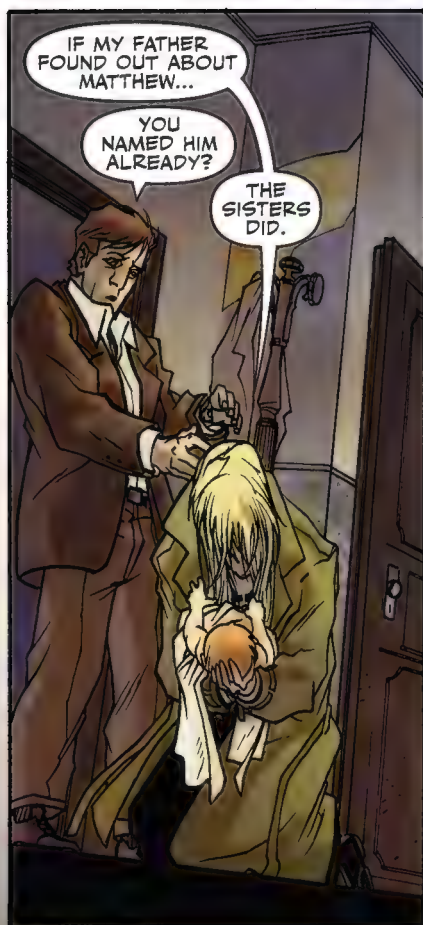


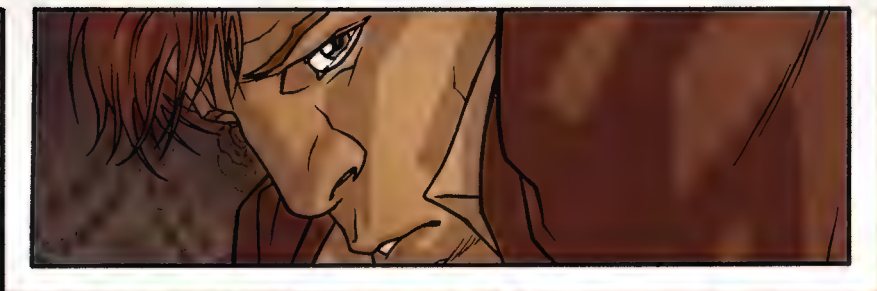


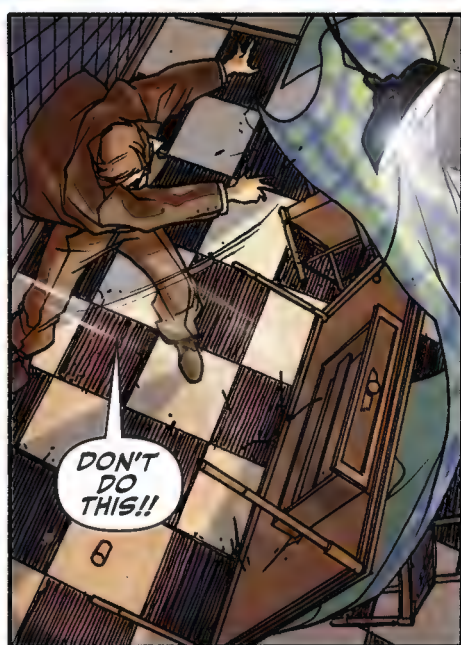
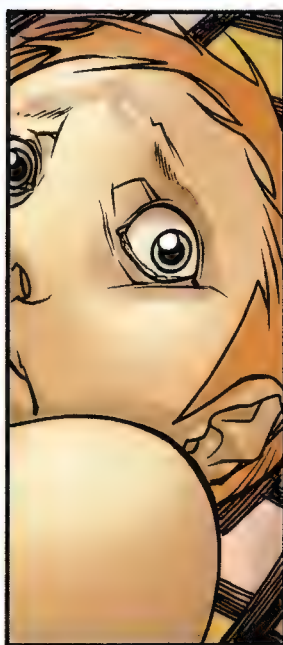
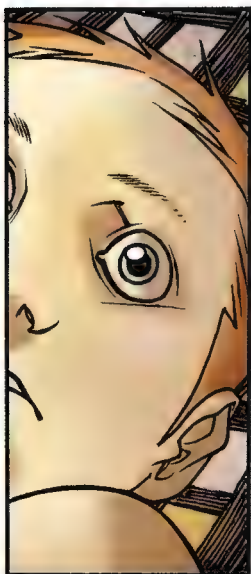
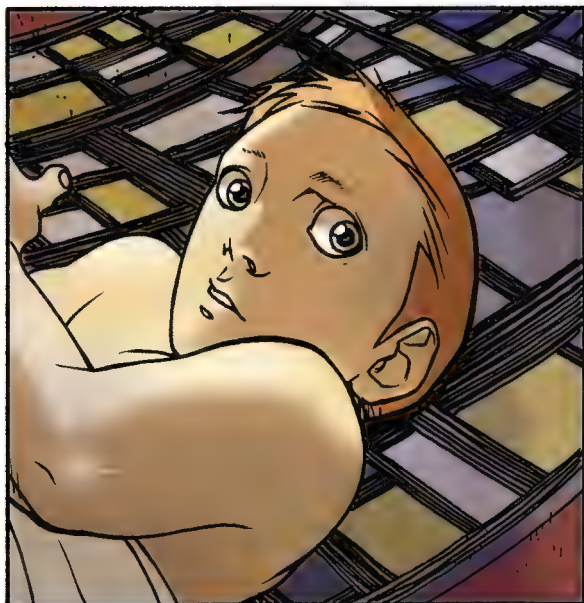


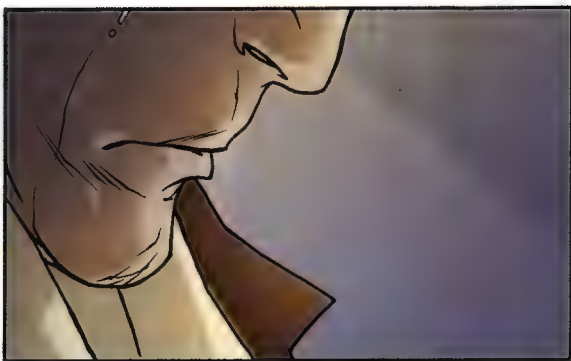
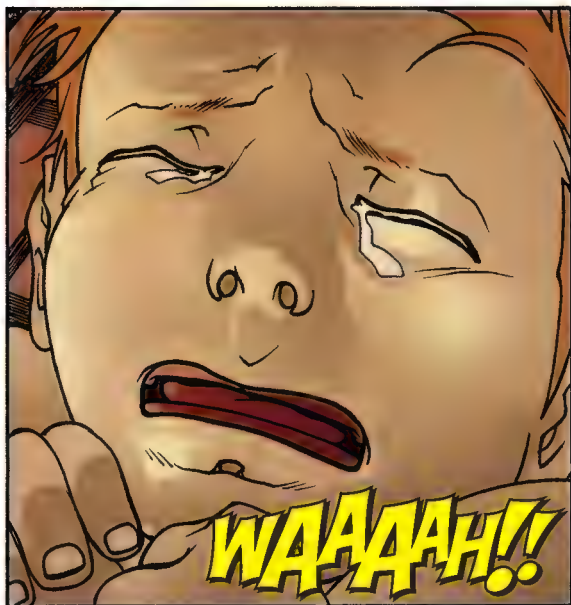




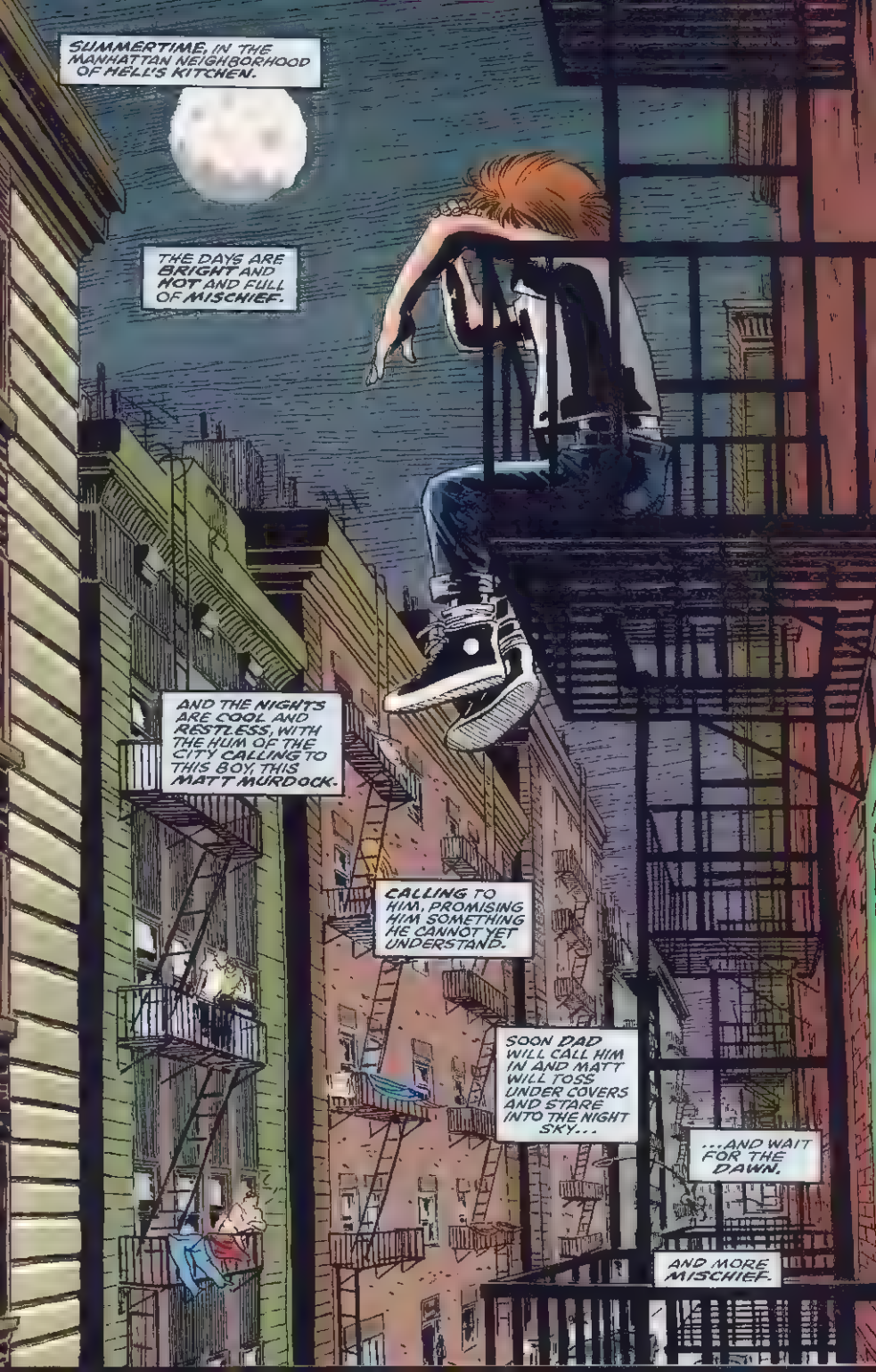












SUMMERTIME, IN THE
MANHATTAN NEIGHBORHOOD
OF HELL'S KITCHEN.

THE DAYS ARE
BRIGHT AND
HOT AND FULL
OF MISCHIEF.

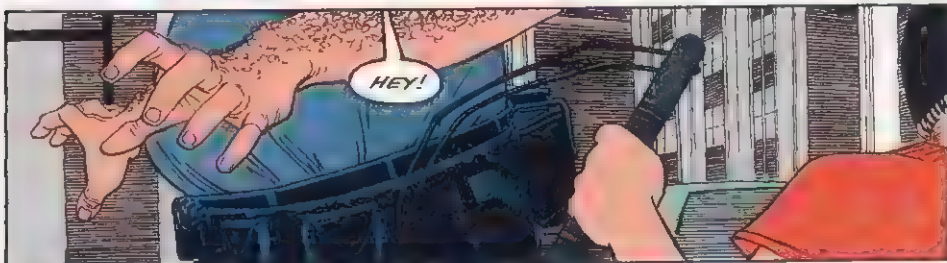
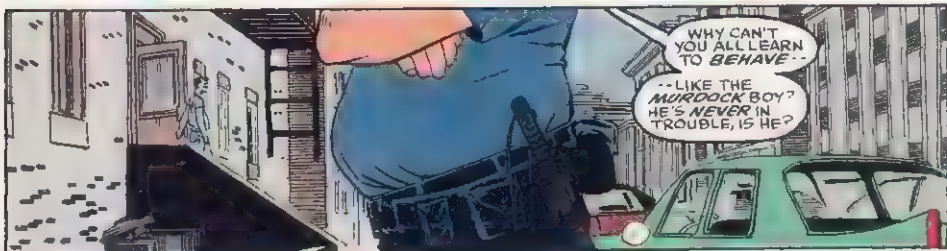
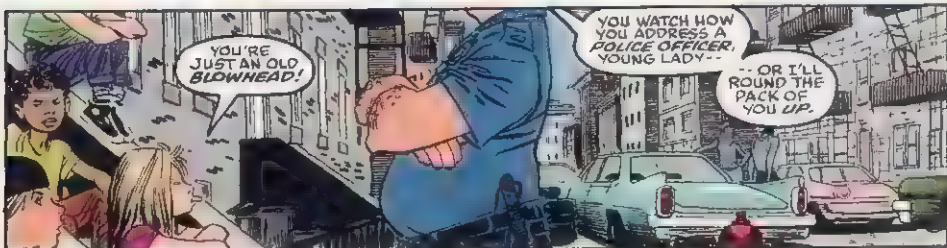
AND THE NIGHTS
ARE COOL AND
RESTLESS, WITH
THE HUM OF THE
CITY CALLING TO
THIS BOY, THIS
MATT MURDOCK.

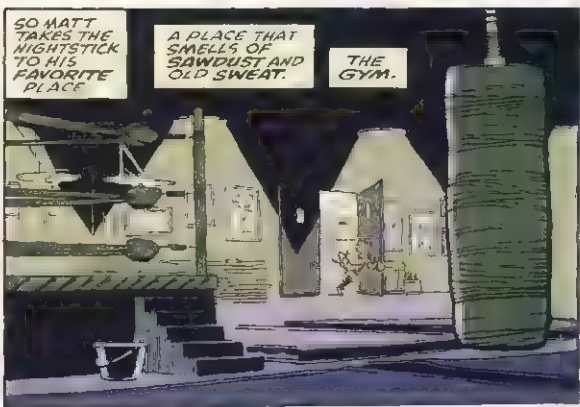
CALLING TO
HIM, PROMISING
HIM SOMETHING
HE CANNOT YET
UNDERSTAND.

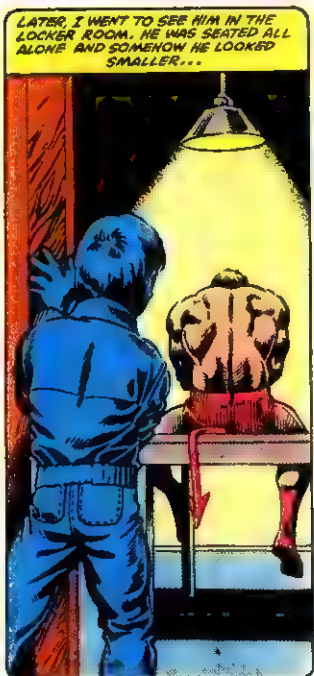
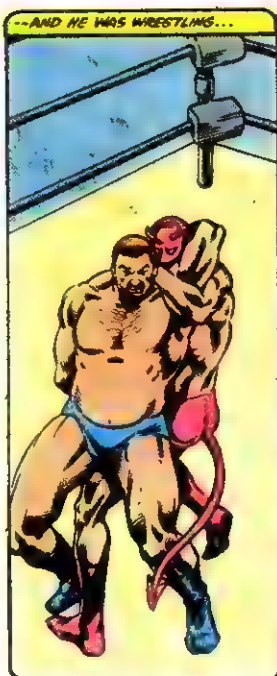
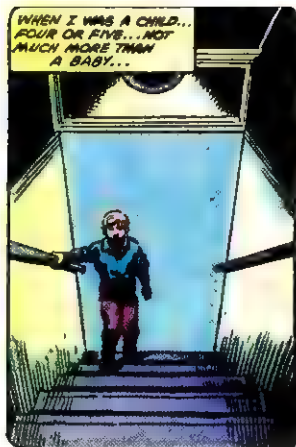
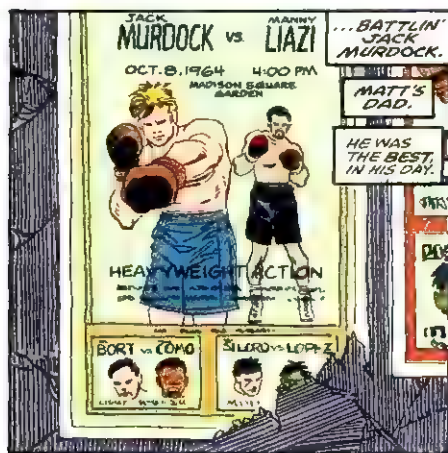
SOON DAD
WILL CALL HIM
IN AND MATT
WILL TOSS
UNDER COVERS
AND STARE
INTO THE NIGHT
SKY...

...AND WAIT
FOR THE
DAWN.

AND MORE
MISCHIEF.







LISTEN, KID, WHAT YOU SEEN OUT THERE TONIGHT ...FORGET IT. 'CAUSE THAT WAS SOMETHIN' I DIDN'T WANNA DO.



I HAD TO. I HAD TO EARN MONEY. YOU BEEN SICK AND THERE'S BILLS LEFT OVER FROM YOUR MA AND MY MANAGER AIN'T BEEN GETTIN' ME FIGHTS.



SO I HAD TO PUT ON THIS STUPID SUIT AND MAKE A FOOL OF MYSELF.

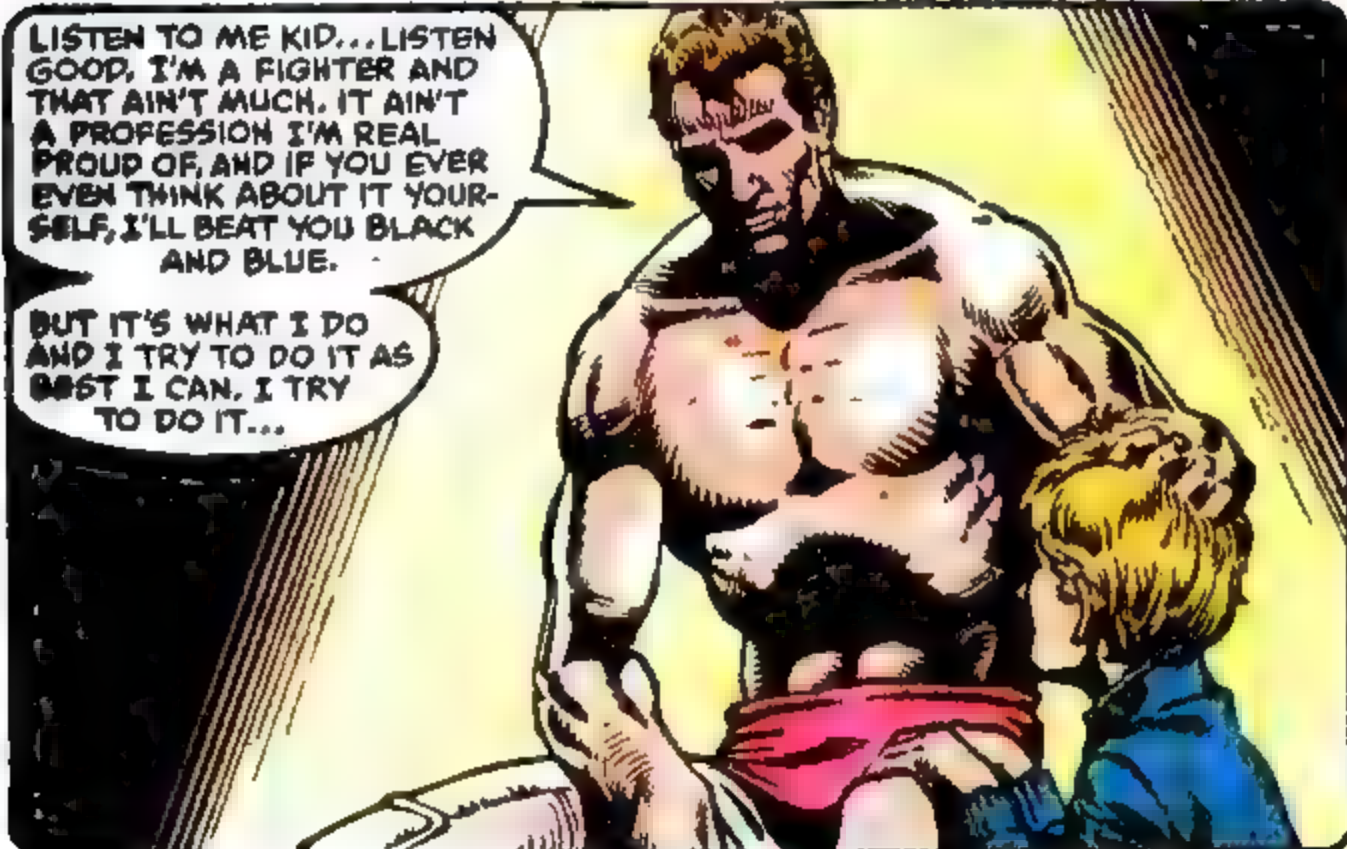


BUT I'LL NEVER DO IT AGAIN. NO MATTER WHAT.



LISTEN TO ME KID...LISTEN GOOD, I'M A FIGHTER AND THAT AIN'T MUCH. IT AIN'T A PROFESSION I'M REAL PROUD OF, AND IF YOU EVER EVEN THINK ABOUT IT YOURSELF, I'LL BEAT YOU BLACK AND BLUE.

BUT IT'S WHAT I DO AND I TRY TO DO IT AS BEST I CAN. I TRY TO DO IT...



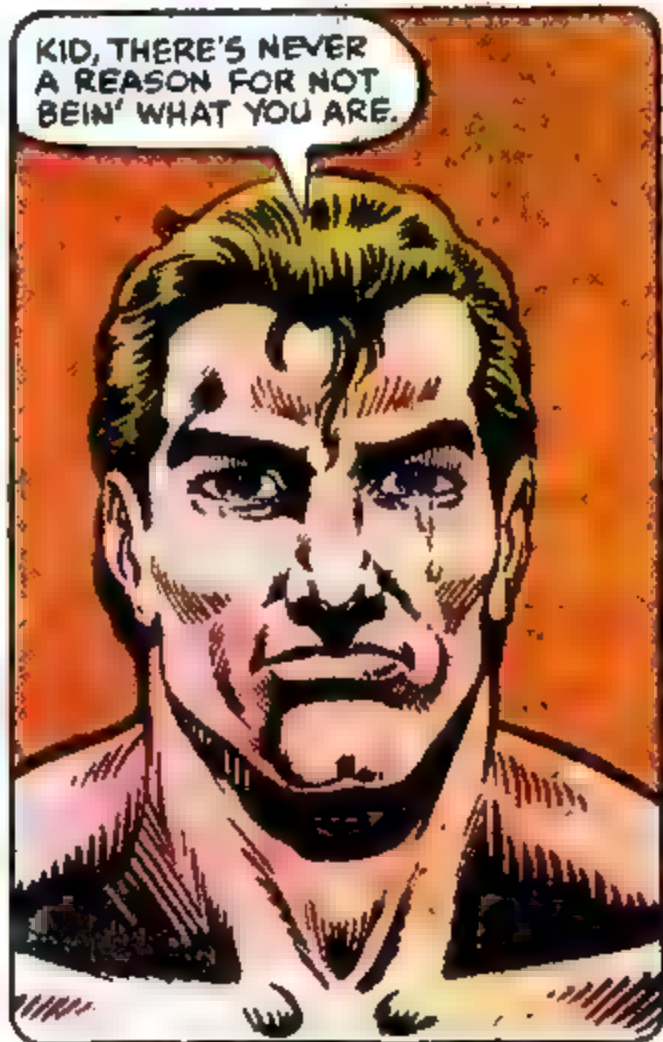
...HONORABLY, THAT'S THE WORD I'M LOOKIN' FOR.

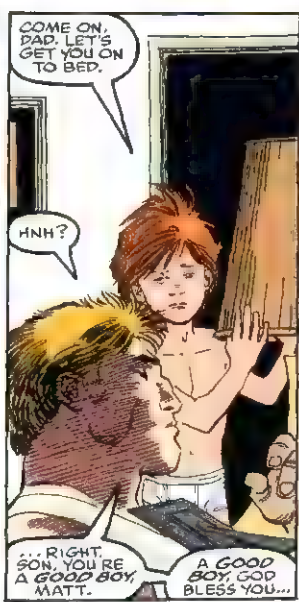


WELL, TONIGHT I DISGRACED FIGHTIN' AND I DISGRACED MYSELF AND THERE AIN'T NO MONEY IN THE WORLD CAN PAY FOR THAT.



KID, THERE'S NEVER A REASON FOR NOT BEIN' WHAT YOU ARE.





THE GYM.

A DIFFERENT
KIND OF ROUGH
NIGHT FOR
JACK MURDOCK.

WHUDD
WHUDD
WHUDD

WISE UP,
MURDOCK.
SLADE DOESN'T
GET TIRED
REAL EASY--

--AND I'M
AFRAID HE'S
STARTING TO
ENJOY
HIMSELF.

KHAFF

LET
HIM...

THE FIXER'S
TRYING TO DO
YOU A FAVOR
YOU DORK.

A REGULAR
JOB AIN'T SO
EASY TO COME
BY THESE
DAYS.

I
WON'T...

YOU
WILL.

YOU'LL WORK THE
NEIGHBORHOOD
FOR ME--COLLECT
ON BAD DEBTS--
OR YOU WILL DIE.

SO KILL
ME. I WON'T
WORK FOR
THE MOB

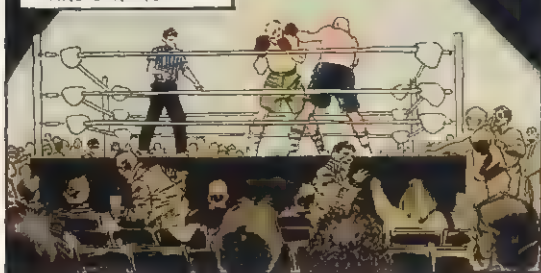
I WASN'T FINISHED,
MURDOCK. YOU WILL
COLLECT UNPAID
PROTECTION MONEY--
OR YOU WILL DIE--

--AND SO WILL YOUR
BRIGHT-EYED BOY.
YOUR LITTLE MATT.

THERE ARE
TIMES WHEN
JACK MURDOCK
DOES NOT HATE
HIMSELF

AND
HE FEELS
HIMSELF
AGAIN.

ONLY IN THE RING, ONLY
IN THE HEAT OF COMBAT,
WHEN HIS FISTS ARE
SURE AND HIS LEGS
ARE STRONG--

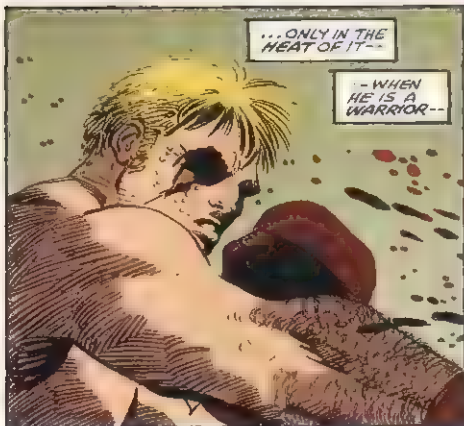


AND HE FOR
GETS THE WAY
HE SPENDS HIS
DAYS...



... ONLY IN THE
HEAT OF IT--

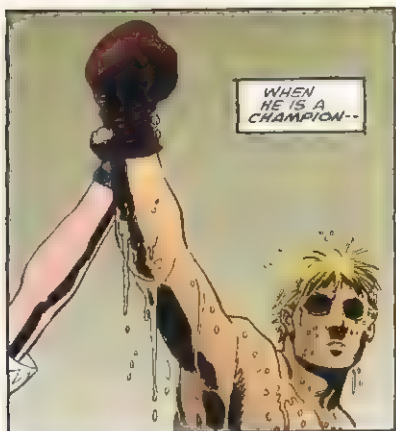
-- WHEN
HE IS A
WARRIOR--



-- NOT A MOB
ENFORCER.

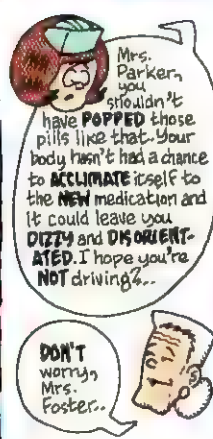
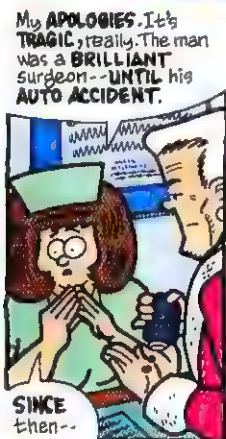


WHEN
HE IS A
CHAMPION--



-- NOT A
THUG.





I'M GONNA BE LATE!?!?



--and it's all YOUR FAULT, Flash!

Hey, I'm just TRYING to give you a BREAK, Parker...



I checked with my Uncle Ben. CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SENTINELS OF LIBERTY was SUSPENDED years ago, so YOU couldn't possibly be a chapter president out RECRUITING new members--

Look, if you wanna believe your UNCLE INSTEAD of ME, fine..



--AND collecting ENTRANCE FEES!!



This is ONE time you're NOT bullying me out of my money, Thompson..

..but I DID miss my bus. SATISFIED?

It'll have to do.



Luckily, Aunt May's doctor is CLOSE BY. He's ONLY 37 blocks from here!



And Liz..?

--you look SILLY in that outfit. NOBODY remembers WHO "GOLDEN GIRL" was anyway...



..heh...



Captain America's so-called "LOST PARTNER" is gonna be remembered as a MURDERER unless she gets the ice cream soda PROMISED her--PRONTO!!

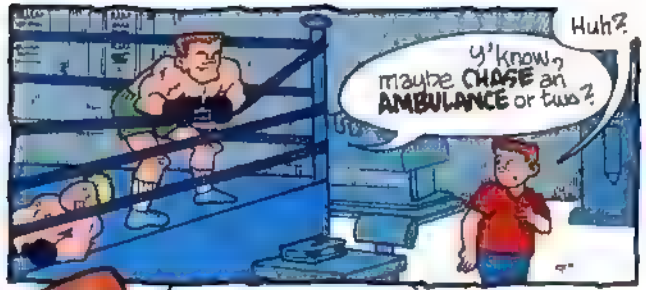
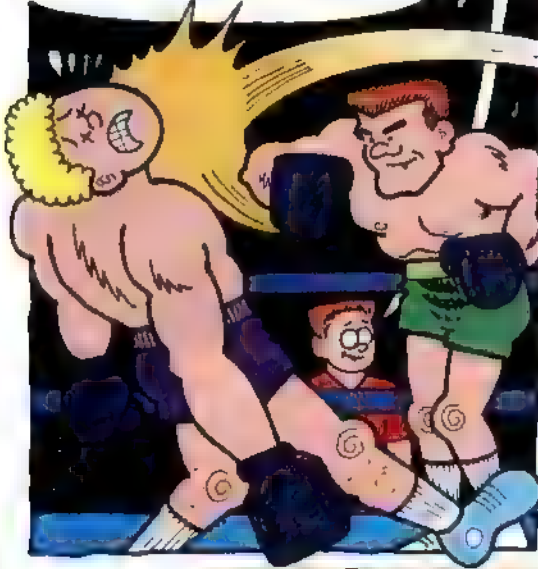


Now Liz..heh...you know IF I had the money, OF COURSE I'd --LIZ LIZ??...oh geez...

Meanwhile,
downtown...

...think I'll take a
BREAK from the books and
get some **FRESH AIR**...

Sure son. Your old
man'll keep **TRAINING** while
you go out and **PLAY IN TRAFFIC**.



Huh?

y'know,
maybe **CHASE** an
AMBULANCE or two?

Aw dad, you **KNOW**
that's **NOT** the type
of **LAWYER** I want
to be.

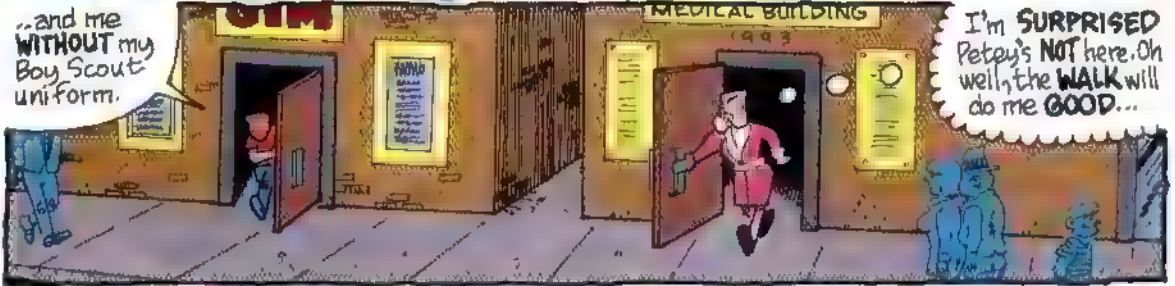
Just
kidding you,
kiddo.

Go on-- maybe you can find some
LITTLE OLD LADY you can **HELP** across
the street!



Gee...

...and me
WITHOUT my
Boy Scout
uniform.



I'm **SURPRISED**
Pete's **NOT** here. Oh
well, the **WALK** will
do me **GOOD**...



**GOOD-
NESS!**

I'm **TERRIBLY SORRY**,
ma'am--are you
ALL RIGHT?

No harm
done, sonny.
I'll be **FINE**.



The way she's **WOBBLING**
and **WEAVING** doesn't
look so
FINE to
ME...



**WATCH
OUT,
LADY!**

I'd better
keep an
EYE on the
situation...

Oh my! I do believe I have the **VAPORS!?!..**



And, just **BLOCKS** away...

Hold on, Aunt May...



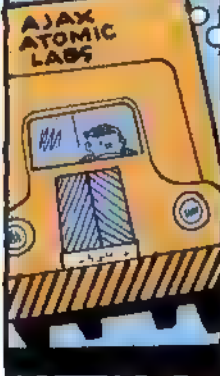
I'm puff puff **COMING!**

But...

OMIGOSH!



THAT TRUCK!!



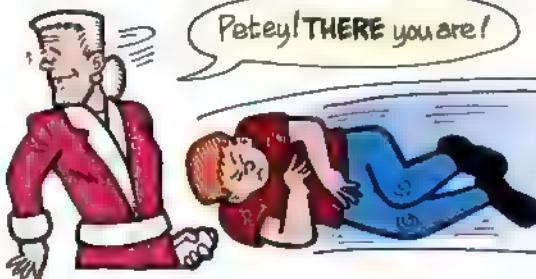
It's **BARRELING** toward the **INTERSECTION** where that old woman's heading!!



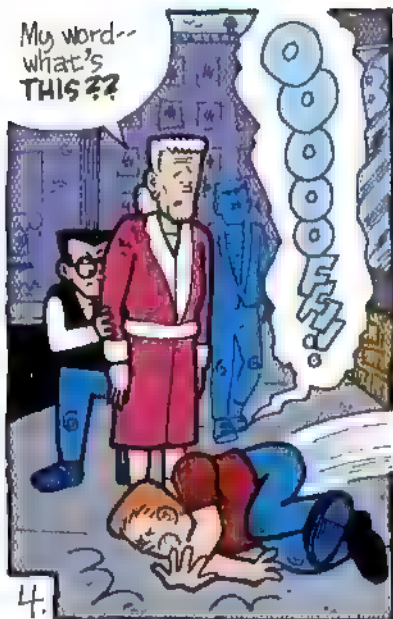
AUNT MAY! WATCH OUT!!



Pete! **THERE** you are!



My word-- what's **THIS??**



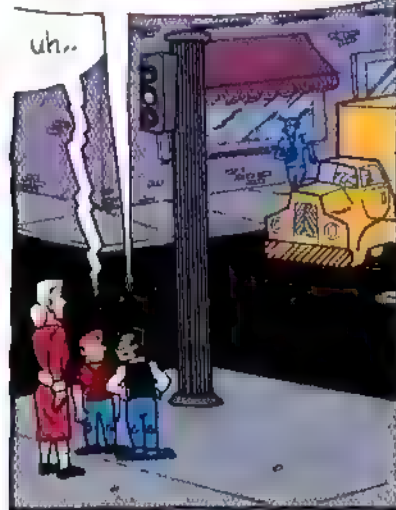
Begging your pardon, ma'am, but your walking seemed **ERRATIC**-- I wanted to **SHOVE** you from the path of that **ONCOMING TRUCK**.

You mean **THAT** one?



--the one **STOPPED** at the **RED LIGHT??**

uh..



WHAT are you--
BLIND?!

I'm sorry.
I just...

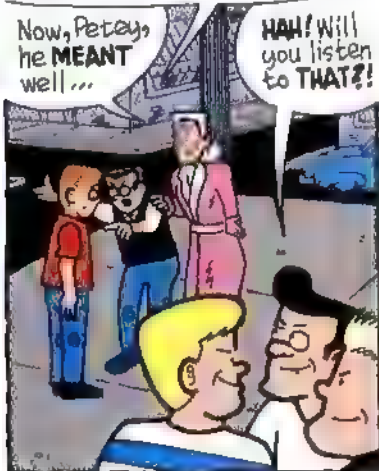
HEY
LOOK!



You could've really **HURT** my
aunt pulling a crazy **DAREDEVIL**
stunt like that!!

Now, Petya,
he **MEANT**
well...

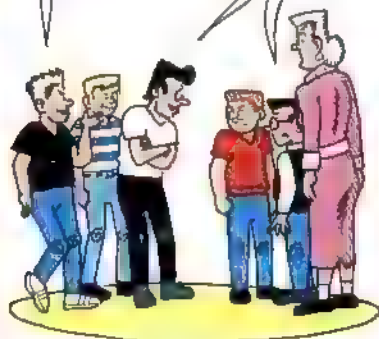
HAH! Will
you listen
to **THAT?!**



MATT MURDOCK, Junior
bookworm, being read the riot
act by one of his own King!

No, **NOT** Murdock. Didn't
you **HEAR** four eyes?

HUH?!

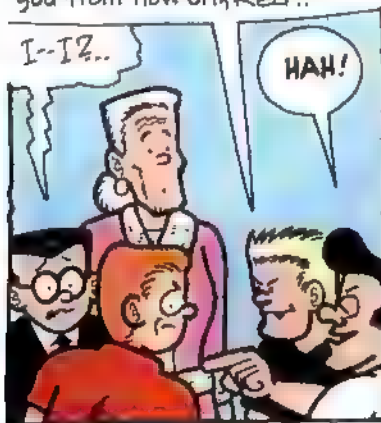


"DAREDEVIL"!!

THAT'S what we're gonna call
you from now on, Red!!

I--IZ...

HAH!



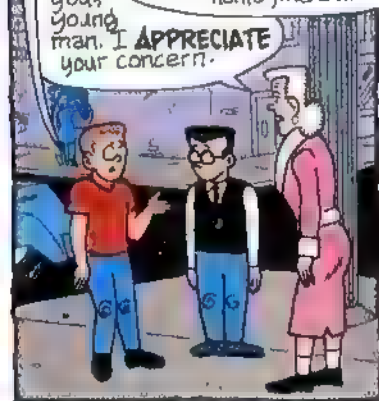
Wait'll the **REST** of the gang
hears about **THIS!!**

DAREDEVIL!! Man,
Murdock'll **NEVER** live
THIS down!



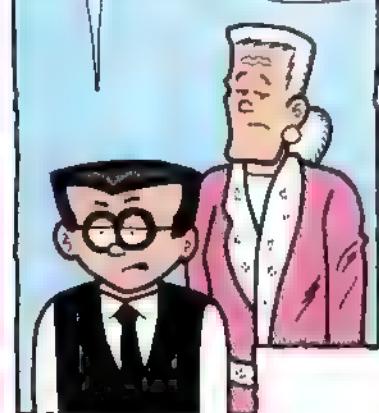
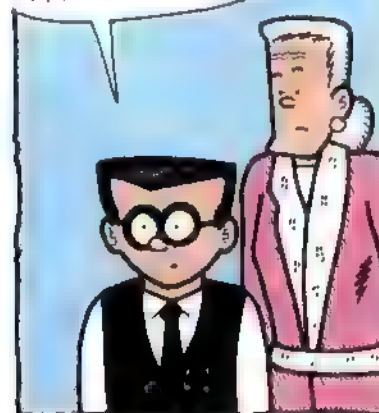
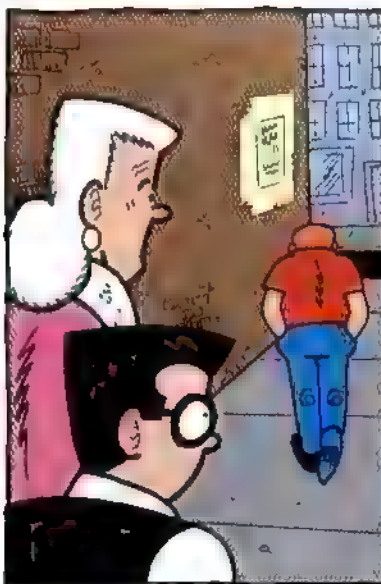
I have to **GO** now. I
have **STUDYING** to do.
I'm sure your nephew
will see you **SAFELY**
home, ma'am...

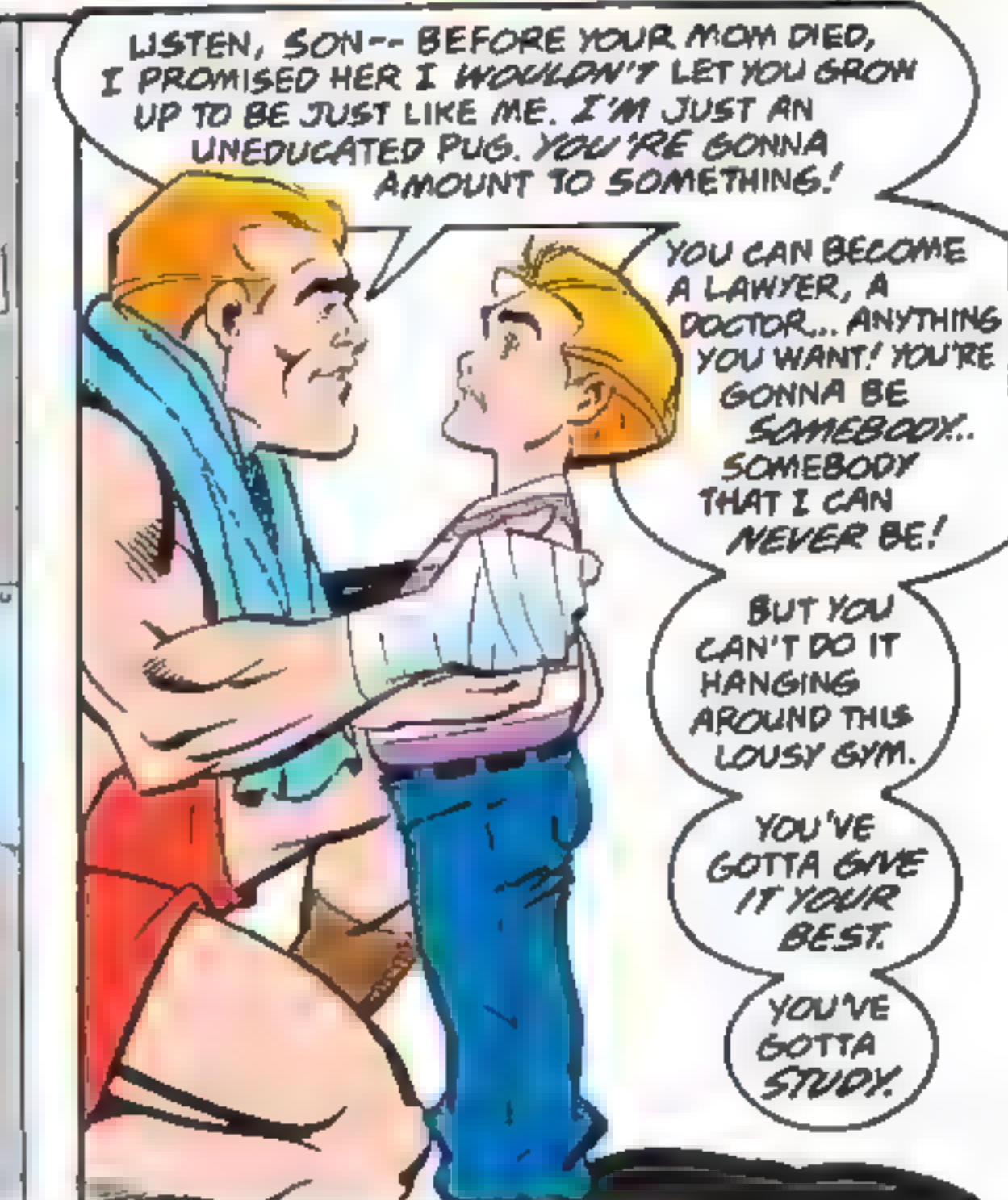
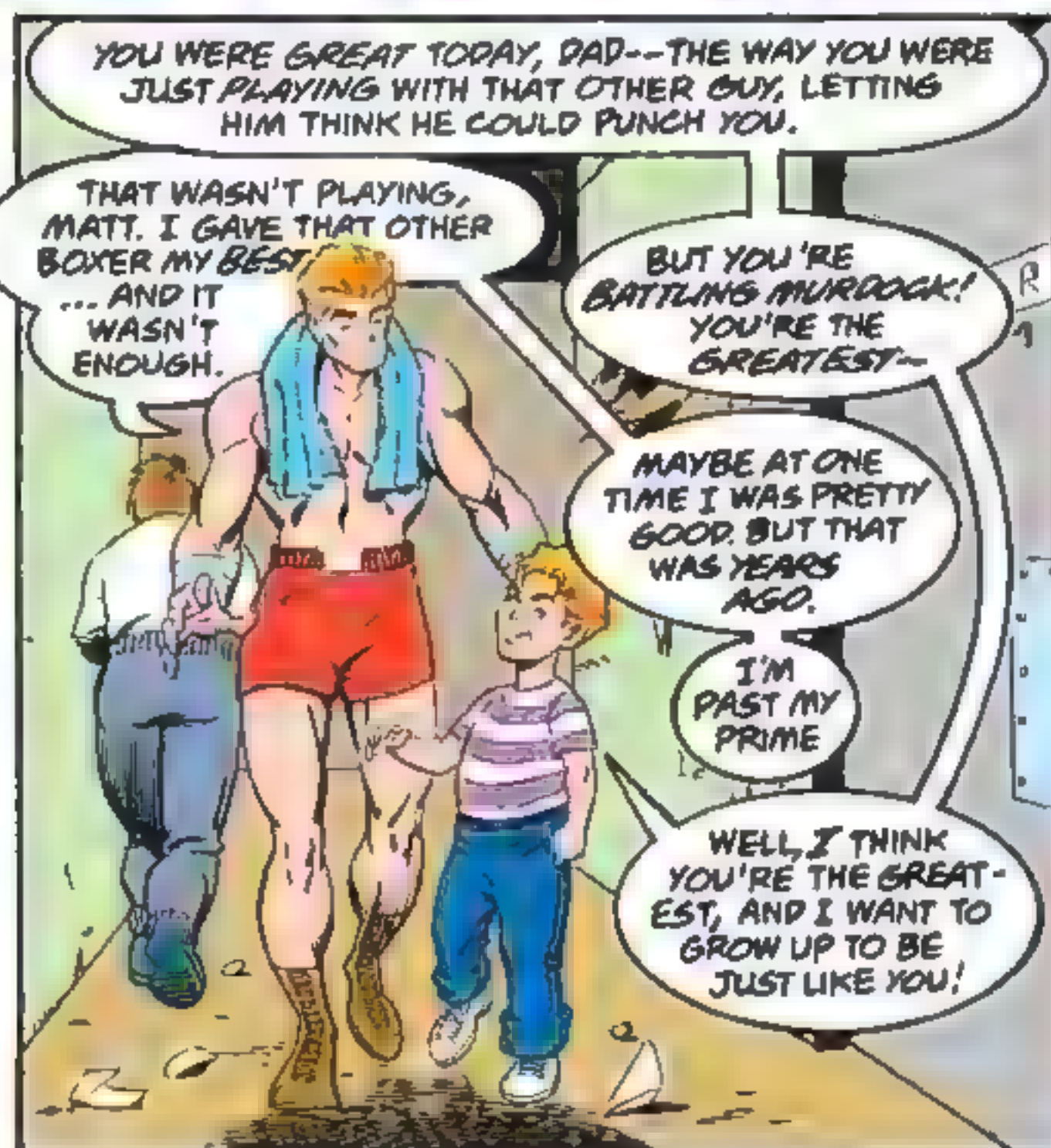
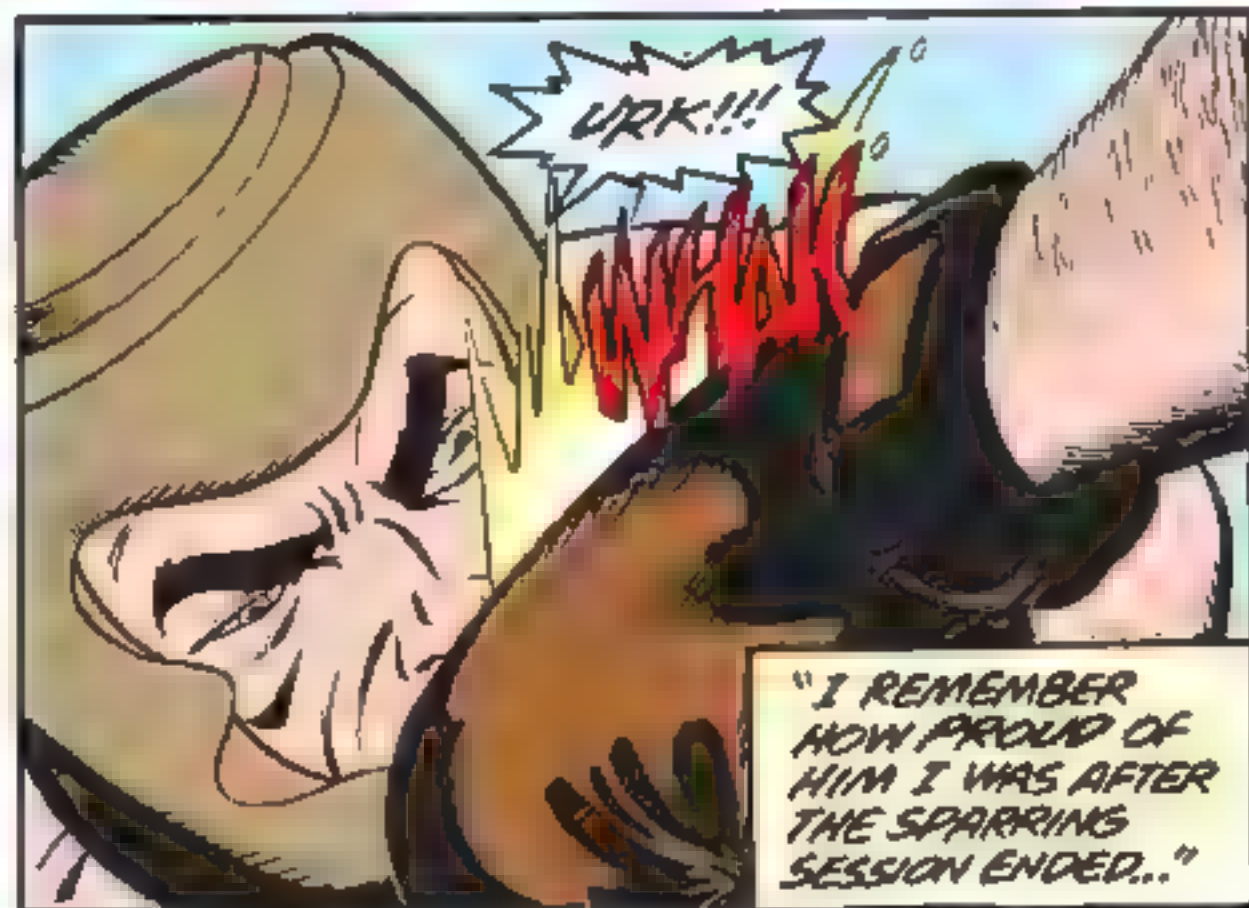
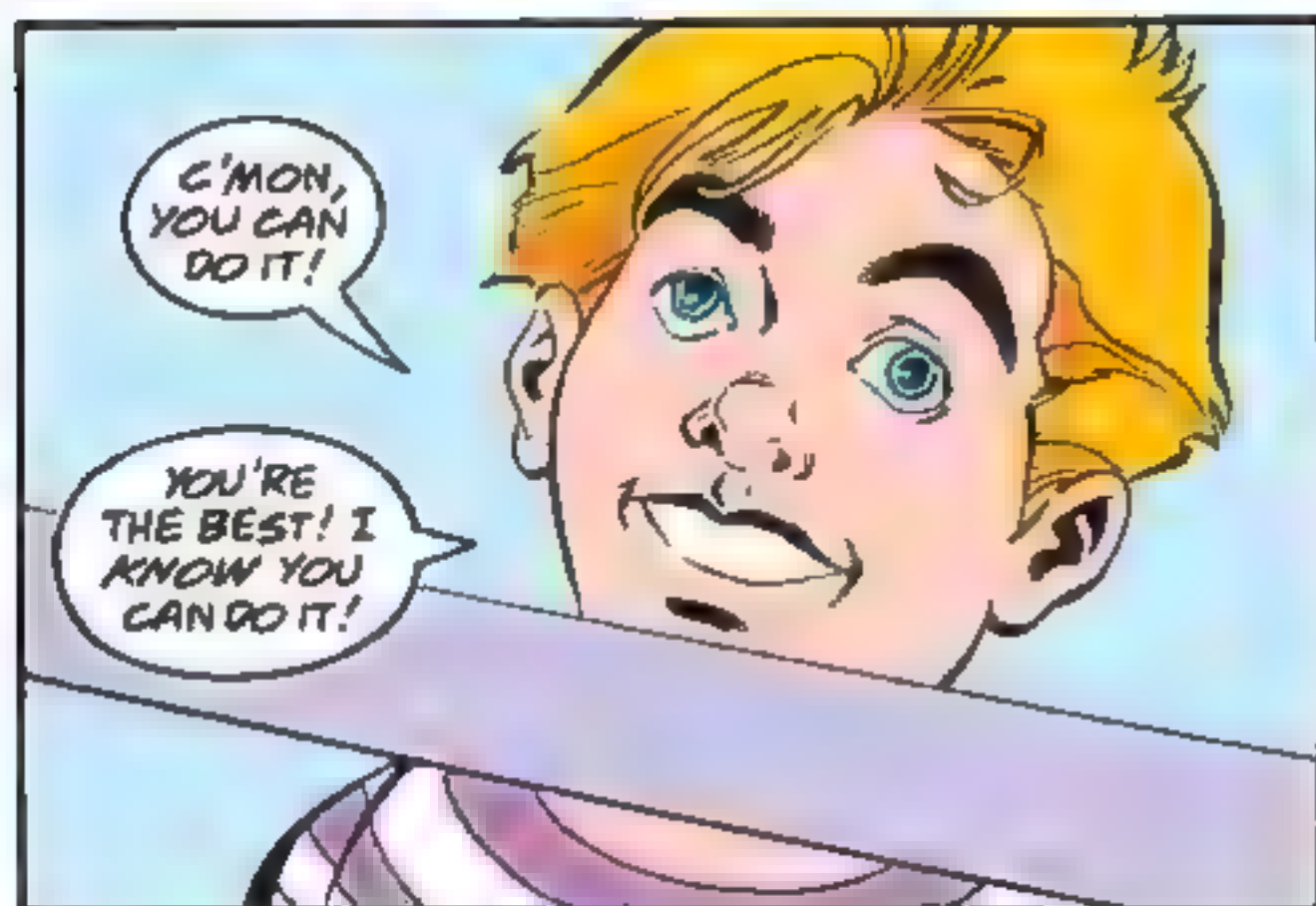
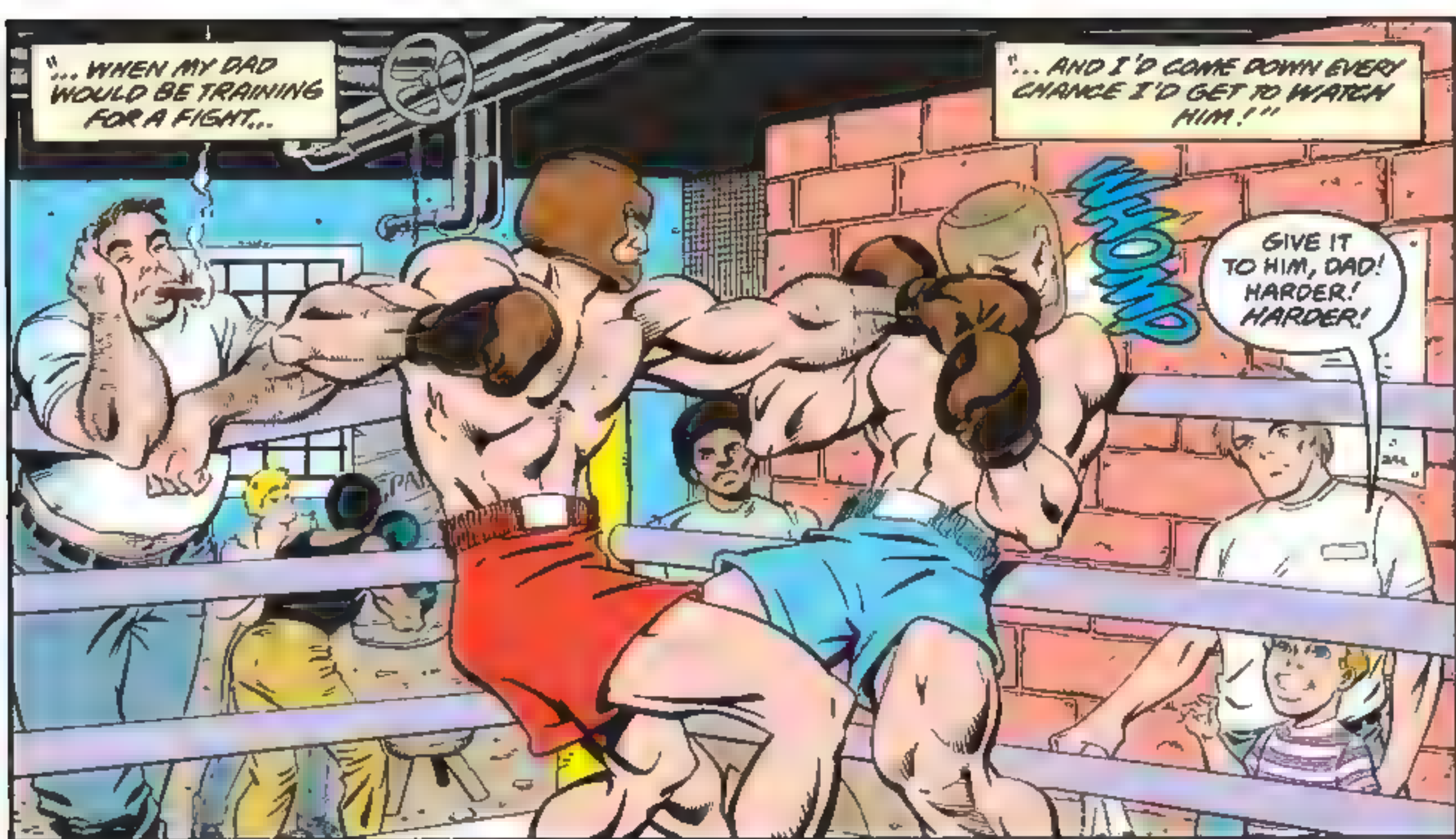
Thank
you,
young
man. I **APPRECIATE**
your concern.

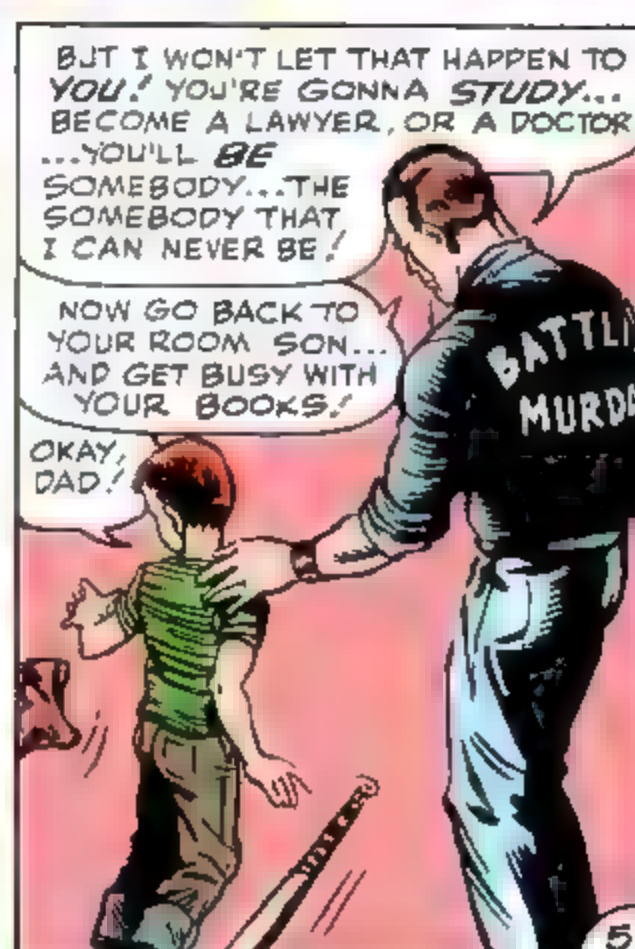
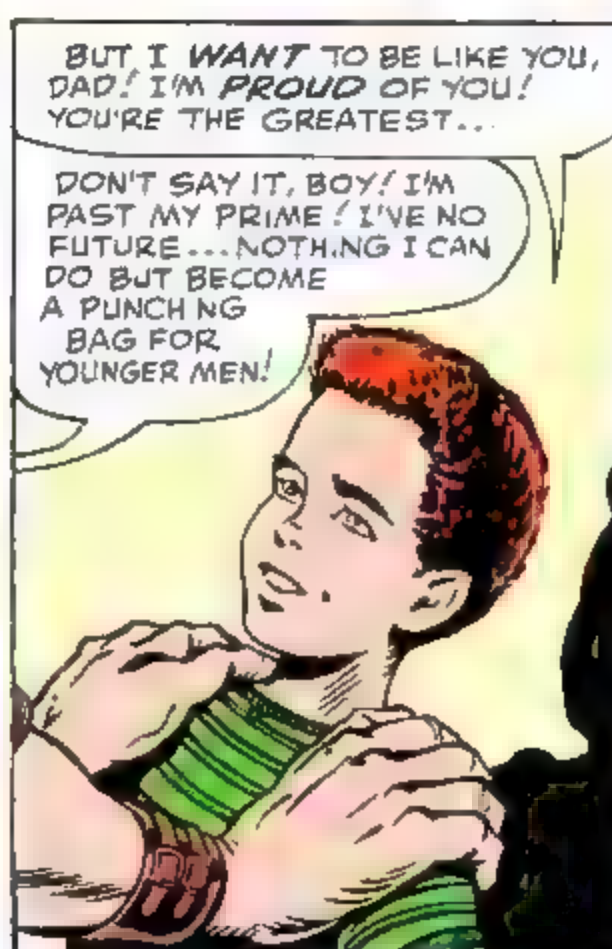
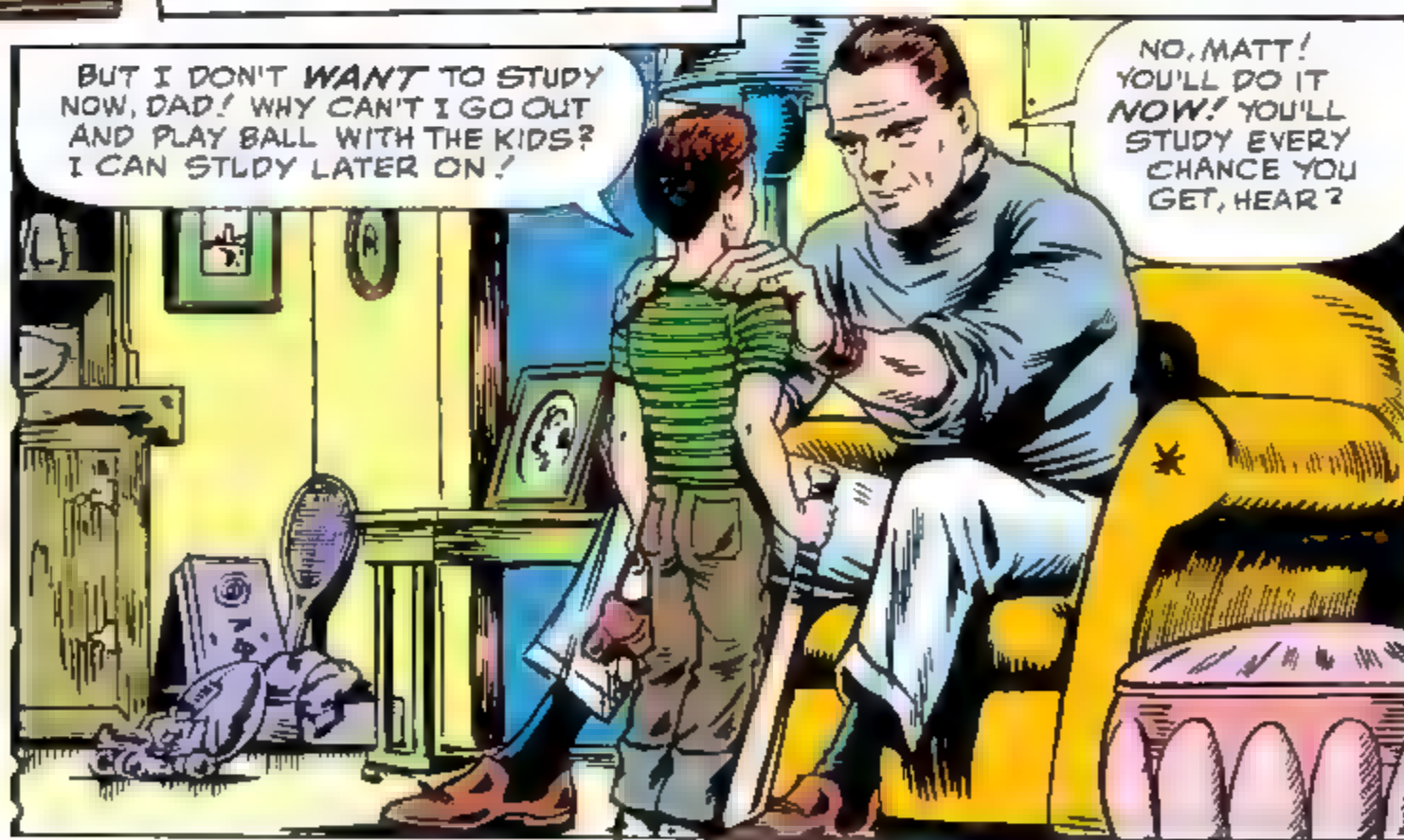
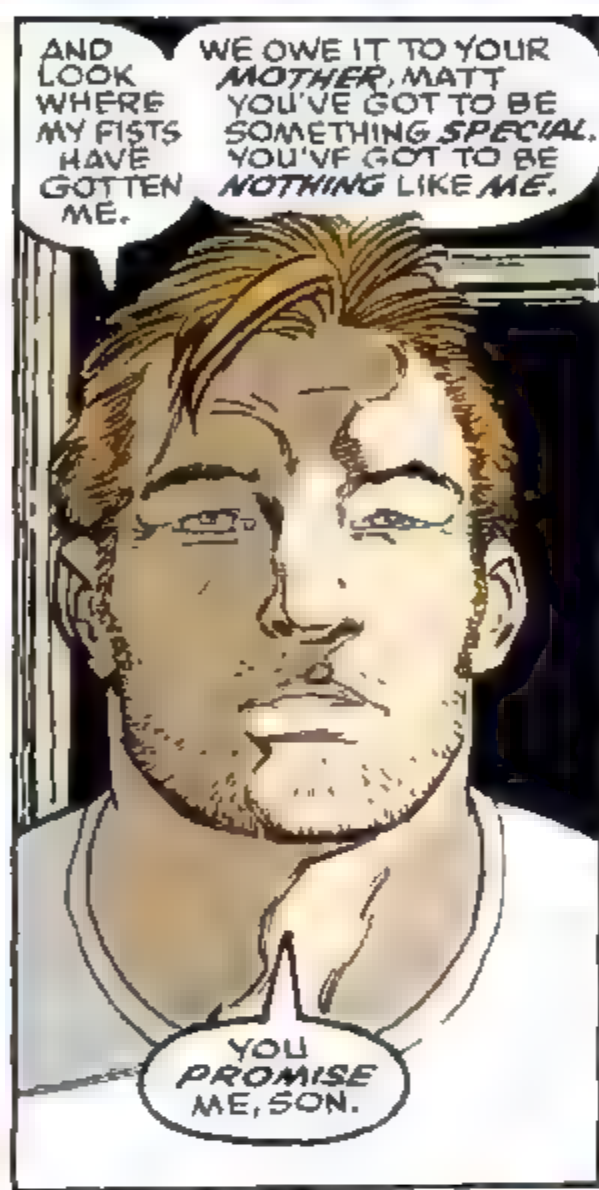
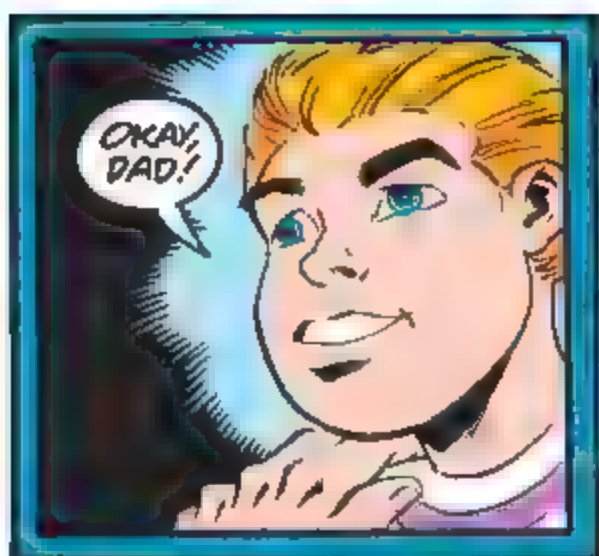


...y'know, Aunt May, I always
kinda figured there were
OTHER
FLASH THOMPSONS
in this world...

...I just **DIDN'T** expect to
find out that there's a **LITTLE**
Flash Thompson in **ALL**
of us...







NO,
MATT!
YOU
WON'T
PLAY!

YOU'LL STUDY!

YOU'LL STUDY
EVERY CHANCE
YOU GET, HEAR?



I PROMISED
YOUR MOMMA
BEFORE SHE...BE-
FORE SHE DIED...
THAT I WOULDN'T
LET YOU GROW UP
TO BE AN UNEDU-
CATED PUG LIKE
ME.

PROMISE ME YOU'LL
BE THE SOMEBODY
I NEVER COULD...
MAKE ME PROUD
OF YOU, SON.



NOW YOU
HAVE TO PROMISE
ME SOMETHING,
SON. PROMISE ME
YOU'LL STUDY EVERY
CHANCE YOU GET,
THAT YOU'LL BE A
DOCTOR OR A LAWYER
...SOMEBODY
IMPORTANT!



GOOD
BOY.
NOW
JUST LET
ME CHAIN
YOU TO
THESE
BOOKS...



OFF TO
YOUR ROOM,
NOW.

STUDY HARD,
HEAR?



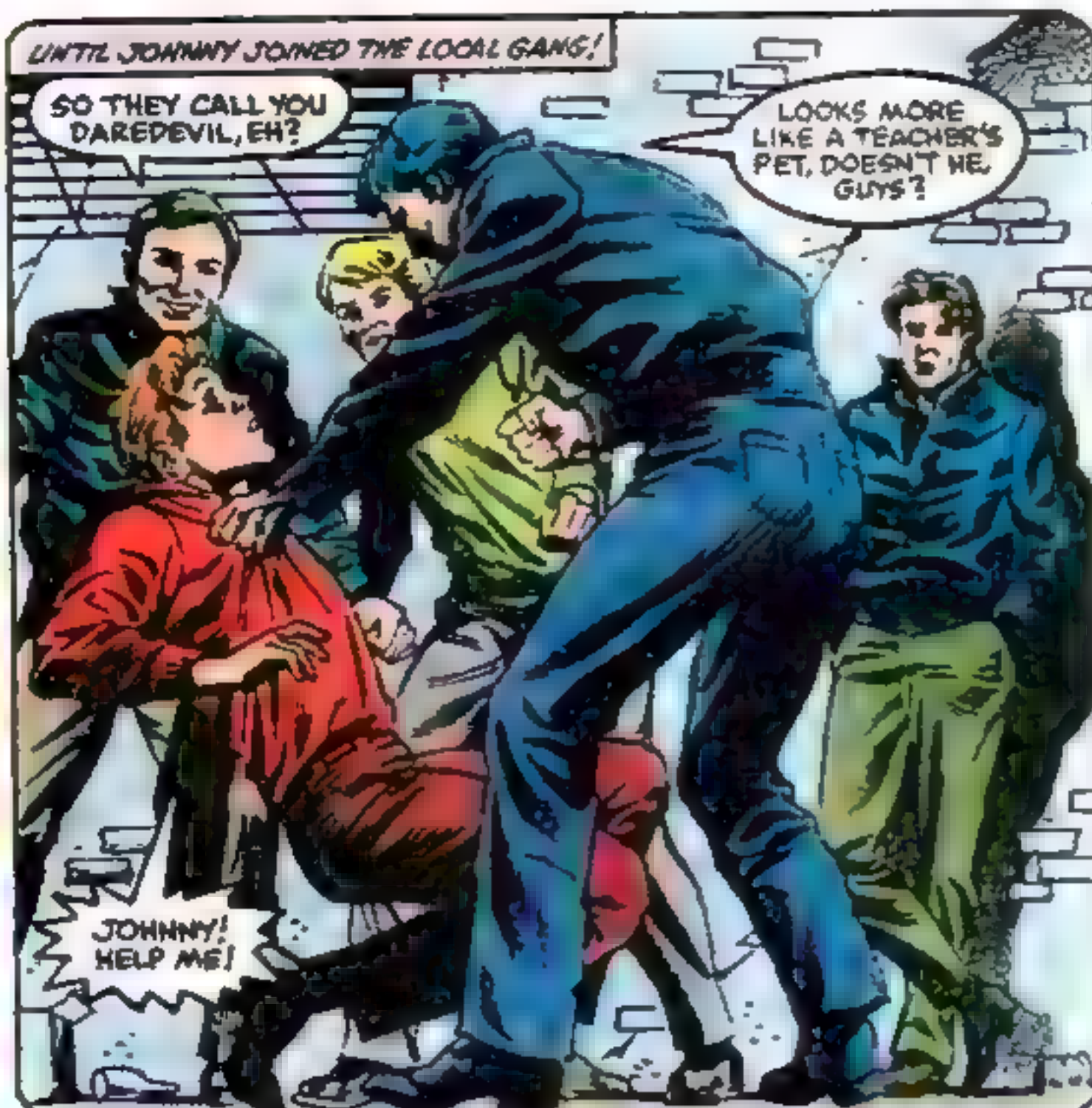
HEY--MATTIE
BOY! Y'WANNA
COME OUT AND
PLAY?

NAW...OL'
"DAREDEVIL" CAN'T
PLAY. HE'S GOTTA
READ.

YEAH. "DAREDEVIL"
MURDOCK, HE'S GONNA
BE A LAWYER, AIN'T HE?
REAL BOOK SMART.

Y'KNOW WHY
WE CALL YA
"DAREDEVIL,"
MURDOCK?







YO,
DAREDEVIL!
DAREDEVIL!

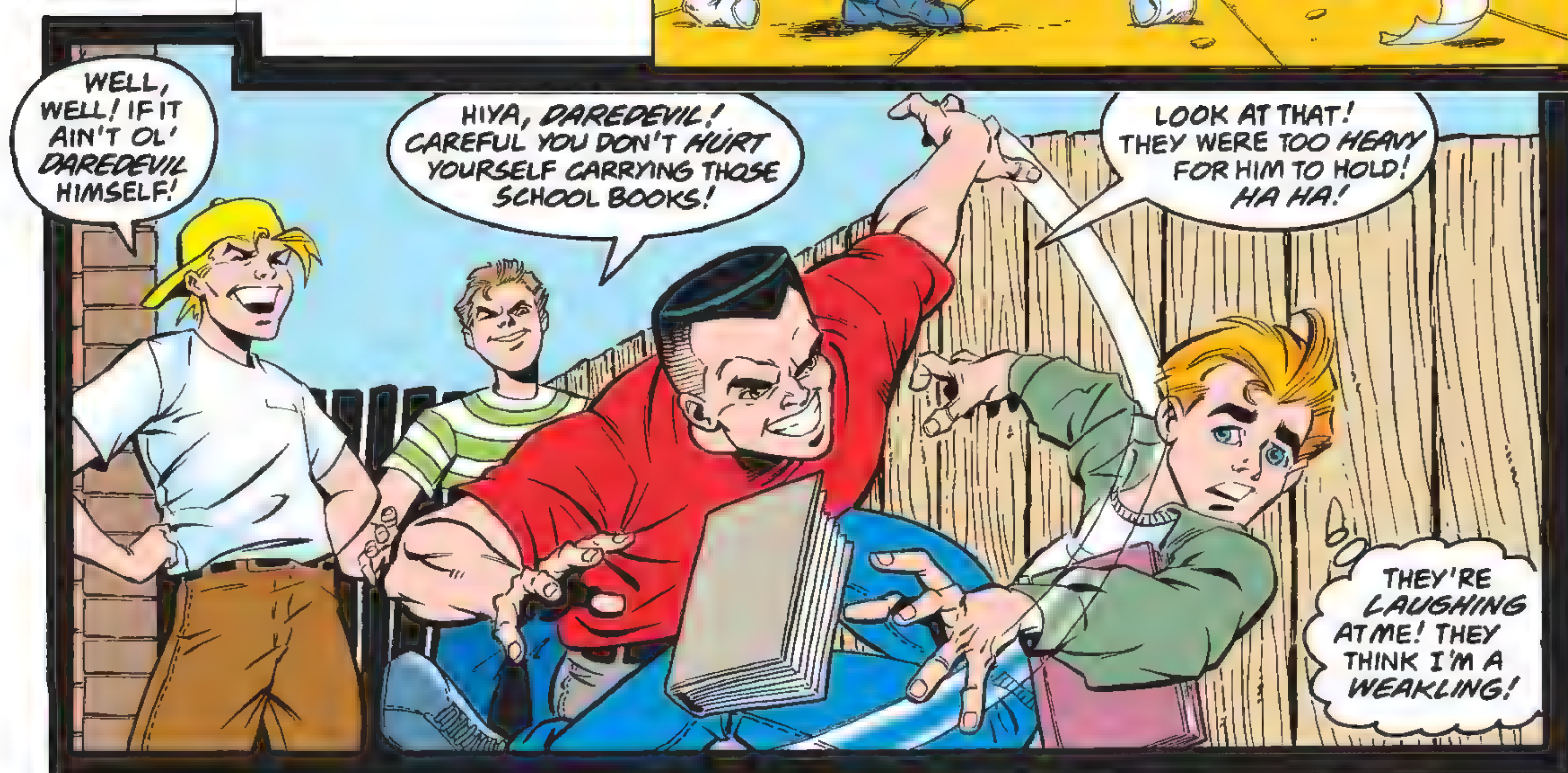
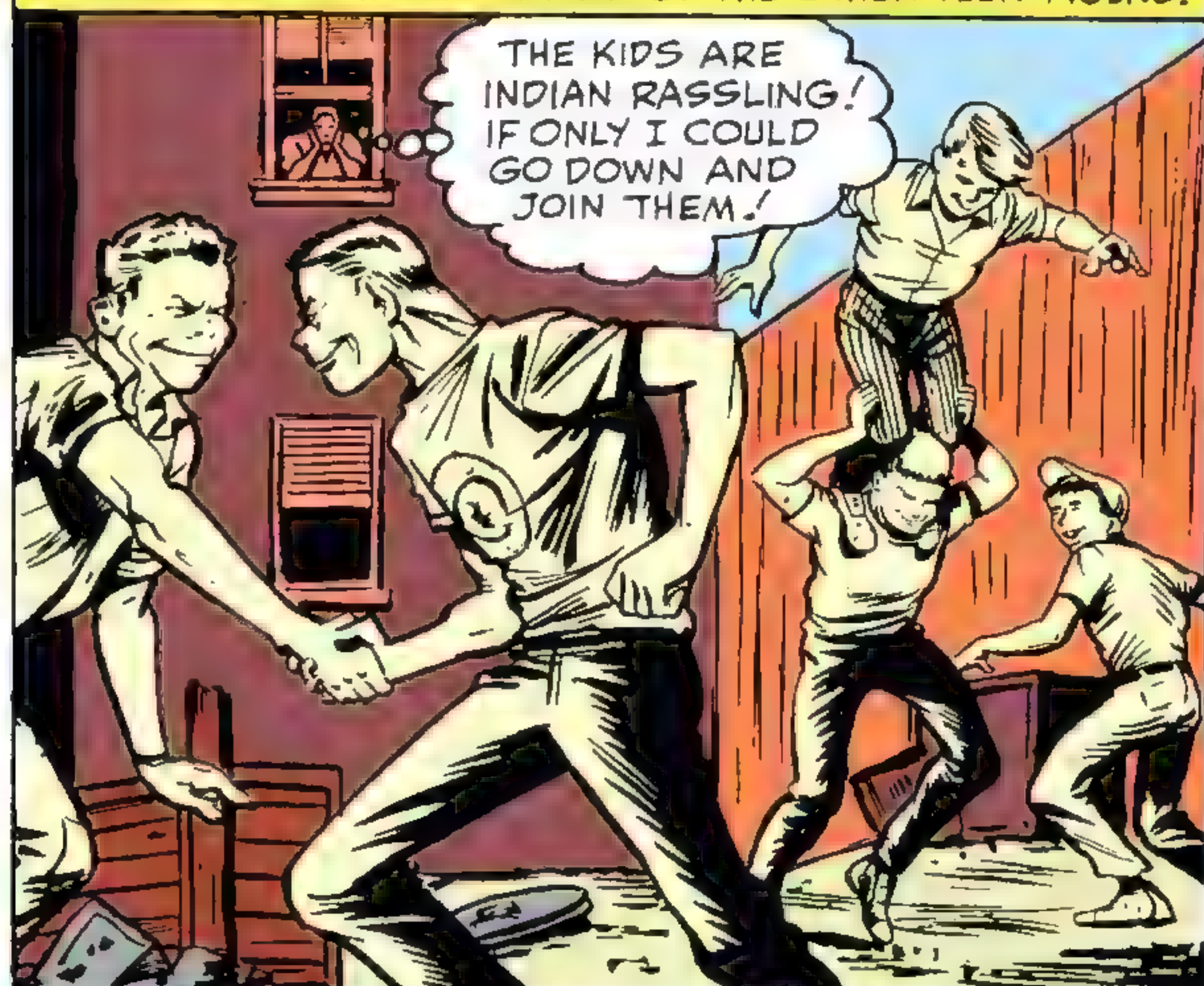
YEAH, SOME
DAREDEVIL
HE IS

I'M NOT
DAREDEVIL,
I'M NOT!

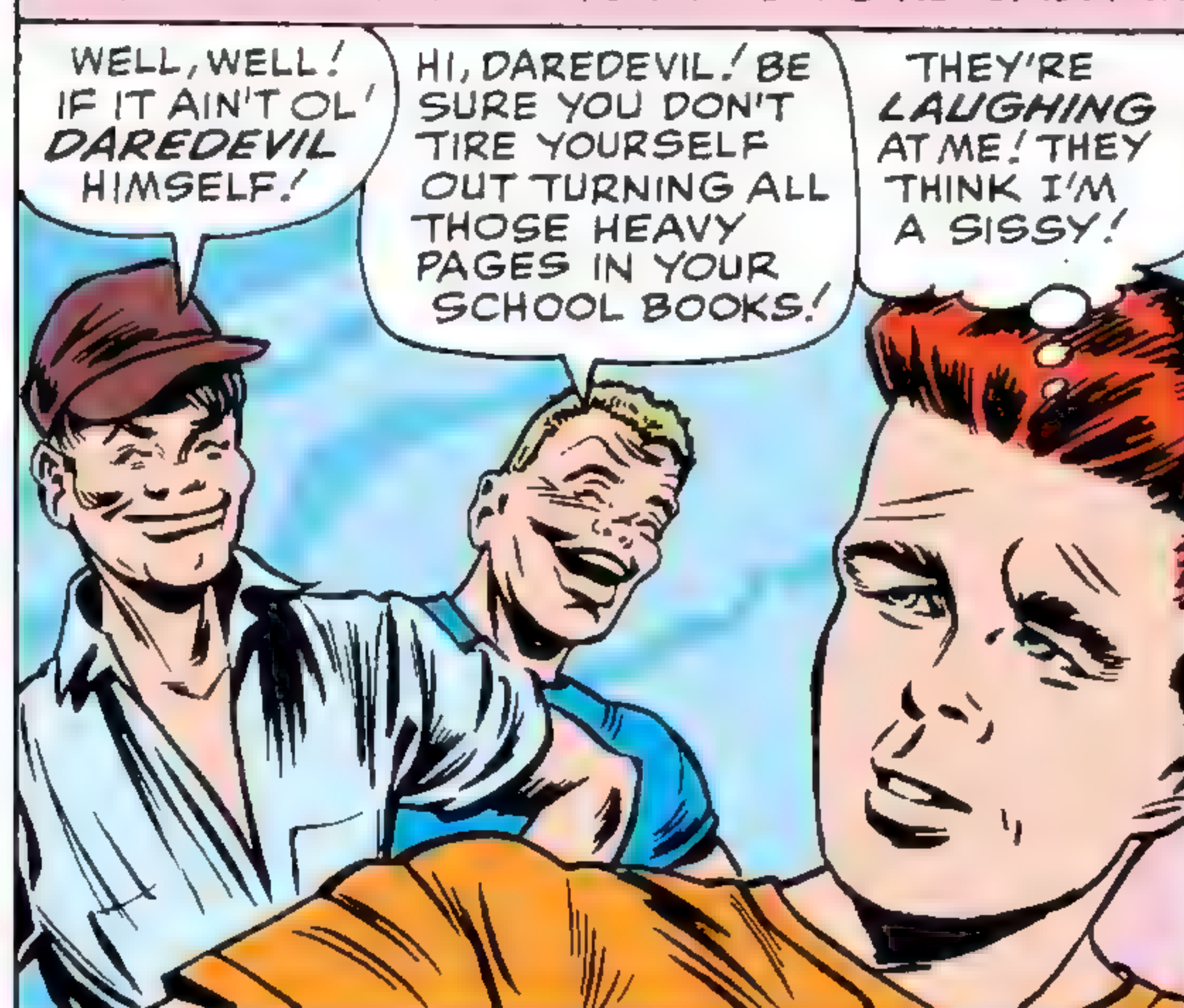
AS THE YEARS ROLL BY, MATT MURDOCK DOES HIS BEST TO LIVE UP TO HIS FATHER'S DREAM!! HE BECOMES TOP STUDENT IN HIS CLASS, FORSAKING ALL SPORTS, ALL ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES, ALTHOUGH HIS HEART ACHES FOR THE THRILLS OF THE BASEBALL DIAMOND AND THE GRIDIRON!



AND SO, YOUNG MATT MURDOCK GOES HIS LONELY WAY, SPENDING EVERY MINUTE HE CAN SPARE WITH HIS BOOKS, NEVER SHARING IN THE GAMES OF THE OTHER TEEN-AGERS!



NO ONE CAN BE AS CRUEL AS AN UNTHINKING YOUTH! IT IS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THE NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS MAKE UP A NICKNAME FOR MATT... A NAME HE WILL LONG REMEMBER...



THEN, WHEN HE REACHES HIS ROOM...

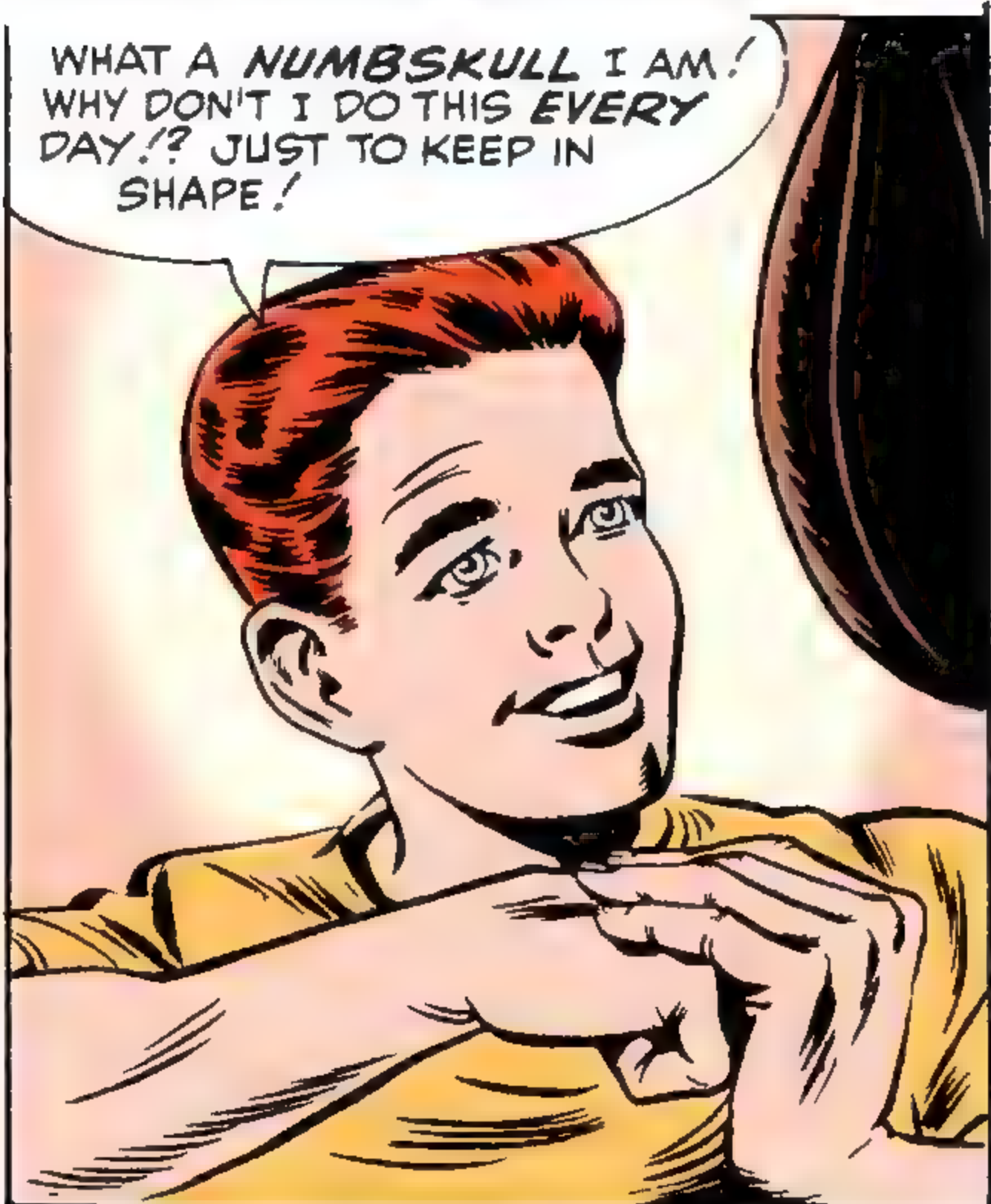


I CAN BE AS TOUGH AS ANY OF THEM!

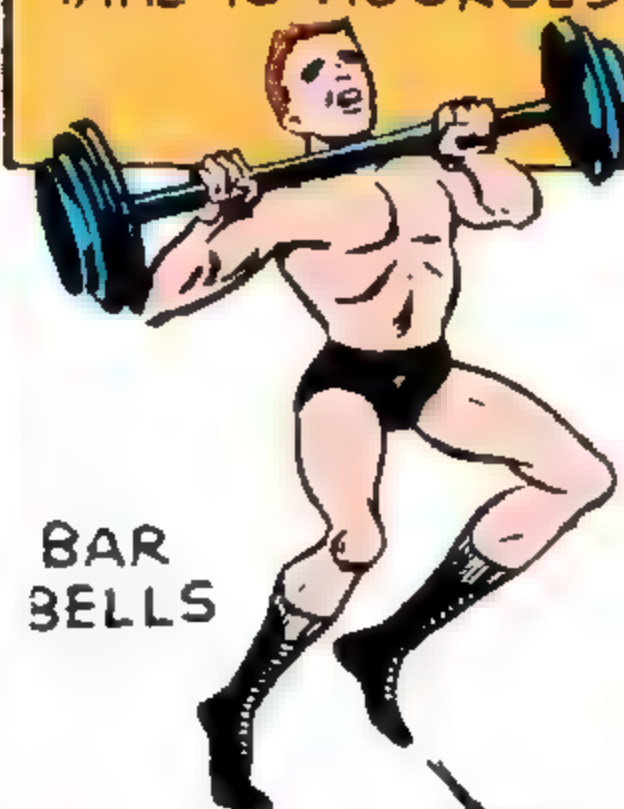


THEN, AFTER REPAIRING THE CLASP...

WHAT A **NUMBSKULL** I AM! WHY DON'T I DO THIS **EVERY** DAY!? JUST TO KEEP IN SHAPE!



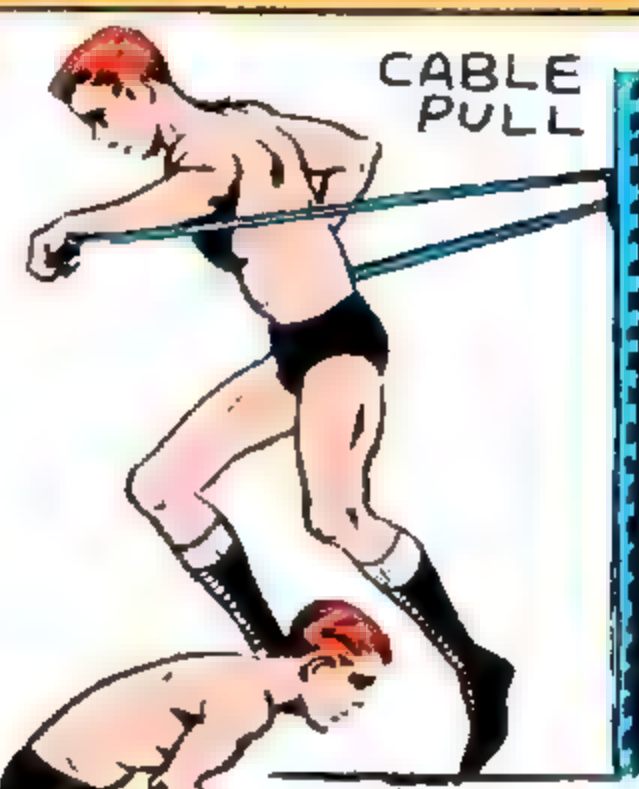
IT IS ONLY NATURAL THAT THE SON OF BATTLING MURDOCK SHOULD TAKE TO VIGOROUS TRAINING THE WAY A DUCK TAKES TO WATER! AND SO, IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOW, WHILE HIS DAD IS OUT OF TOWN ON THE BOXING CIRCUIT...



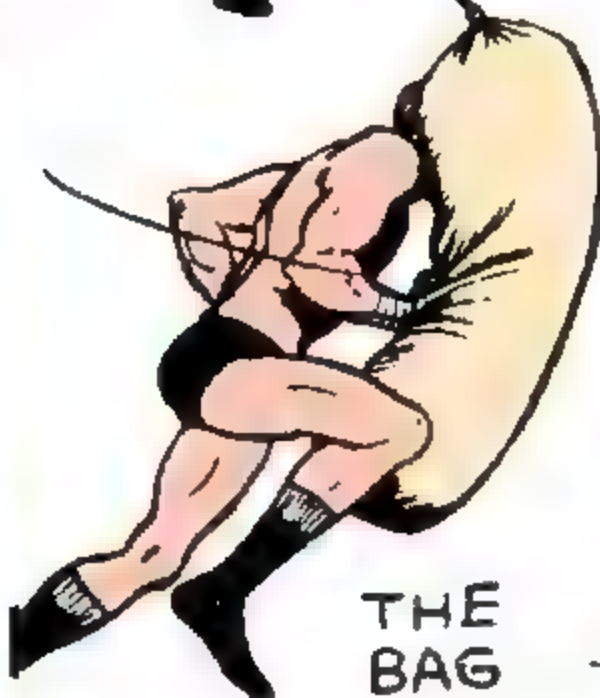
BAR BELLS



ROPE SKIPPING



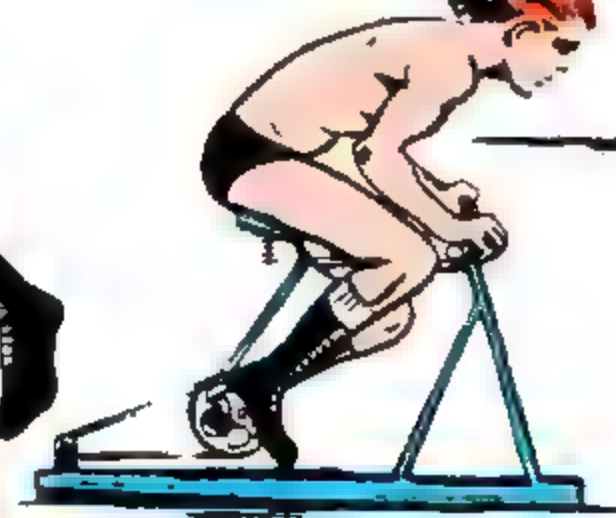
CABLE PULL



THE BAG

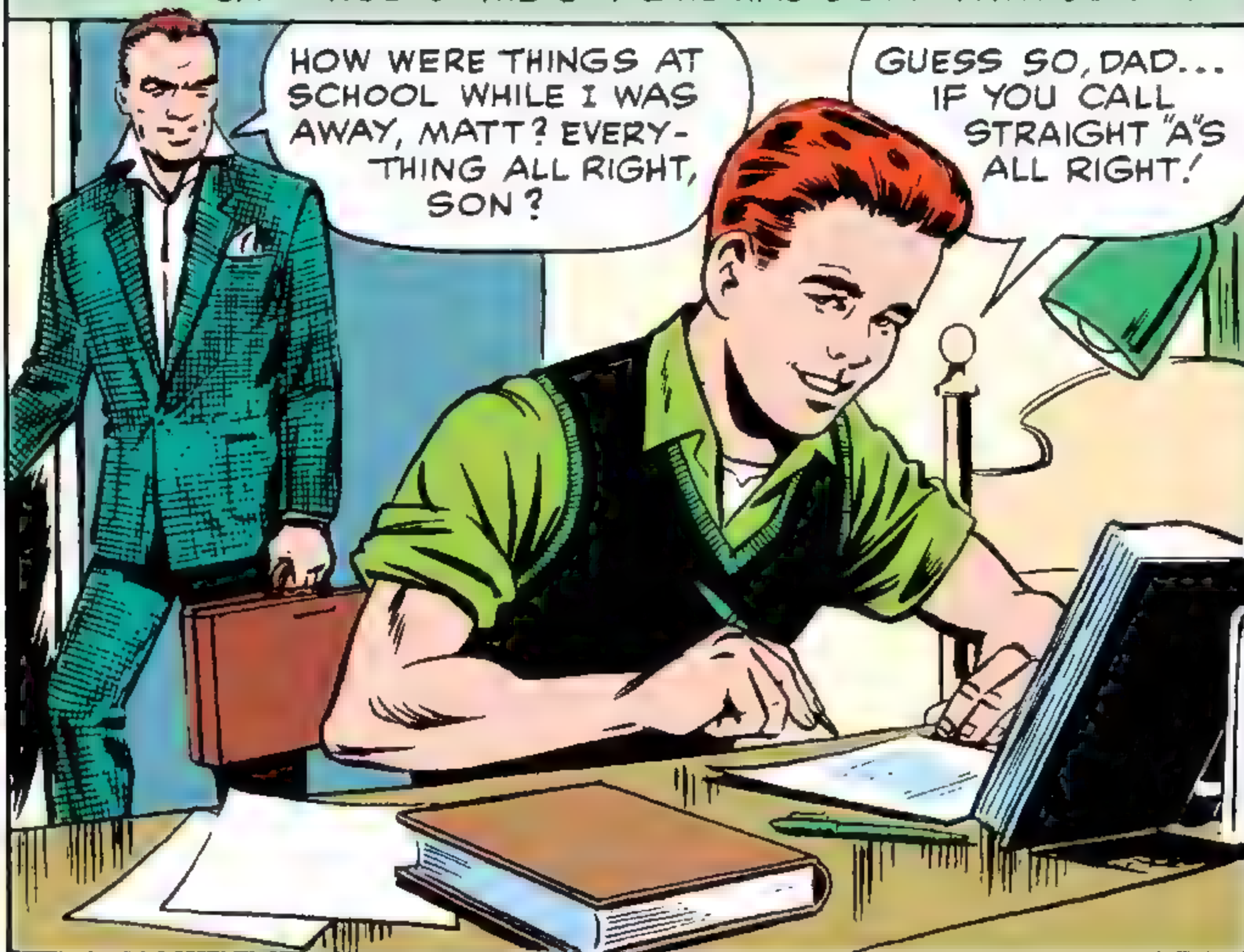


ROWING MACHINE



THE BIKE

BUT, NO MATTER HOW HARD HE TRAINS, THE DETERMINED TEEN-AGER NEVER FORGETS THE GOAL HE HAS SET FOR HIMSELF...



HOW WERE THINGS AT SCHOOL WHILE I WAS AWAY, MATT? EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT, SON?

GUESS SO, DAD... IF YOU CALL STRAIGHT 'A'S ALL RIGHT!

MATT, I KNOW HOW TOUGH IT'S BEEN FOR YOU WHILE THE OTHER KIDS WERE OUT PLAYIN' AND HAVIN' GOOD TIMES! BUT THE DAY WILL COME WHEN YOU'LL **THANK** ME, BOY! YOU'RE GONNA AMOUNT TO SOMETHING... JUST THE WAY YOUR MOTHER WOULD'VE **WANTED** YOU TO!



BUT, THERE IS ONE PROBLEM WHICH BATTLING MURDOCK KEEPS FROM HIS SON...

I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO LAND A FIGHT IN WEEKS! I'M GETTIN' TOO OLD! NO MANAGER WILL TAKE ME! BUT I CAN'T LET MATT DOWN!

I'VE GOT TO KEEP FIGHTIN'! UNTIL HE GETS THROUGH COLLEGE! I OWE HIM THAT... FOR THE WAY HE'S WORKED ALL THESE YEARS!

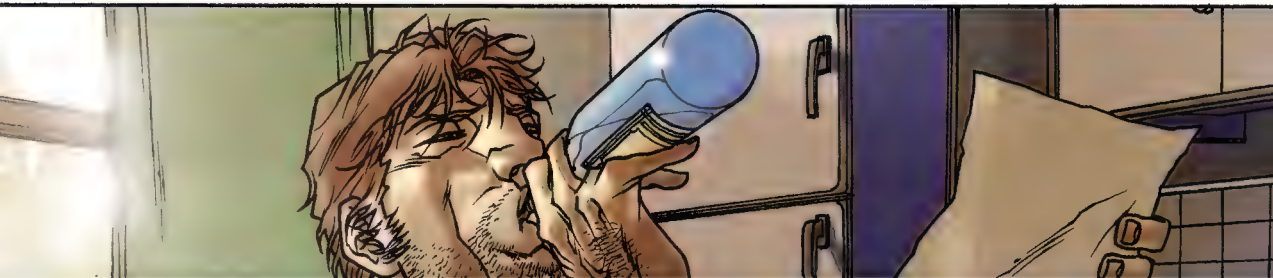


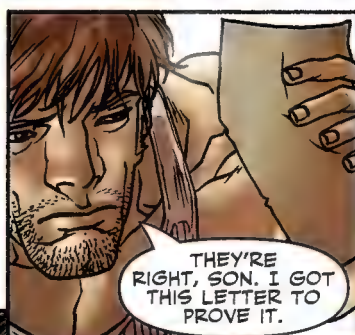
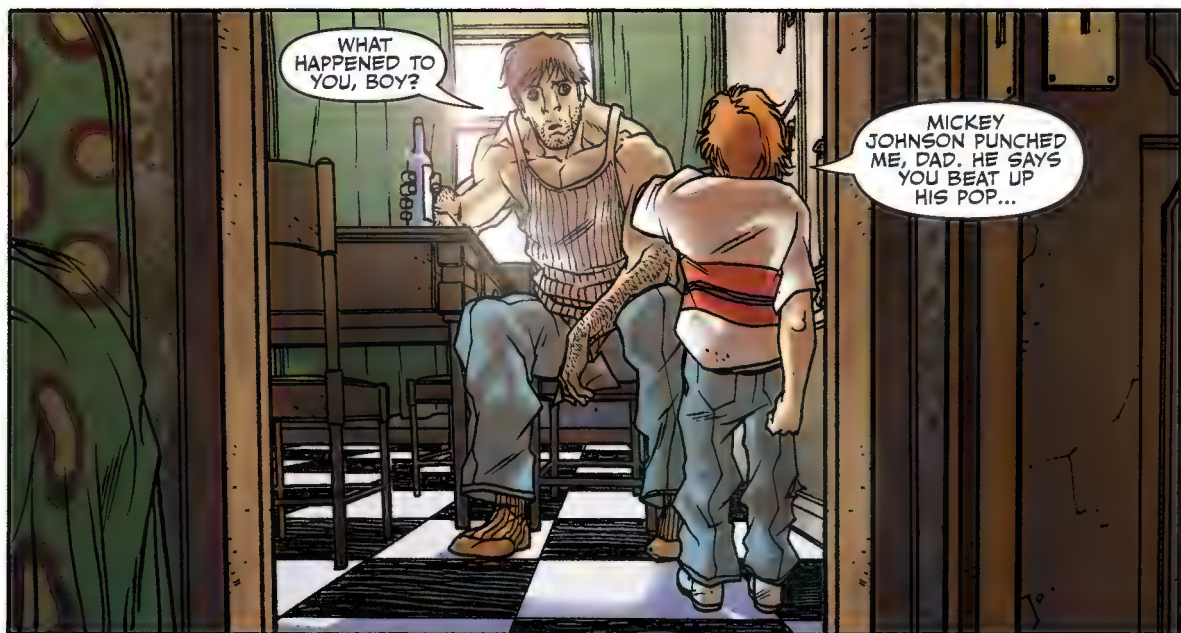
FINALLY, IN DESPERATION, MURDOCK MAKES A FATAL DECISION...

LOOK, MURDOCK, YOU'RE ALL WASHED UP, AND YOU KNOW IT! THE ONLY GUY WHO'LL MANAGE A HAS-BEEN LIKE YOU IS THE **FIXER**!

THE **FIXER**! I ALWAYS SWORE TO MYSELF THAT I'D STEER CLEAR OF A GUY WITH **HIS** REPUTATION! BUT NOW I'VE GOT NO CHOICE! I **HAVE** TO GET A FIGHT!







"...RIGHT?"

CRASH

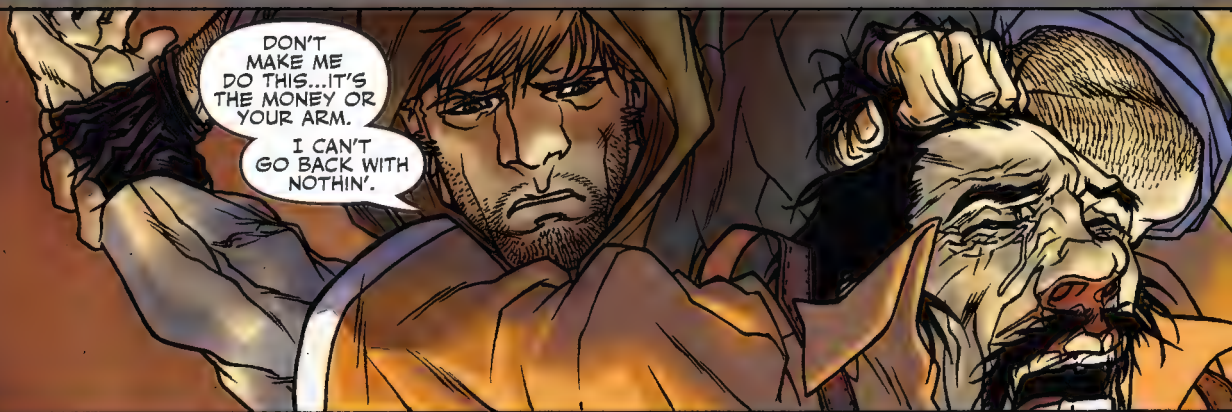
I-I'M
TELLIN' YOU
I DON'T GOT-
ARRGH!

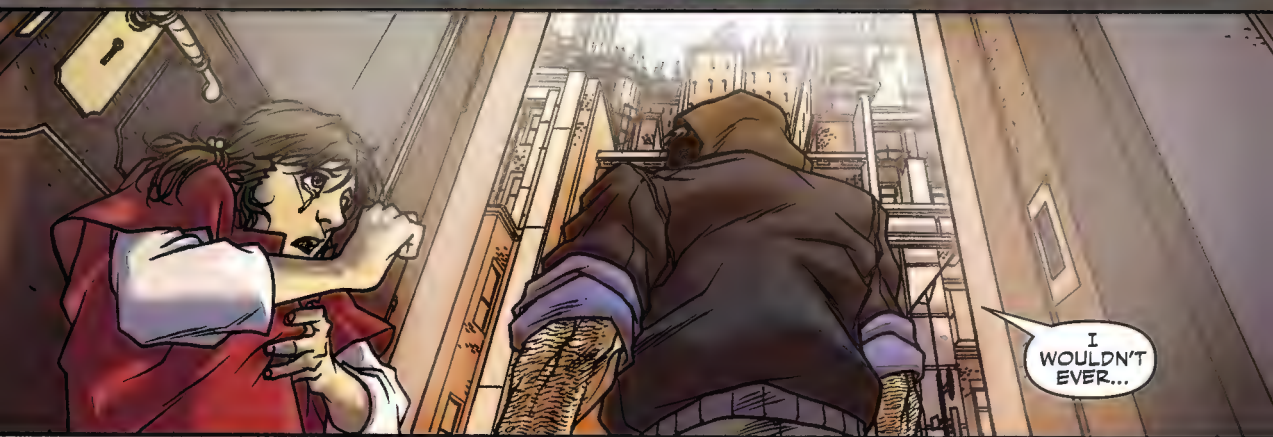
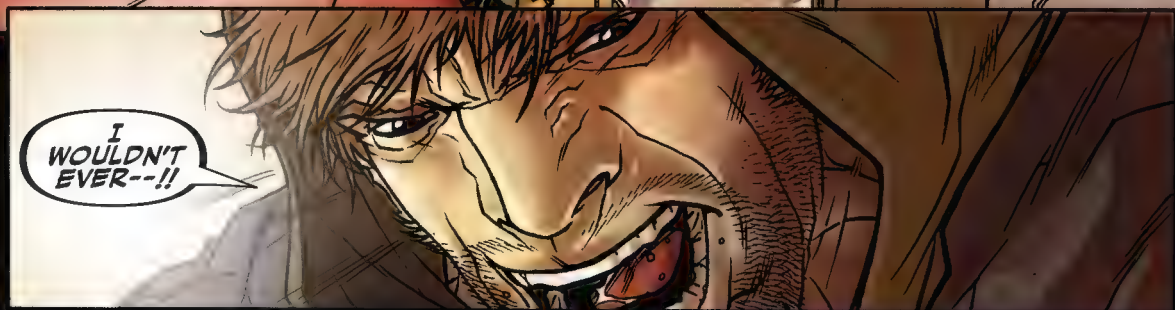
WHAT DO
YOU WANT ME
TO DO?!

IT AIN'T UP
TO ME, PAULIE.
I GOTTA GET THE
FIXER'S MONEY OR
I GOTTA BREAK
YOUR ARM.

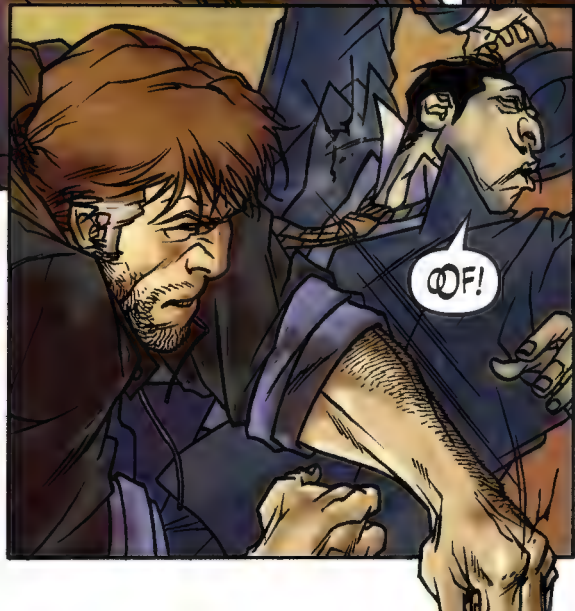
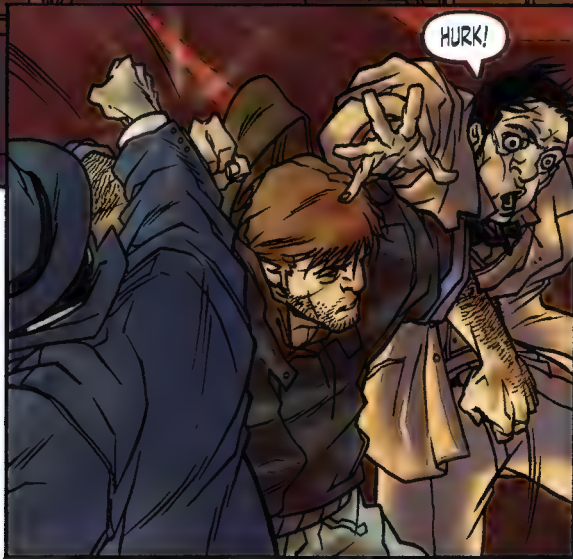
THAT'S
THE OPTIONS
WE GOT...

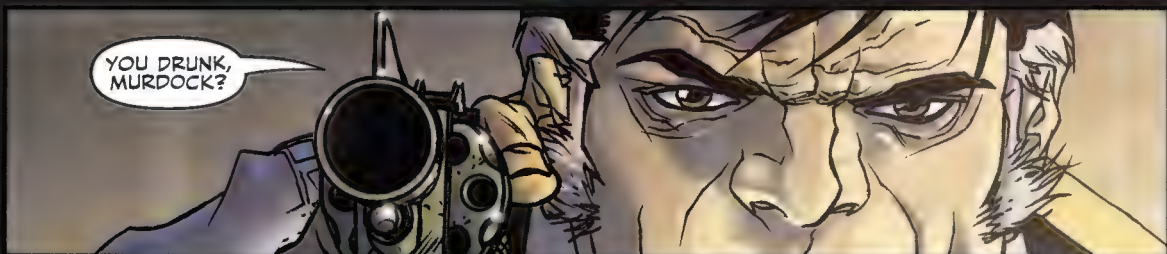
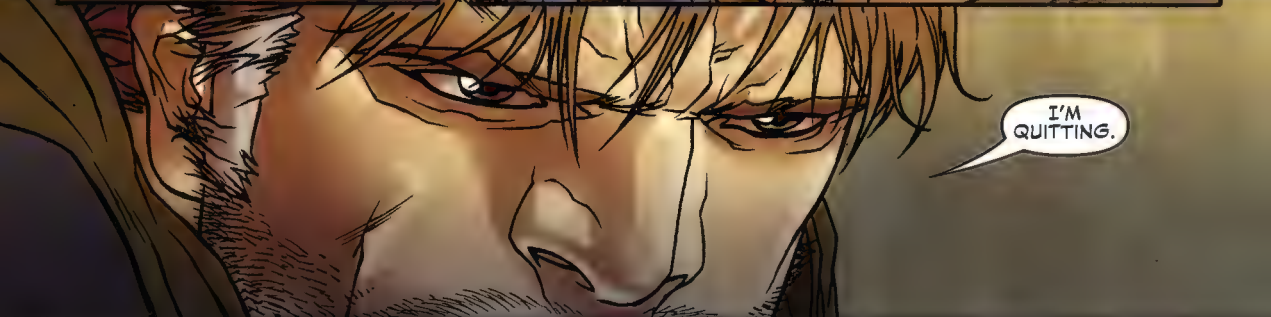
I GOTTA
EAT...DON'T
THE FIXER
KNOW
THAT?!













LET
ME PLUG 'IM,
BOSS...

SHUT UP,
SLADE.



MURDOCK HERE,
AS GODDAMNED
DUMB AS HE IS, JUST
MOPPED THE FLOOR WITH
YOU AND YOUR COUSIN...
WHO'RE SUPPOSED TO
BE THE TOUGHEST
GUYS I GOT...

PLUGGIN'
HIM WOULD BE
A WASTE.



IF
YOU DON'T
WANNA BUST
UP SHOPS FOR
ME ANYMORE,
I'M GONNA
GIVE YOU AN
OUT.



IF
YOU CAN
STAY SOBER,
I'M GONNA
LET YOU BOX
AGAIN.

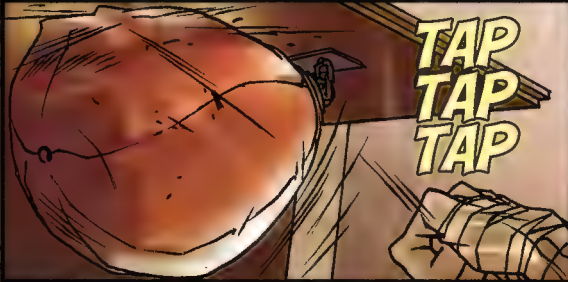
W-WHAT?



I'M PROMOTIN'
FIGHTS NOW. DOIN'
PRETTY GOOD. I'LL LET
YOU GET IN THE RING
NOW AND THEN, KEEP
YOU ON THE
PAYROLL.

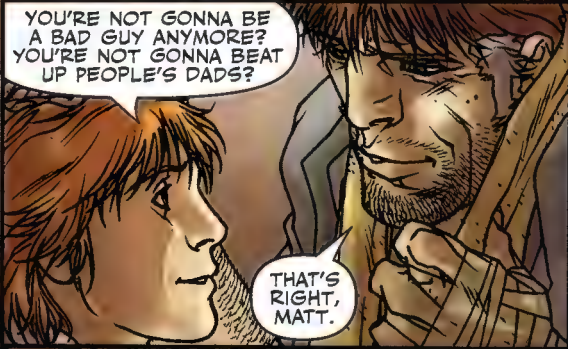
BUT KEEP ONE
THING IN MIND. I STILL
OWN YOU. AIN'T NOTHIN'
GONNA CHANGE THAT,
MURDOCK.

WHAT
DO YOU
SAY?



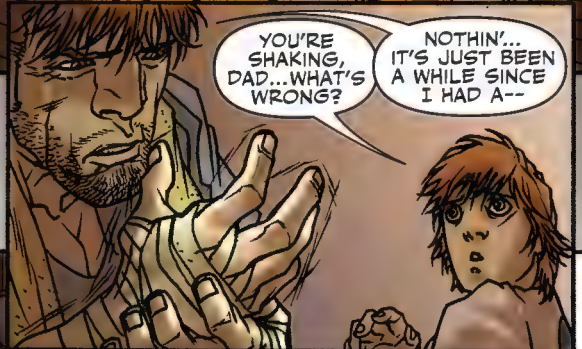
YOU'RE SO FAST! NO ONE'S GONNA BE ABLE TO BEAT YOU!

HEH. I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT, BOY.



YOU'RE NOT GONNA BE A BAD GUY ANYMORE? YOU'RE NOT GONNA BEAT UP PEOPLE'S DADS?

THAT'S RIGHT, MATT.



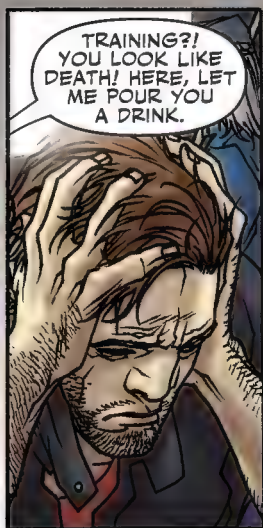
YOU'RE SHAKING, DAD...WHAT'S WRONG?

NOTHIN'... IT'S JUST BEEN A WHILE SINCE I HAD A--



A WHAT? A WORKOUT?

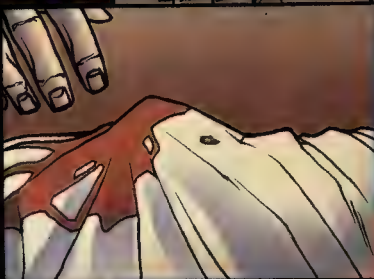
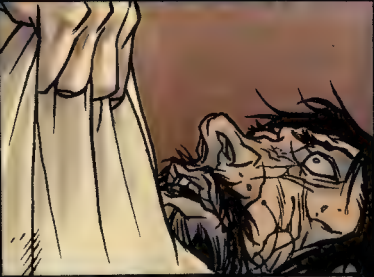
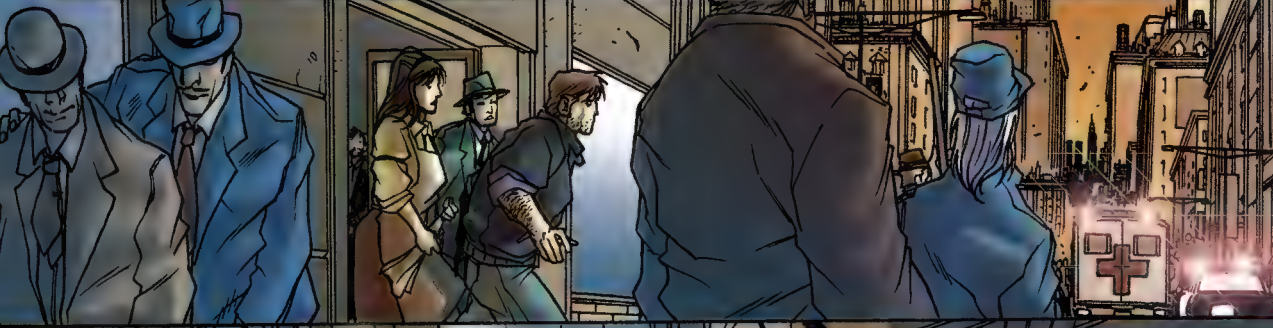
YEAH. A WORK-OUT.





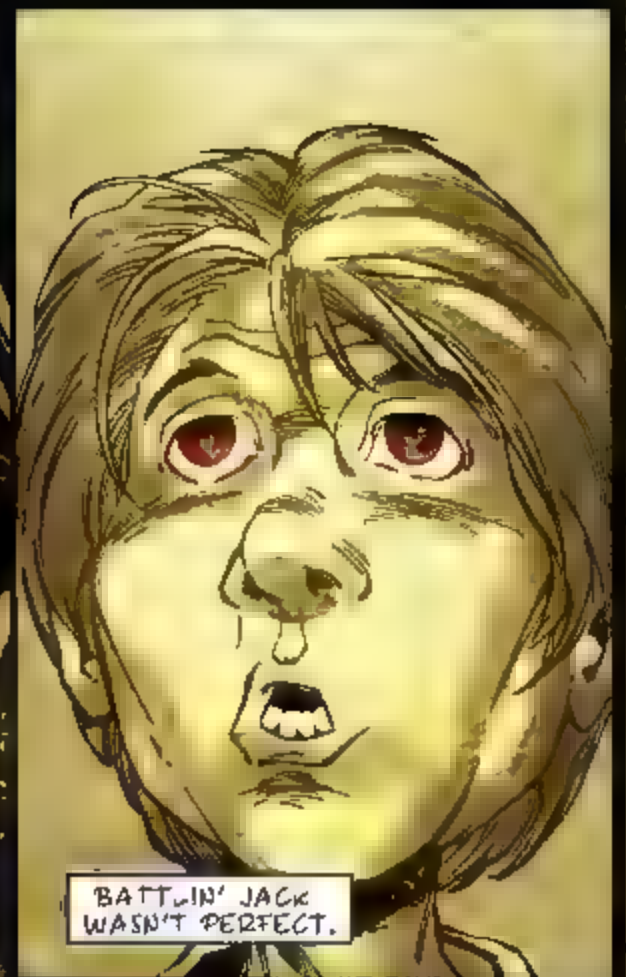
I TOLD
THE FIXER TO GET
SOME OTHER SLOB
TO DO HIS DIRTY
WORK, I--

Whoooooooooooo





BATTL N' JACK
MURDOCK WAS
MY FATHER.



BATT-IN' JACK
WASN'T PERFECT.



PERHAPS HE'D GROWN
SICK OF THE SCUM HE
HAD KOWTOWED TO

OR PERHAPS HE JUST
COULDN'T STAND THE
SIGHT OF HIS OWN
REFLECTION IN HIS
LITTLE BOY'S EYES



BUT ONE DAY JACK
MURDOCK DUG DEEP
AND FOUND THAT
PART OF HIMSELF
THAT USED TO BE
NOBLE AND GOOD AND
UNCOMPROMISED BY
THE WORLD.



HE FOUND
HIS SOUL.

AND WITH
THAT...



...HE SAVED
MINE.

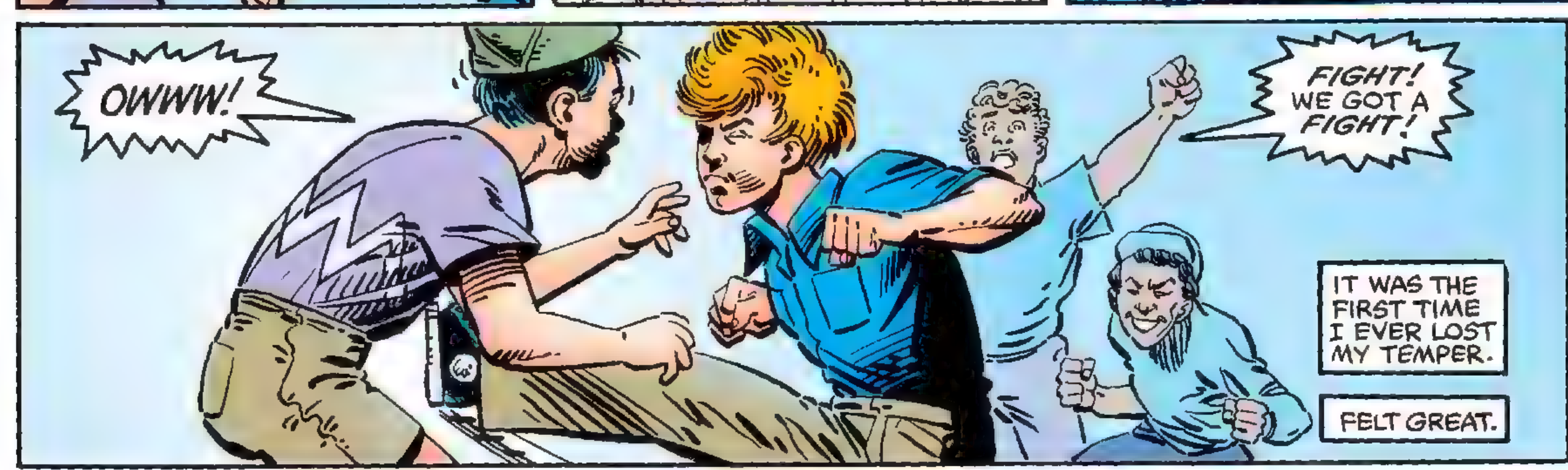
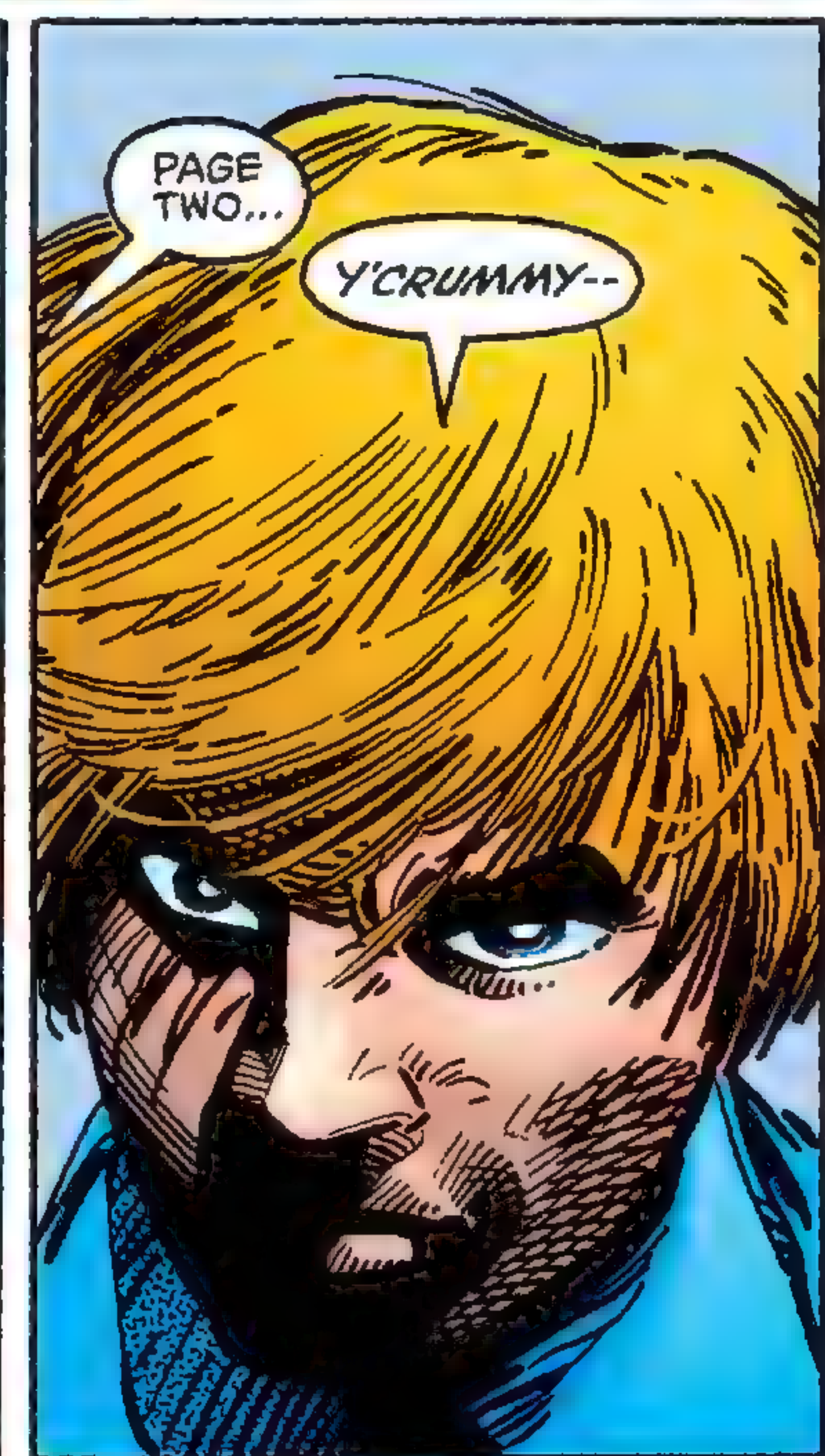
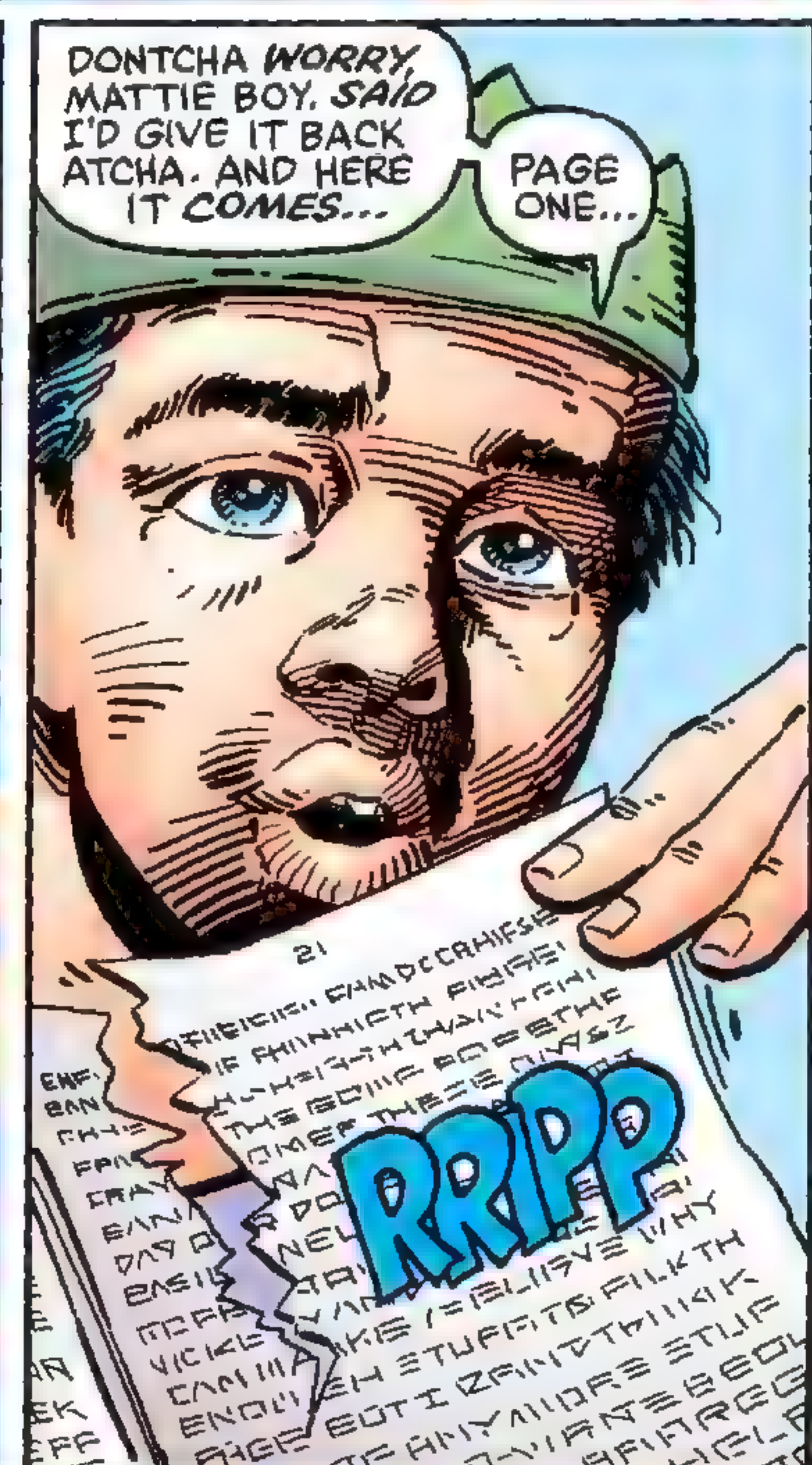


THERE'S *ANOTHER* STORY--ANOTHER PIECE OF MY LIFE, BURIED *DEEP*, KEPT FROM EVEN THOSE I'VE HELD *CLOSE*.

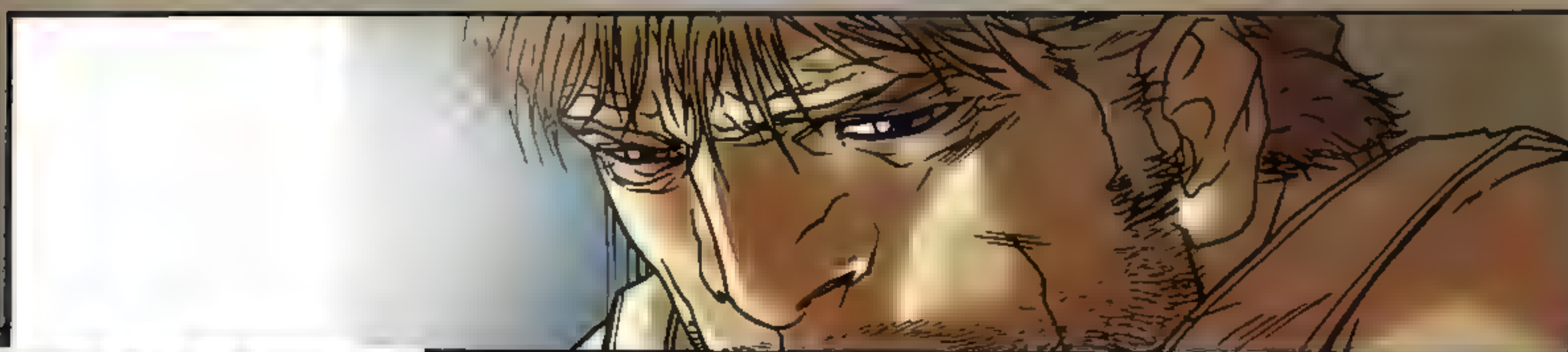
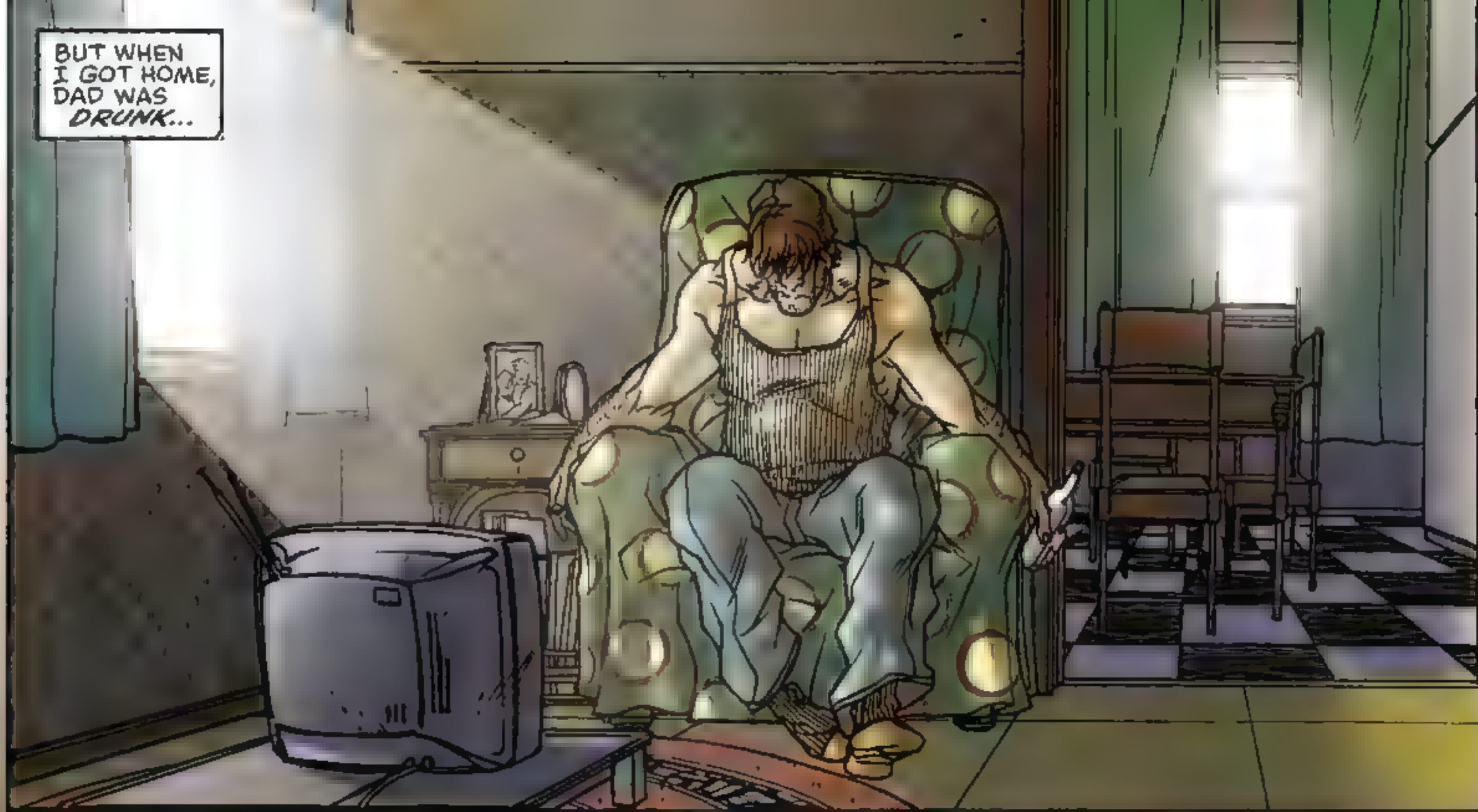
BEFORE...LONG BEFORE HE DIED...WHEN I WAS JUST A *BOY*...DAD MADE ME PROMISE TO *STUDY*--TO MAKE SOMETHING OF MYSELF, IN A *RESPECTABLE* PROFESSION.

MOSTLY, HE MADE ME PROMISE NEVER TO *FIGHT*--SO AFRAID, HE WAS, THAT I'D END UP LIKE HIM.

IT WAS *TOUGH*, KEEPING THE PROMISE. AND ONCE--JUST ONCE--I *FAILED*.



BUT WHEN
I GOT HOME,
DAD WAS
DRUNK...



DAD!
I FINALLY SHOWED
THAT BARKLEY KID!
HE TOOK A POKE
AT ME AND I POKED
HIM RIGHT BACK!



YOU
WON'T BELIEVE
IT! I TOLD MICKEY
JOHNSON YOU WEREN'T
A BAD GUY AND HE
HIT ME...



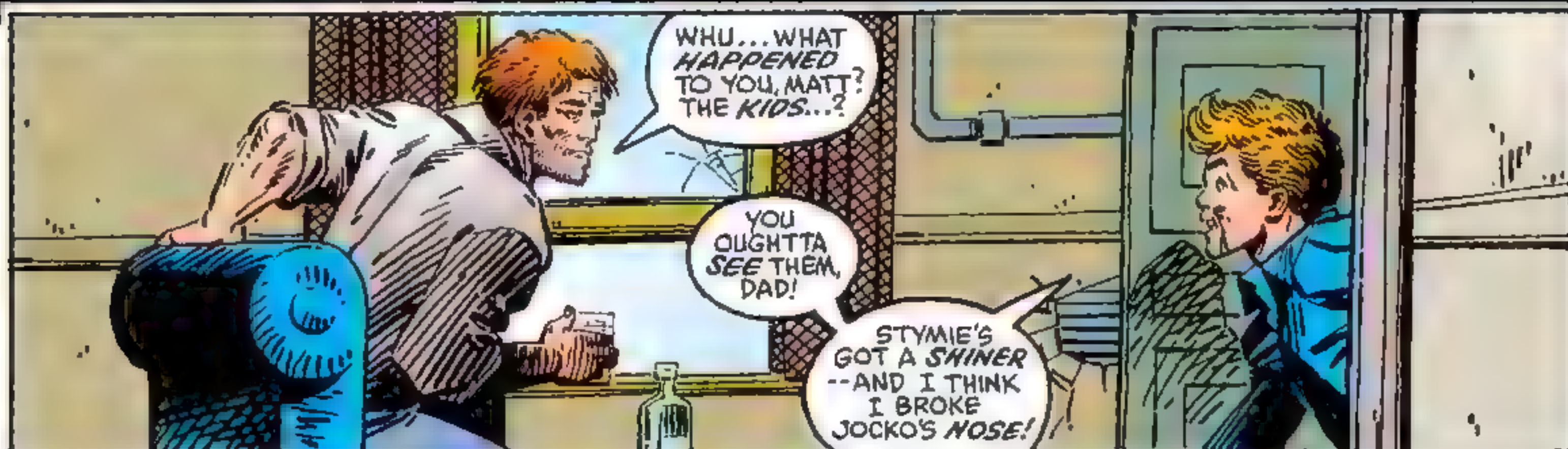
BUT THIS
TIME I HIT HIM
RIGHT BACK. I WAS
QUICK, DAD, JUST
LIKE YOU!

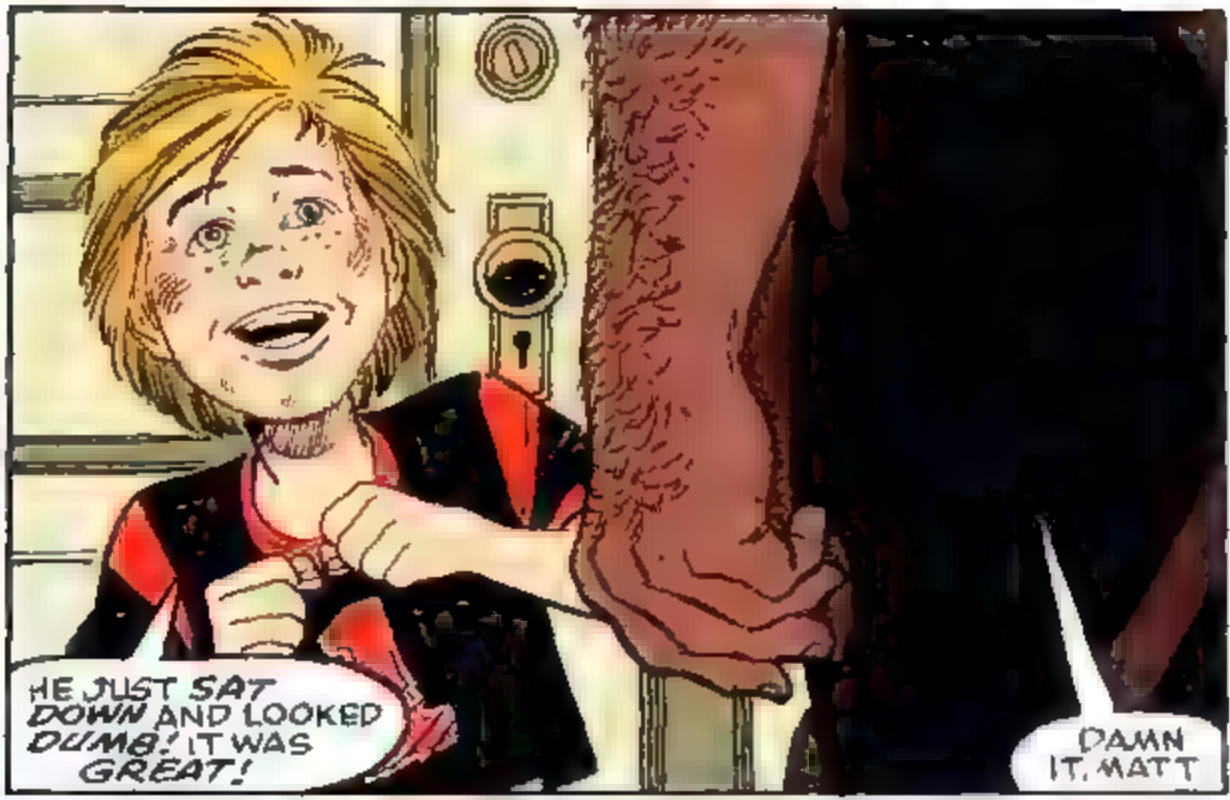


WHU...WHAT
HAPPENED
TO YOU, MATT?
THE KIDS...?

YOU
OUGHTTA
SEE THEM,
DAD!

STYMIE'S
GOT A SHINER
--AND I THINK
I BROKE
JOCKO'S NOSE!

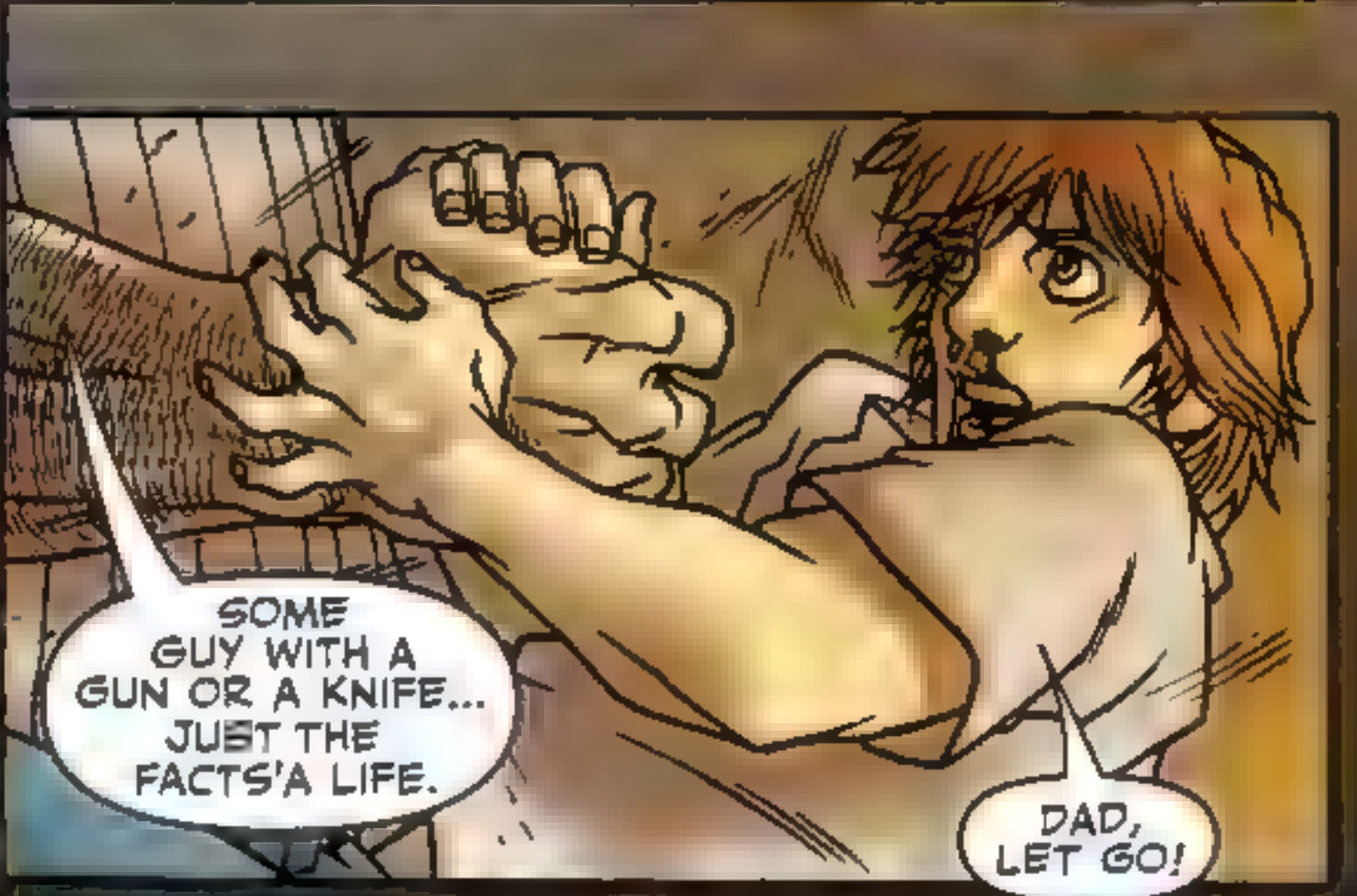




HOW MANY
TIMES HAVE I
TOLD YOU NOT
TO USE YOUR
FISTS!?!

HIT THE
BOOKS!







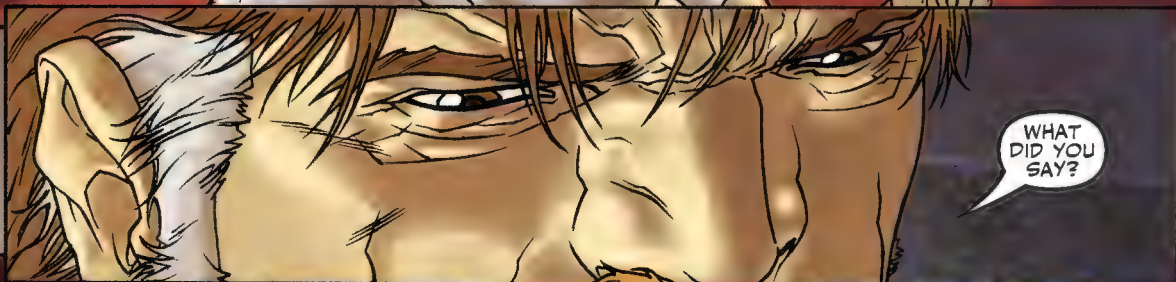
GO
TO YOUR
ROOM.



NO...

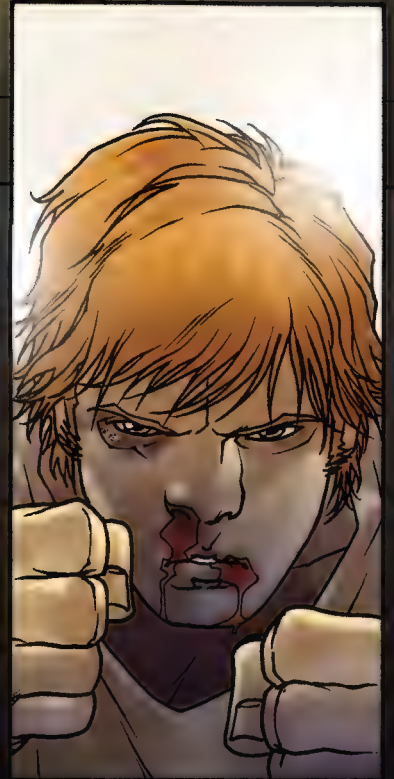
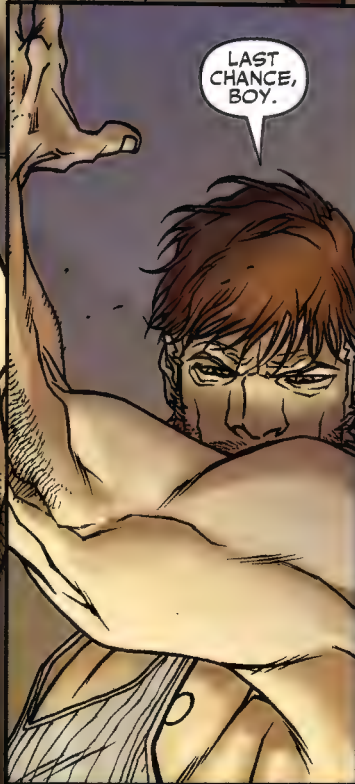
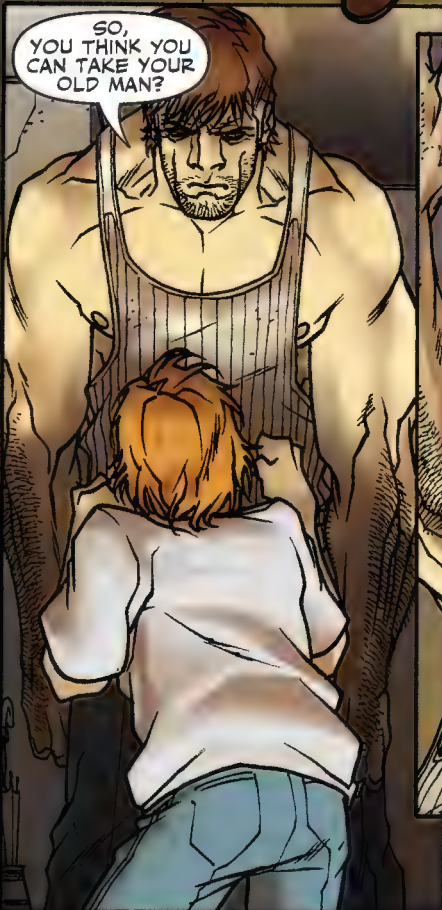


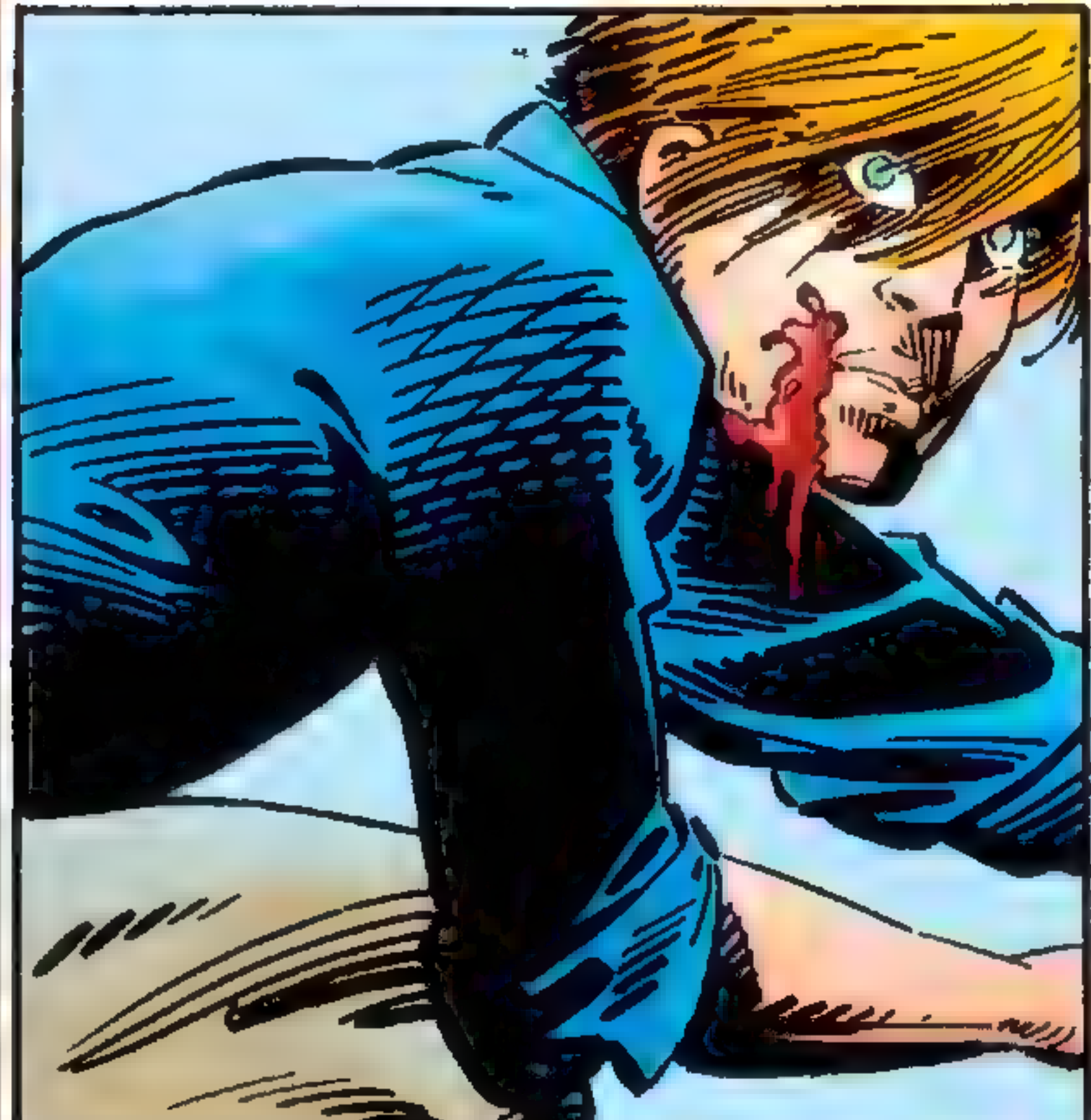
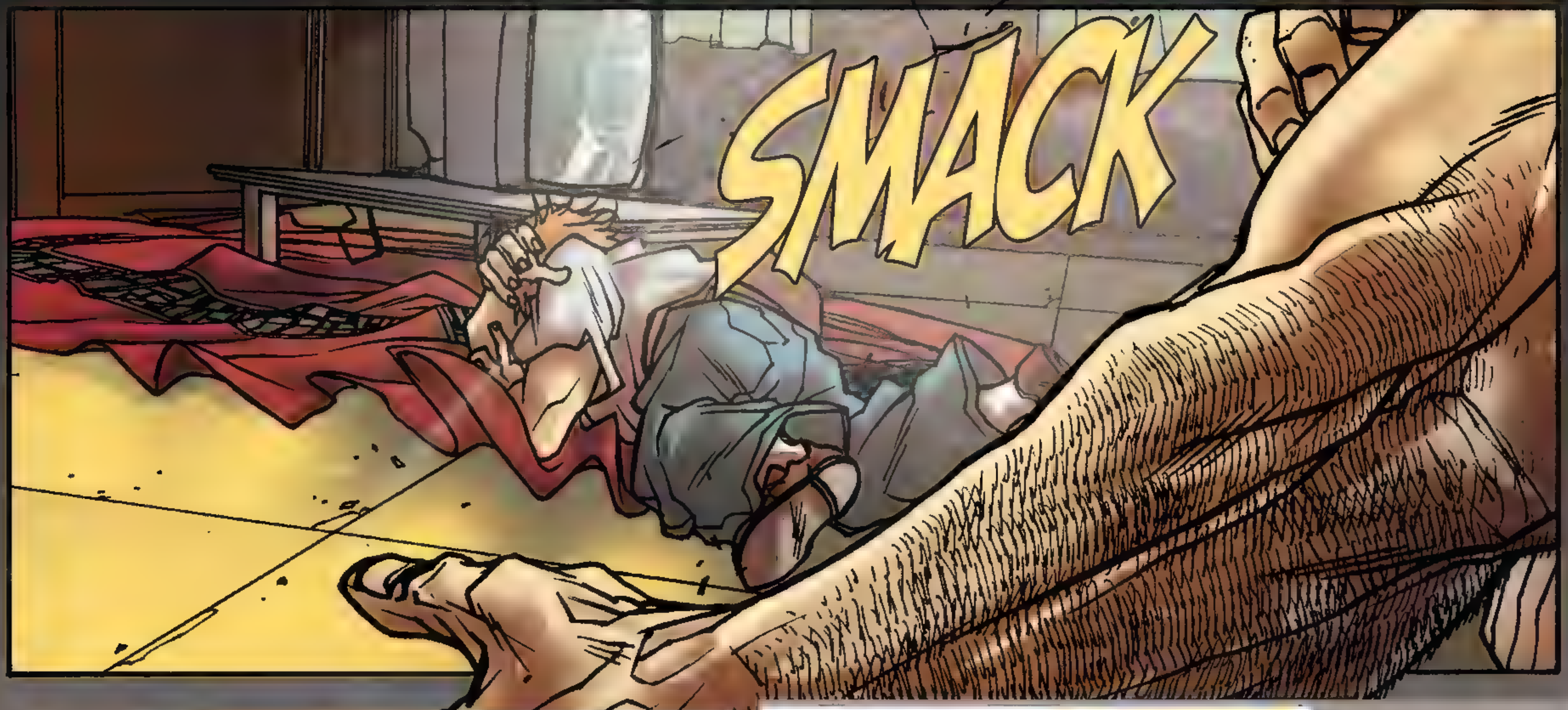
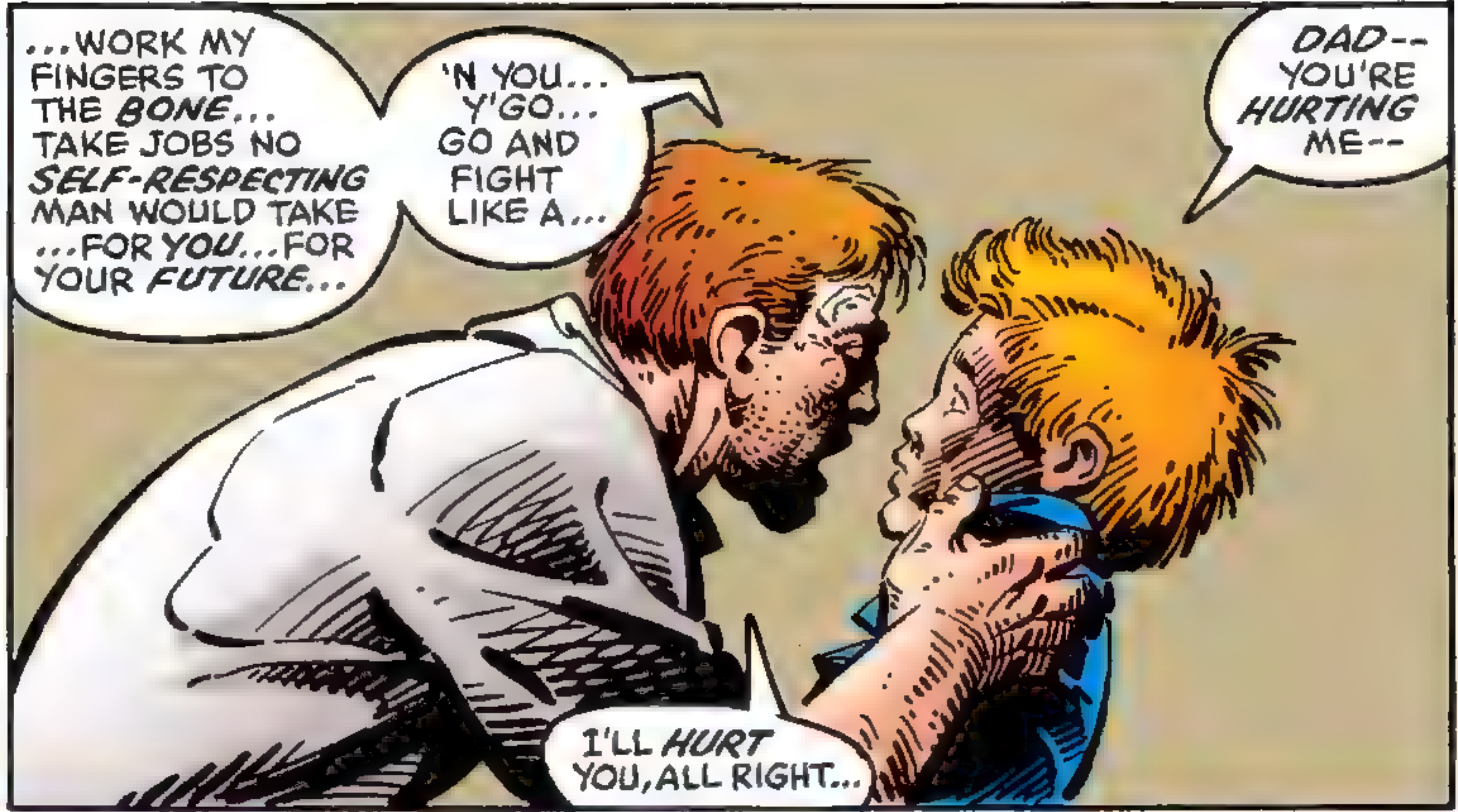
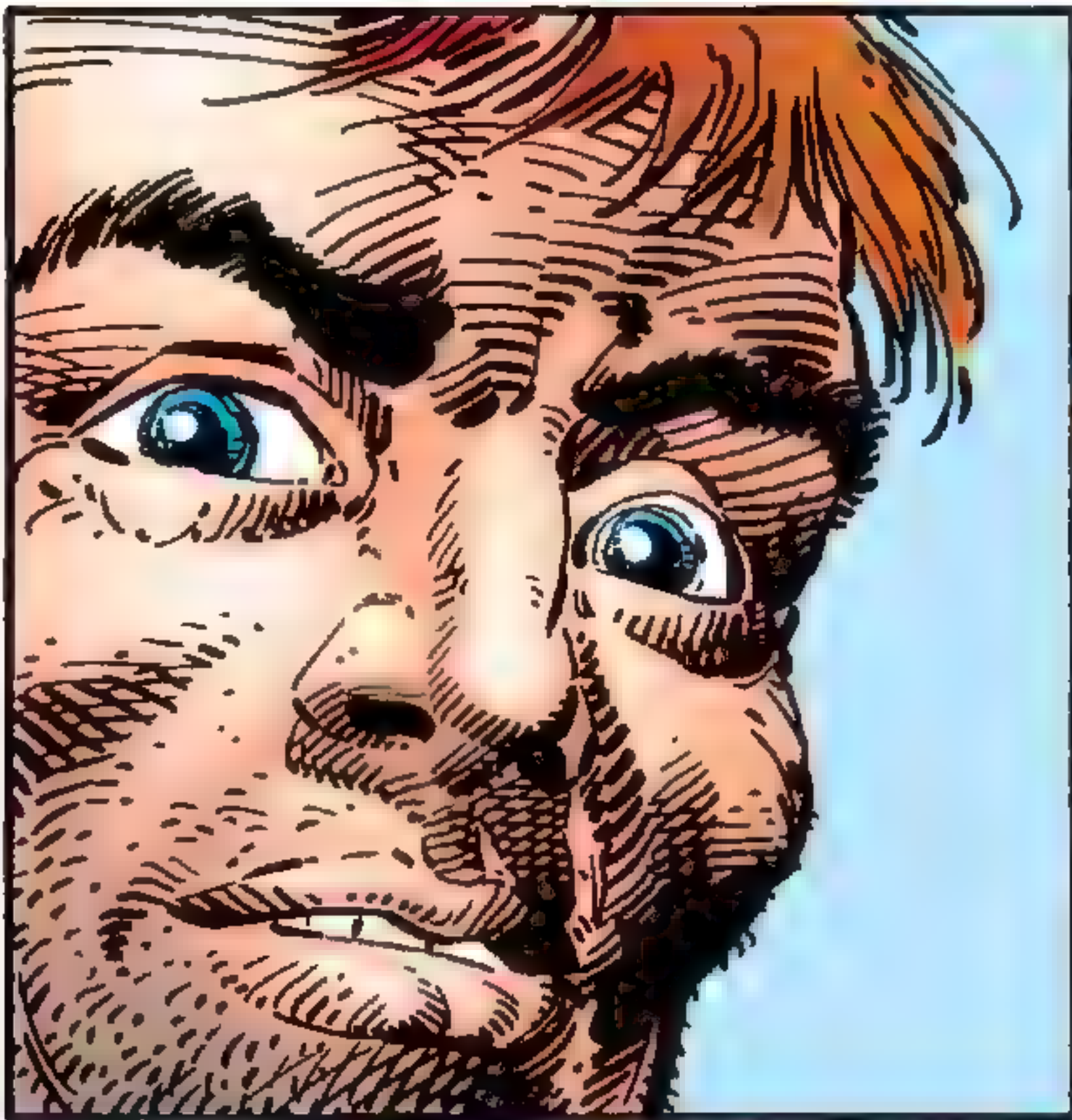
WHAT
DID YOU
SAY?

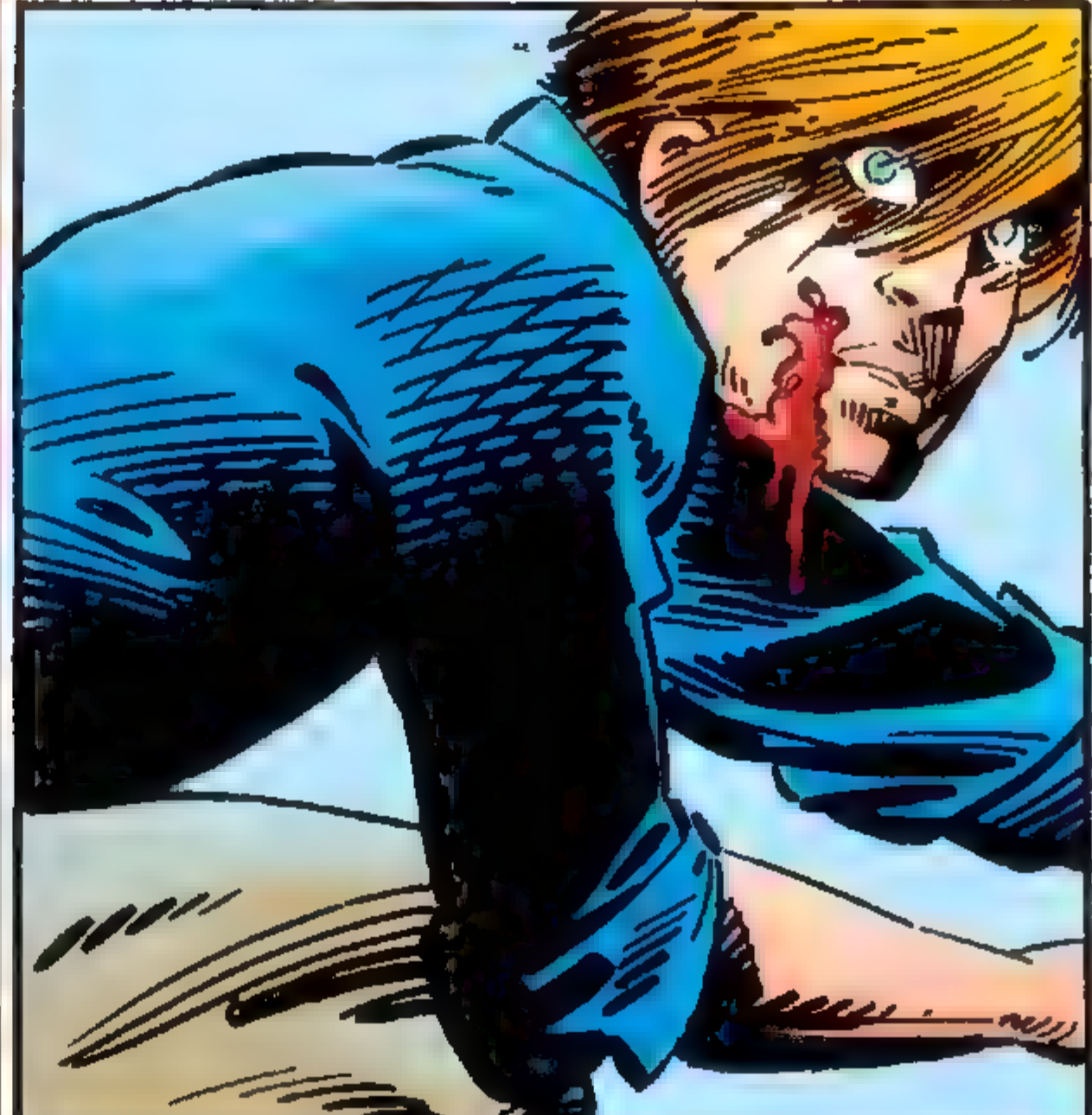
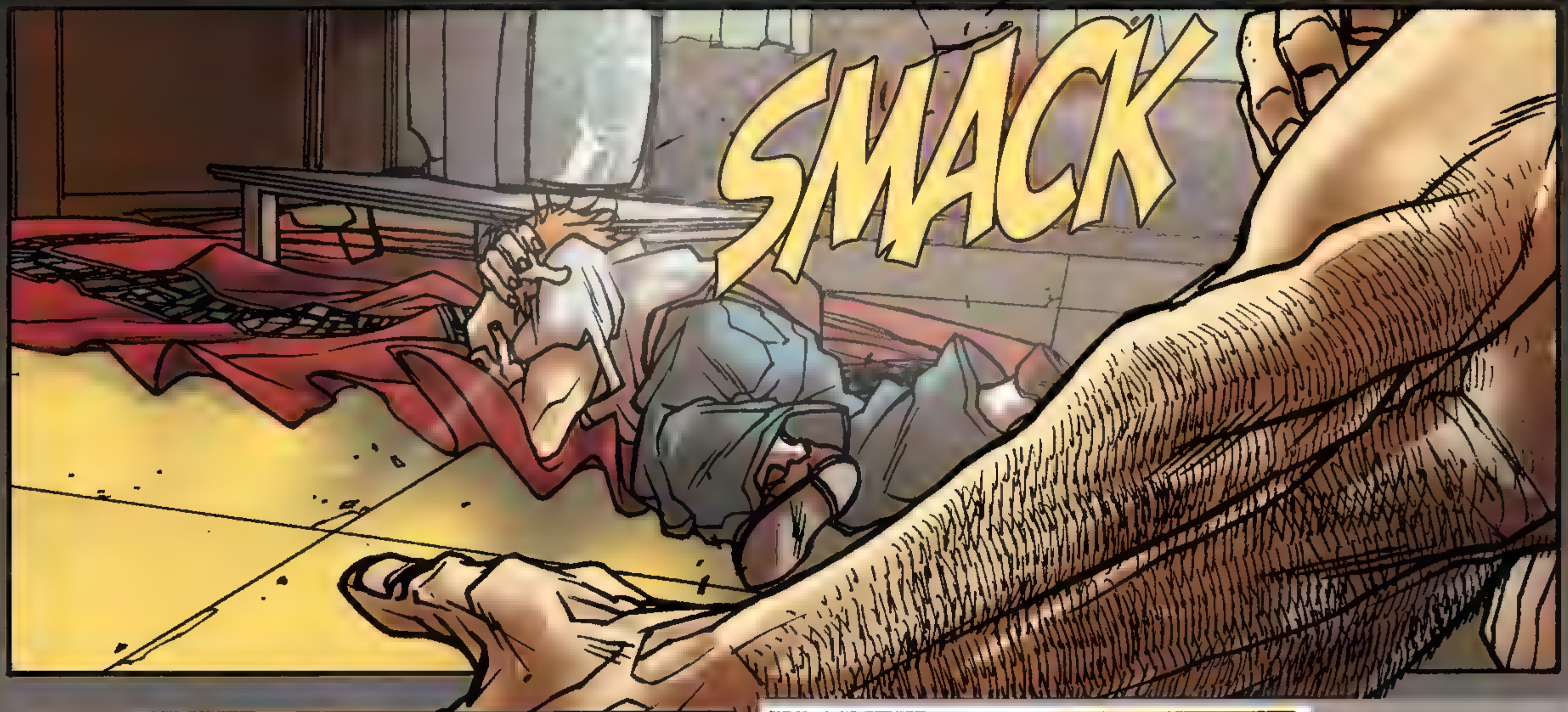
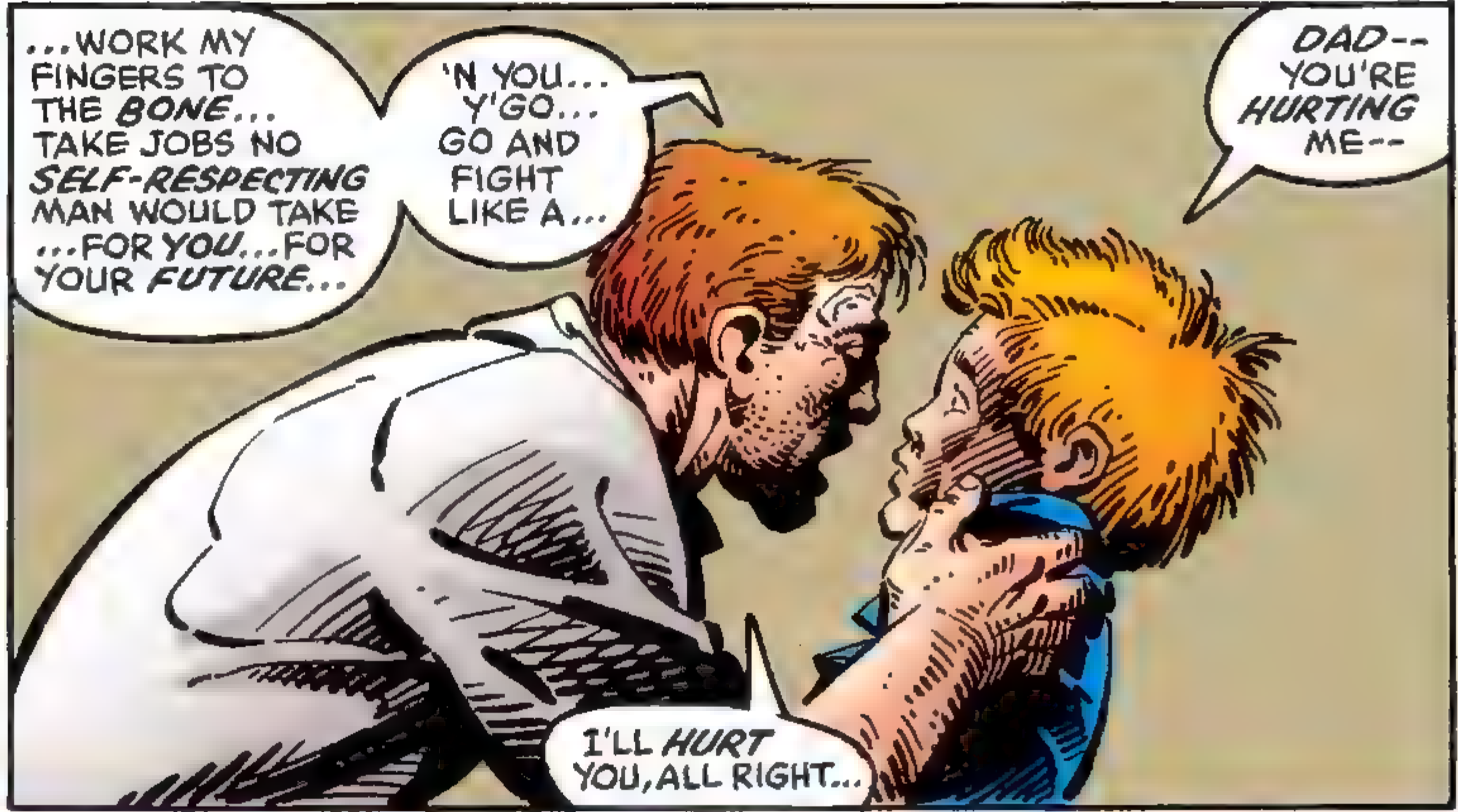
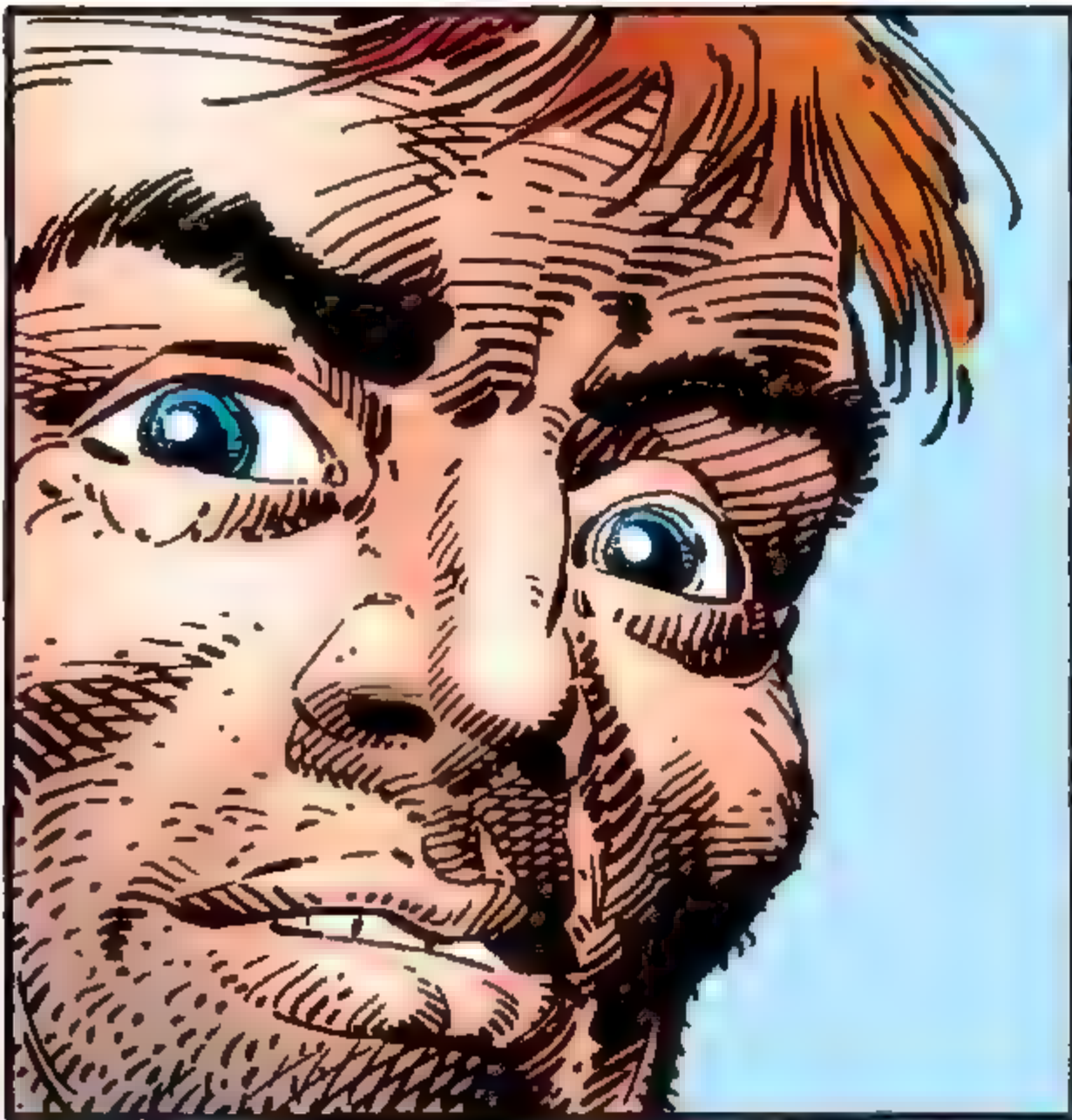


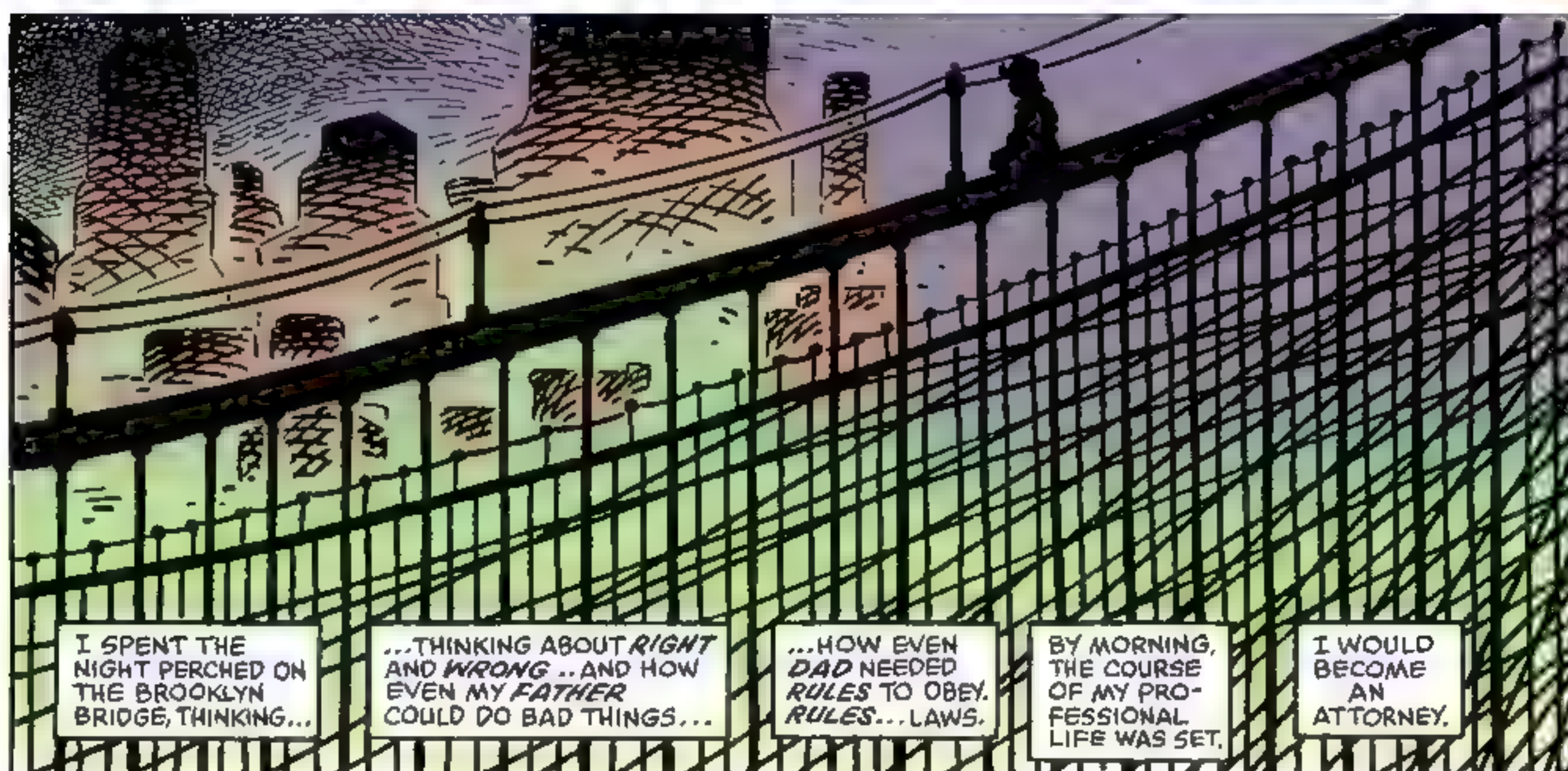
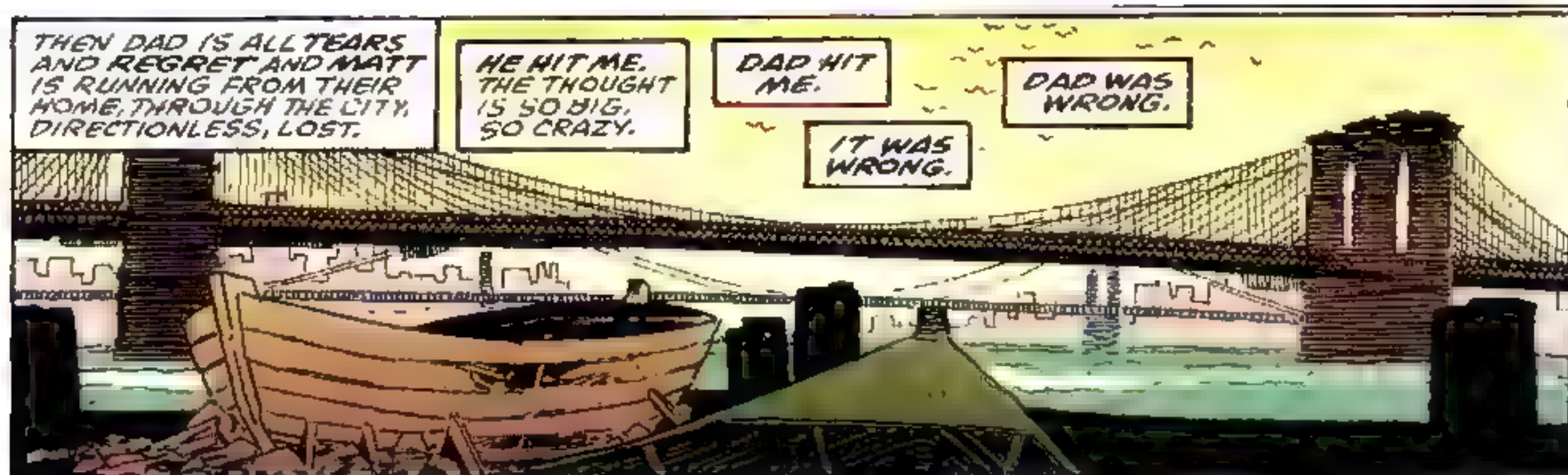
NO.

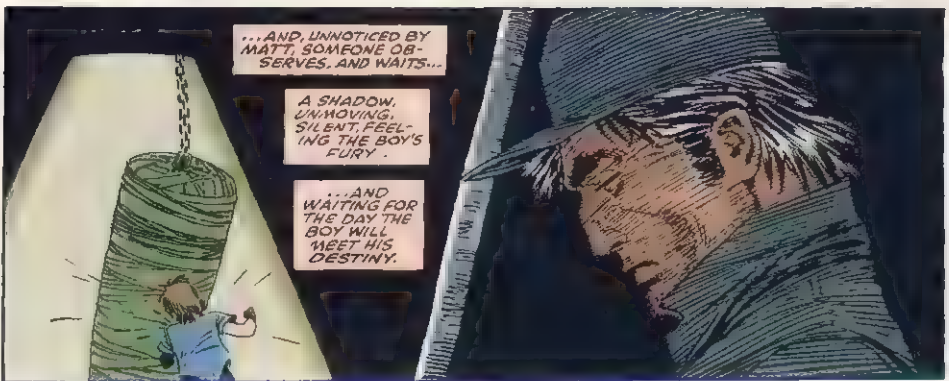
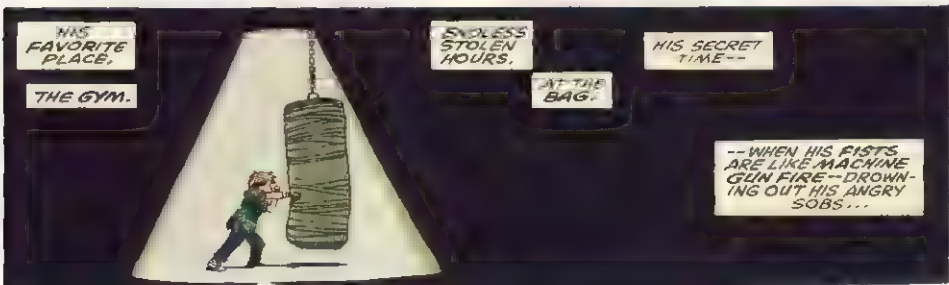
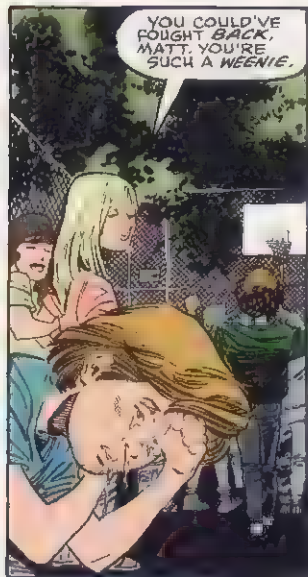
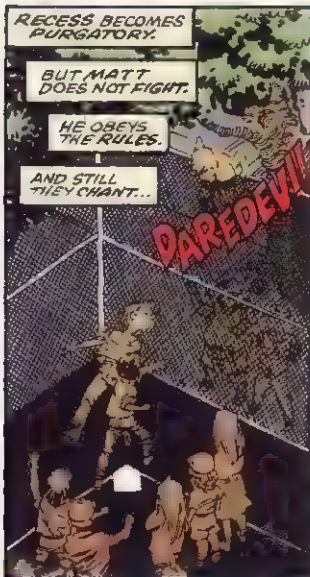
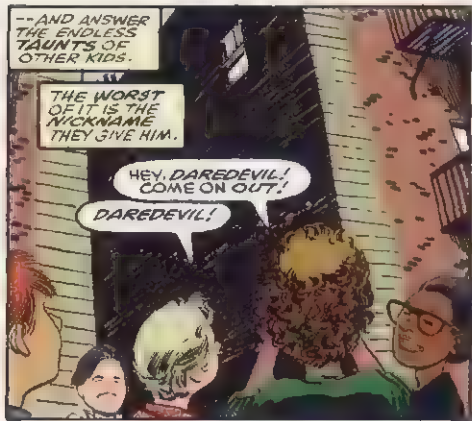
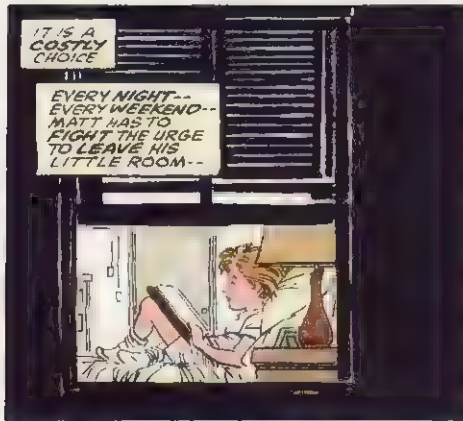


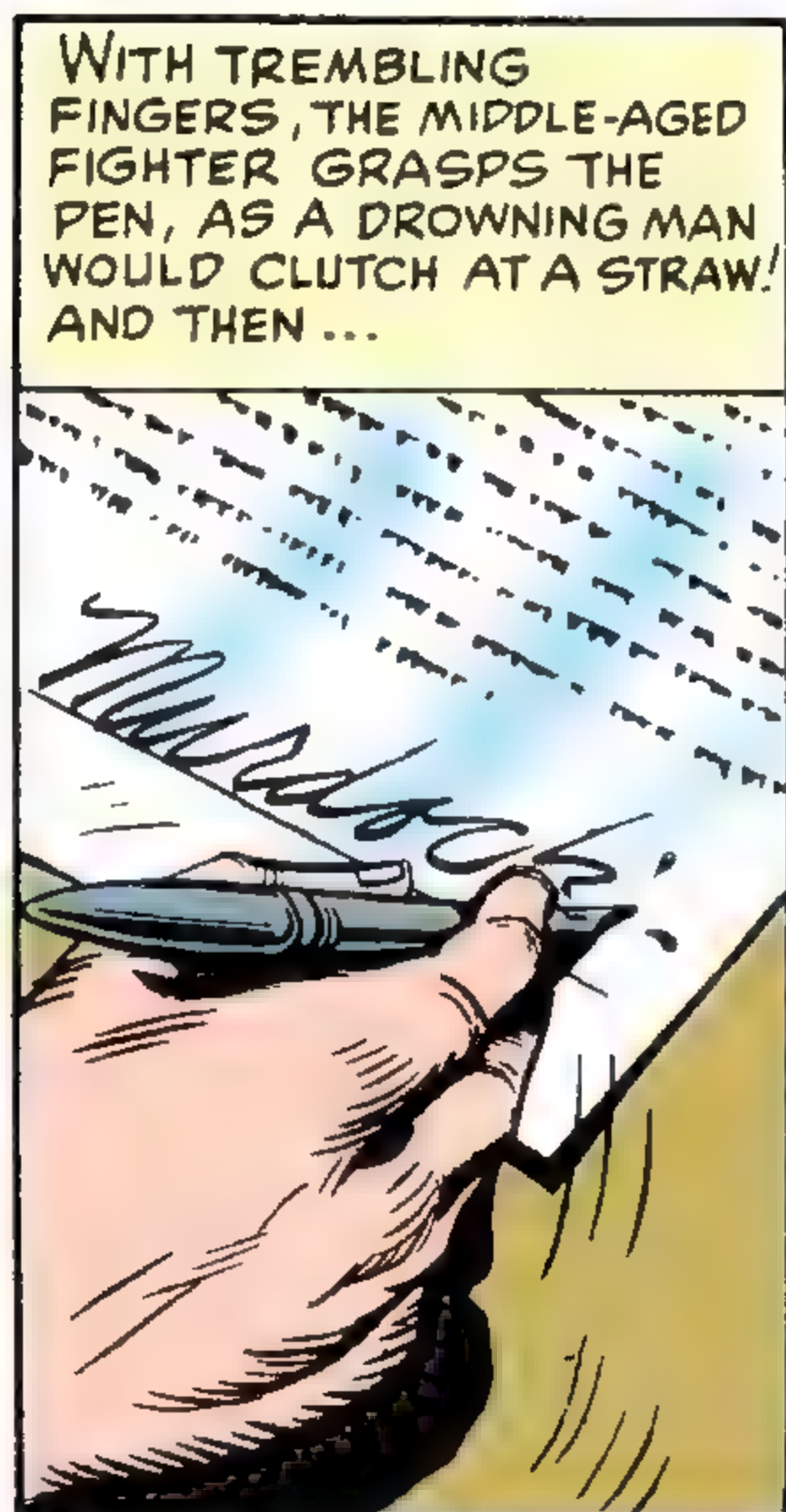


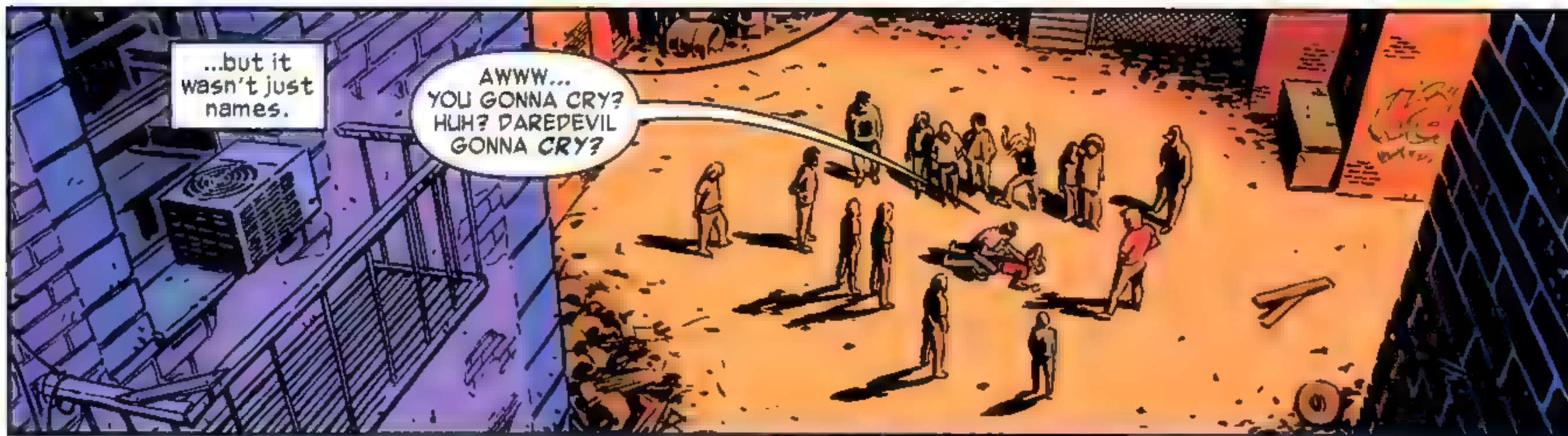












...is that Nate Hackett's was the last familiar face I ever saw.

AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT, MATHEW MURDOCK, AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IS RETURNING FROM THE LIBRARY...TAKING THE MOST IMPORTANT FEW STEPS OF HIS ENTIRE LIFE!

GEE, YOU'D THINK SOMEONE WOULD HELP THAT BLIND MAN ACROSS THE STREET!

SAY, MISTER... CAN I GIVE YOU A HAND?



HE DIDN'T SEEM TO HEAR ME! HE MIGHT BE DEAF, TOO! SAY...THERE'S A TRUCK TURNING THE CORNER... COMING TOWARDS HIM!

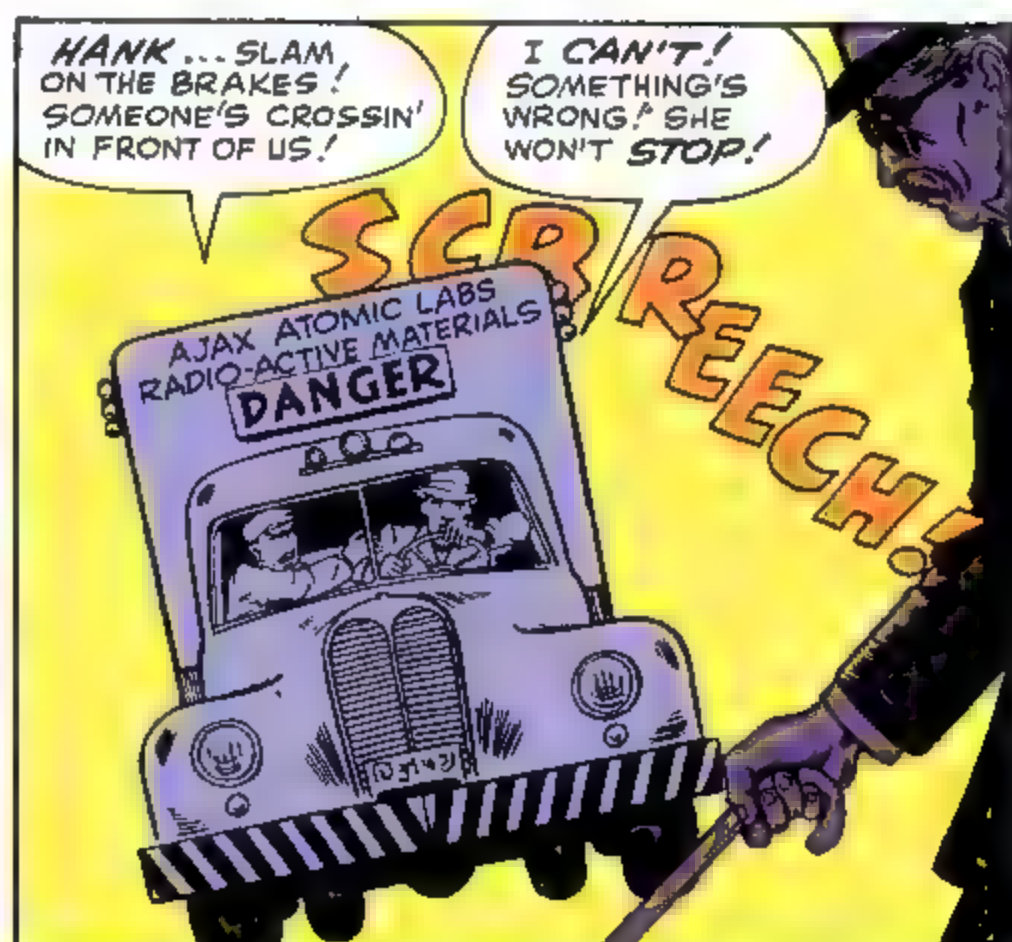


"BUT HE DIDN'T SEEM TO HEAR ME... AND HE DEFINITELY DIDN'T SEE THE TRUCK TURN THAT CORNER..."



HANK... SLAM ON THE BRAKES! SOMEONE'S CROSSIN' IN FRONT OF US!

I CAN'T! SOMETHING'S WRONG! SHE WON'T STOP!

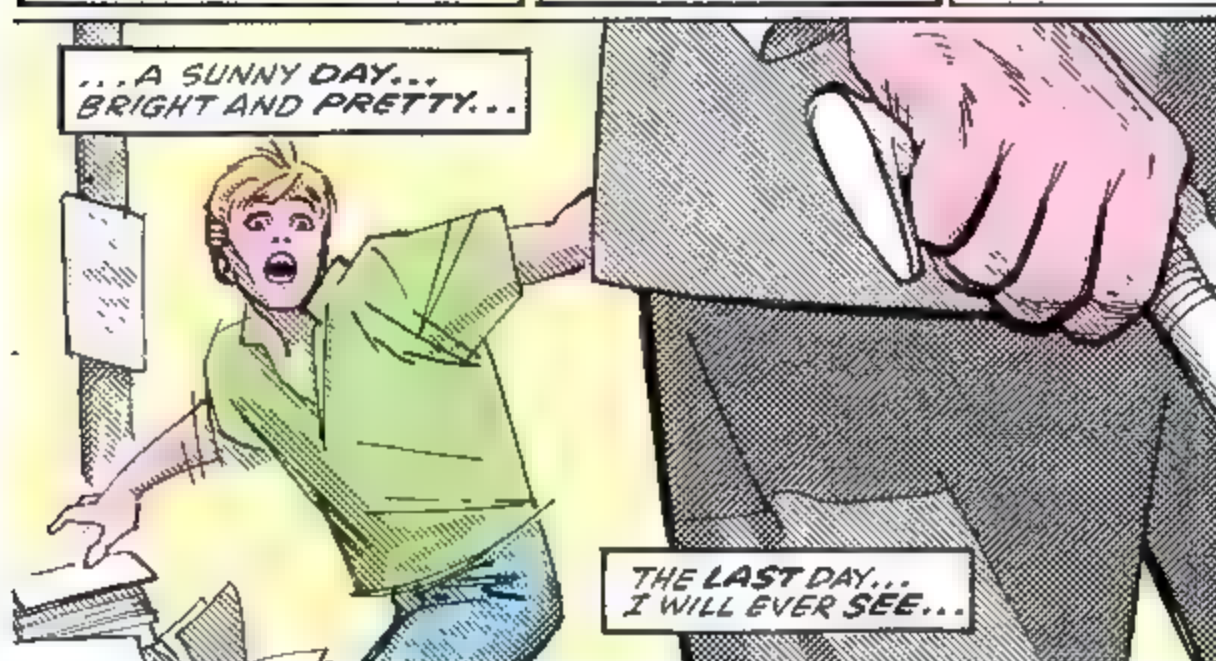


I NEVER BELIEVED...THAT BUSINESS OF YOUR LIFE FLASHING IN FRONT OF YOU BEFORE YOU DIE...

...NEVER THOUGHT... THERE COULD BE ENOUGH TIME... THERE'S TOO MUCH TO LIFE...

...BUT THERE'S REALLY... HORRIBLY LITTLE... THAT COUNTS...

...A SUNNY DAY... BRIGHT AND PRETTY...

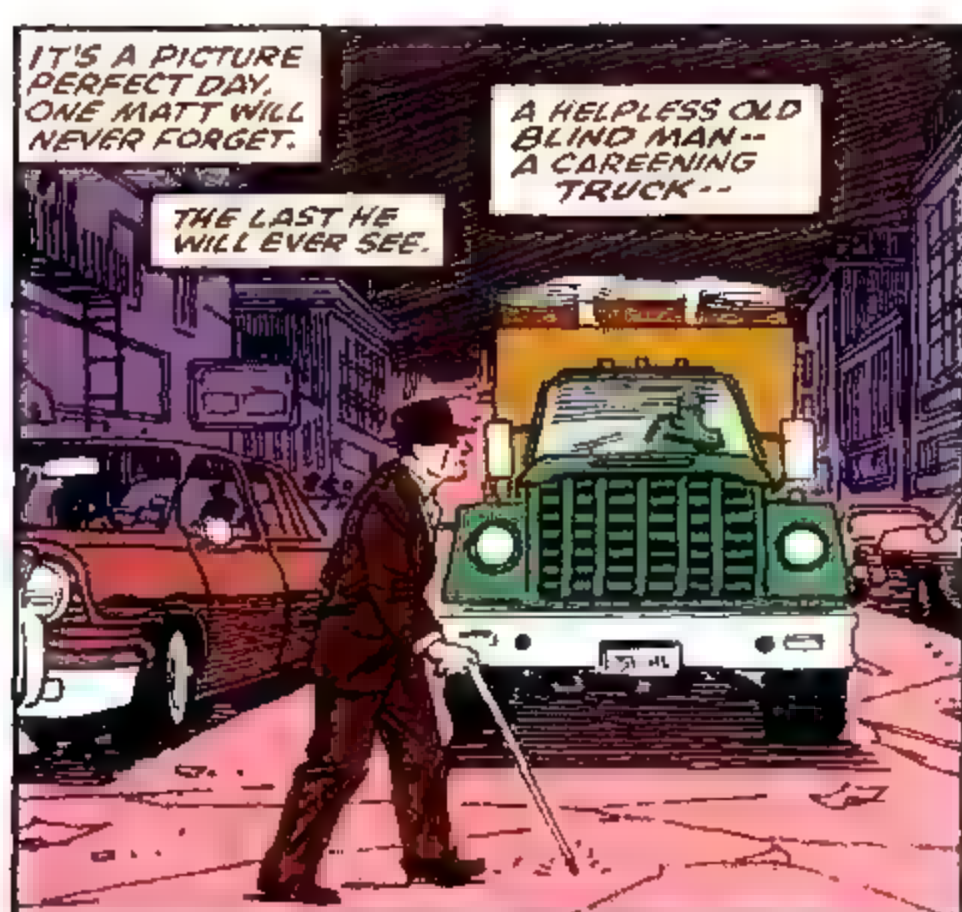


THE LAST DAY... I WILL EVER SEE...

IT'S A PICTURE PERFECT DAY. ONE MATT WILL NEVER FORGET.

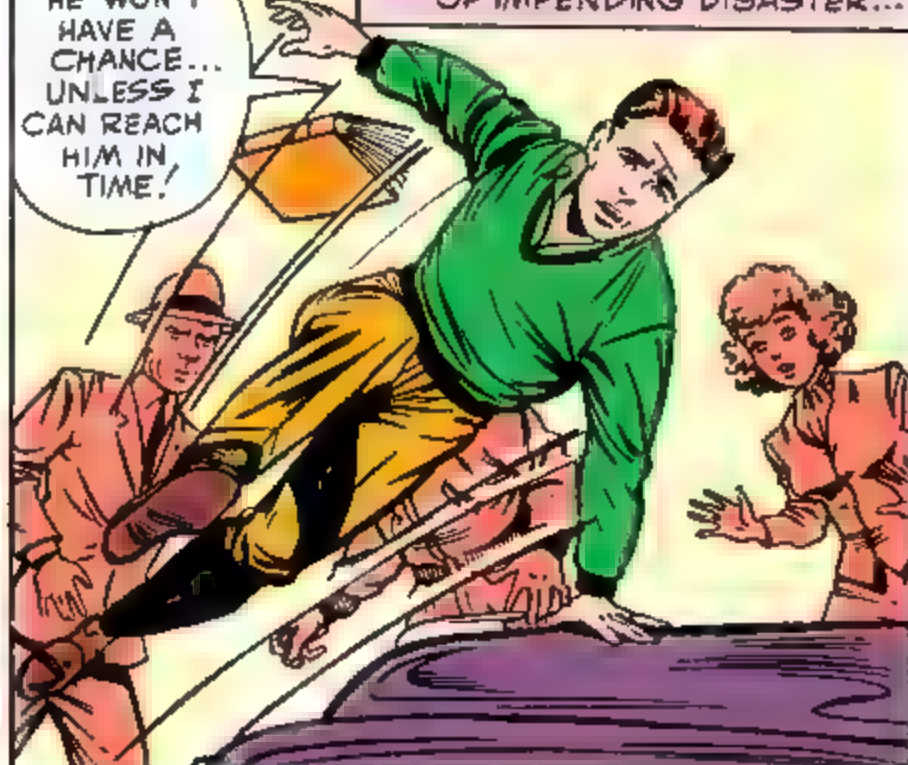
A HELPLESS OLD BLIND MAN-- A CAREENING TRUCK--

THE LAST HE WILL EVER SEE.

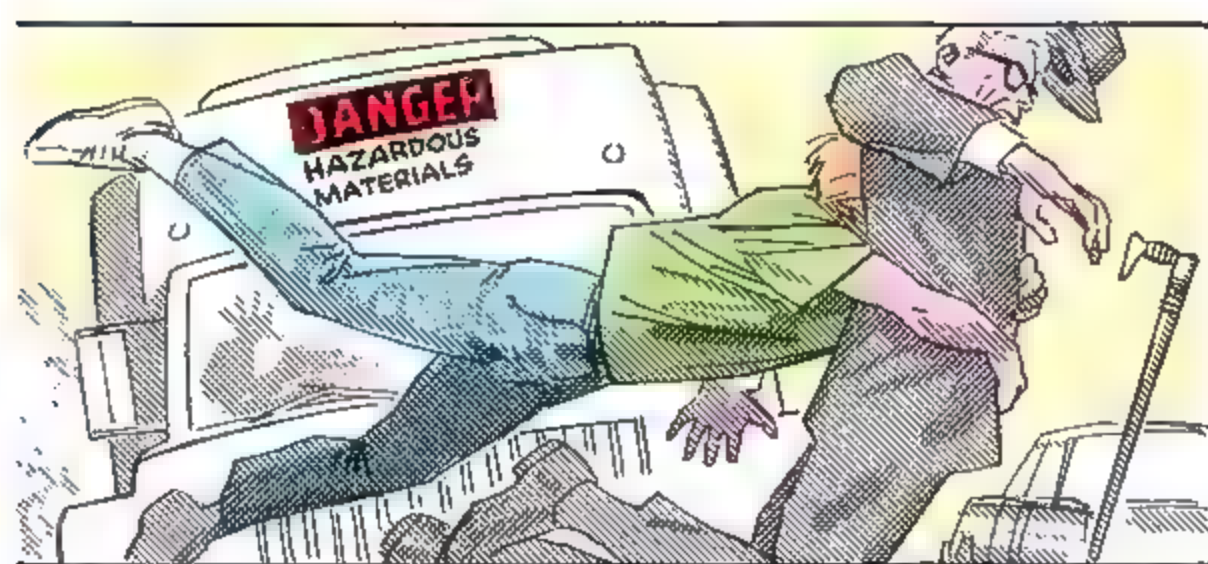


WITHOUT A MOMENT'S HESITATION... HIS SUPPLE MUSCLES RESPONDING TO THE EMERGENCY WITH THE SPEED OF THOUGHT... MATT MURDOCK HURTLIES TOWARD THE SCENE OF IMPENDING DISASTER...

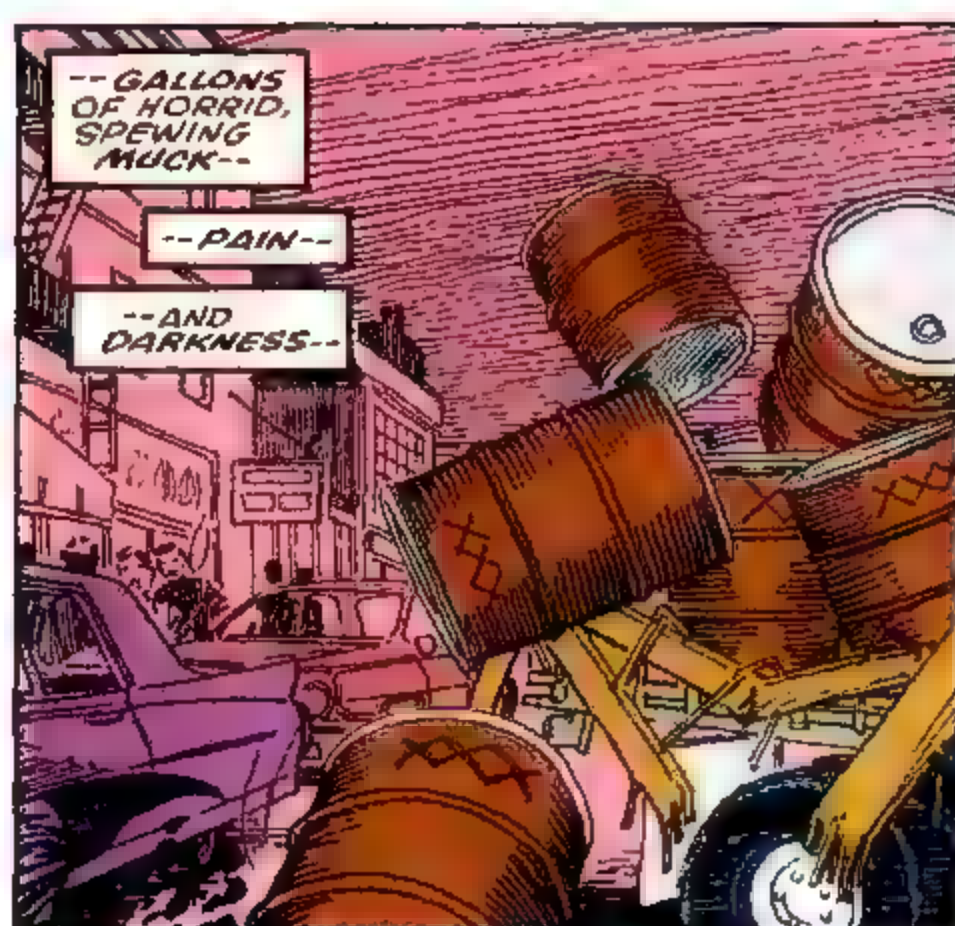
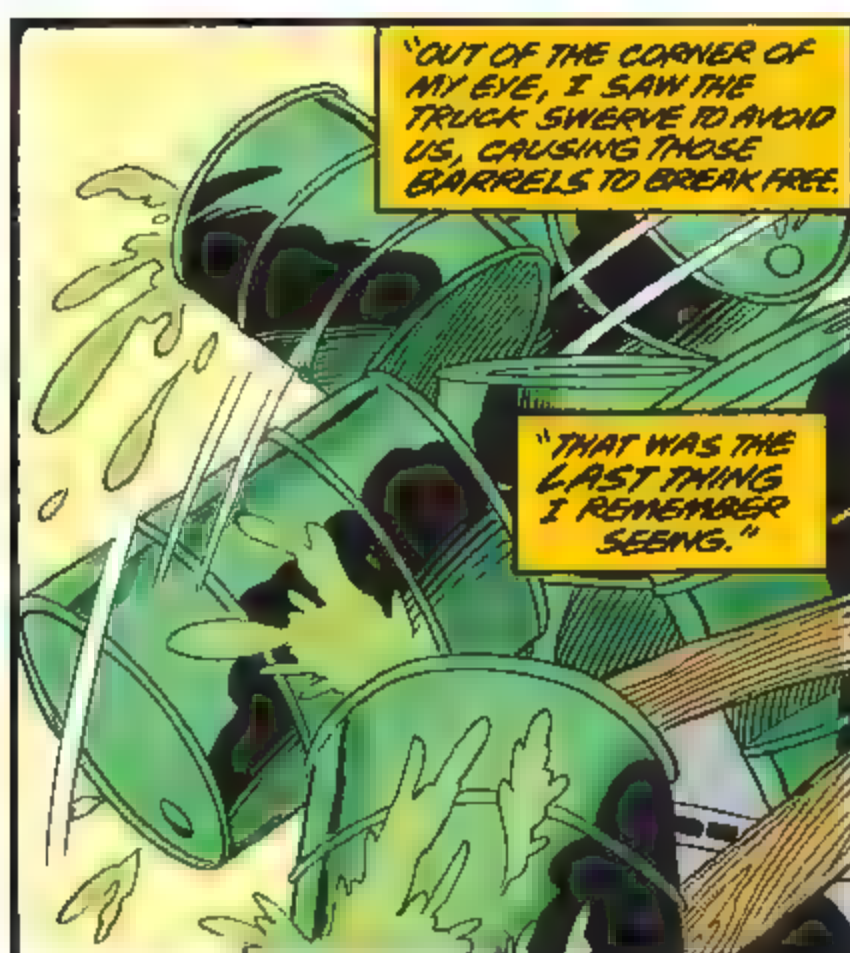
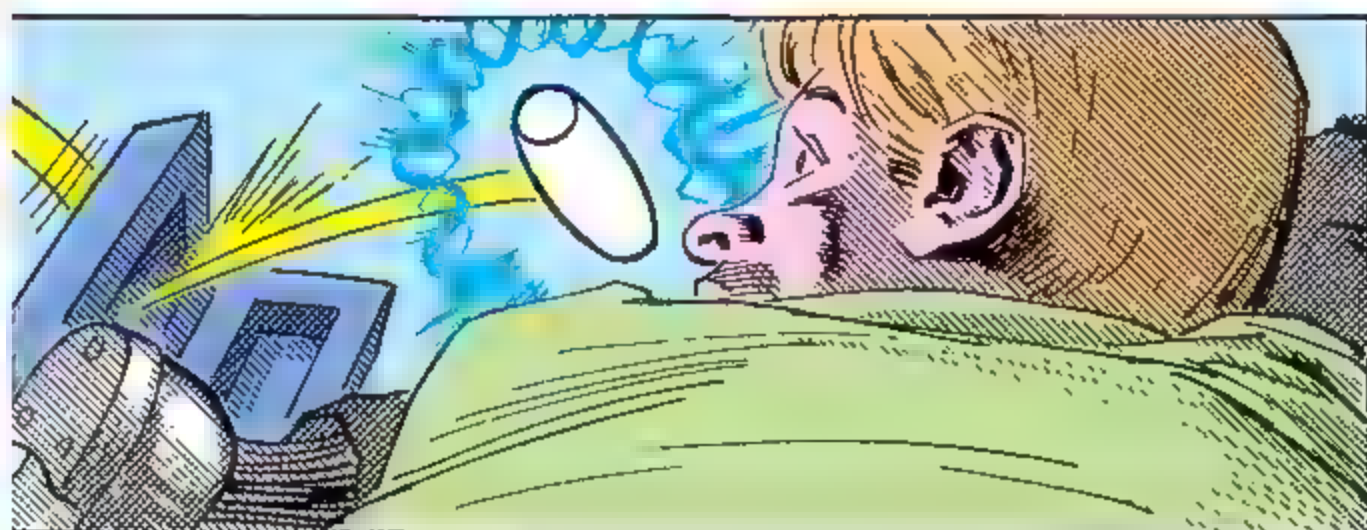
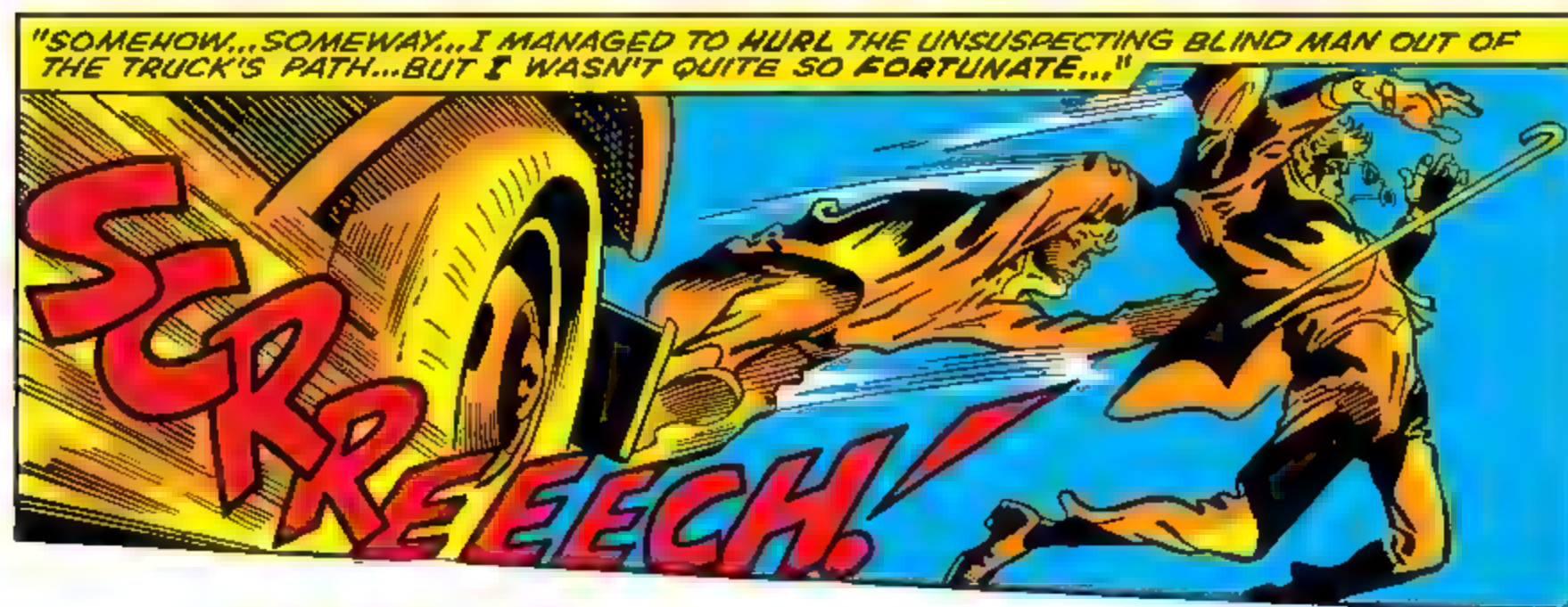
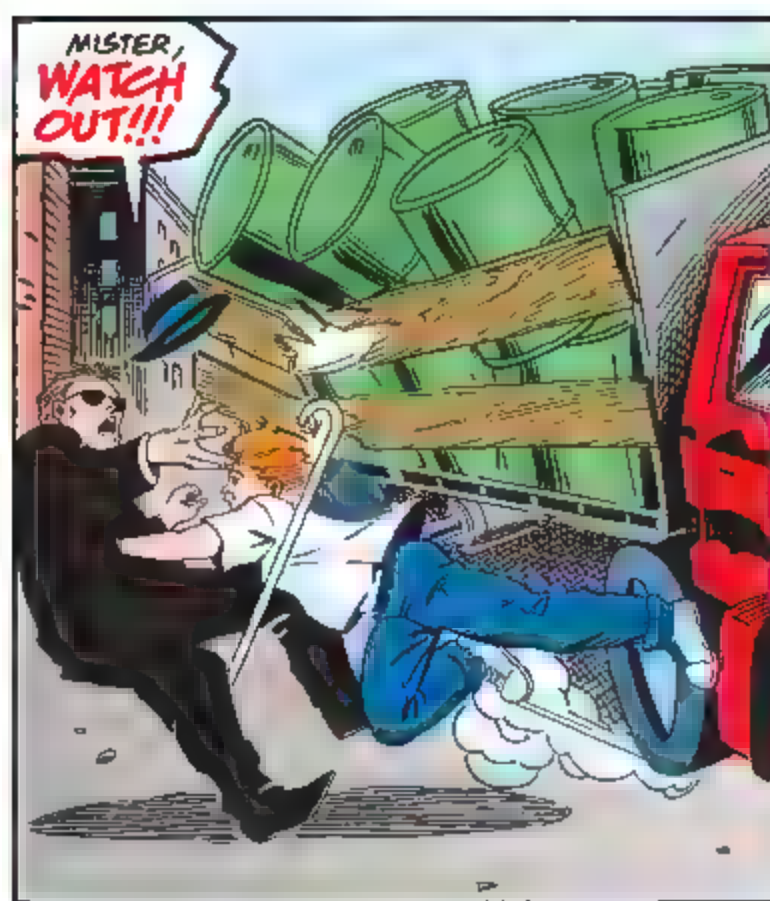
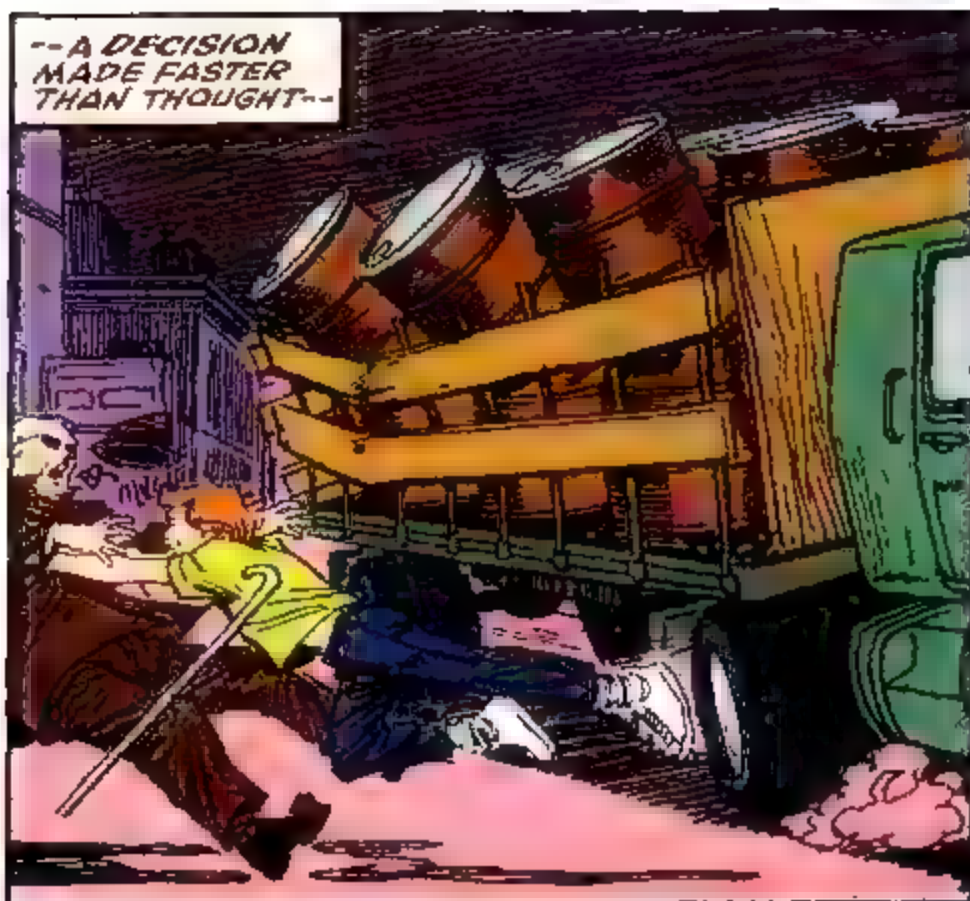
HE WON'T HAVE A CHANCE... UNLESS I CAN REACH HIM IN TIME!

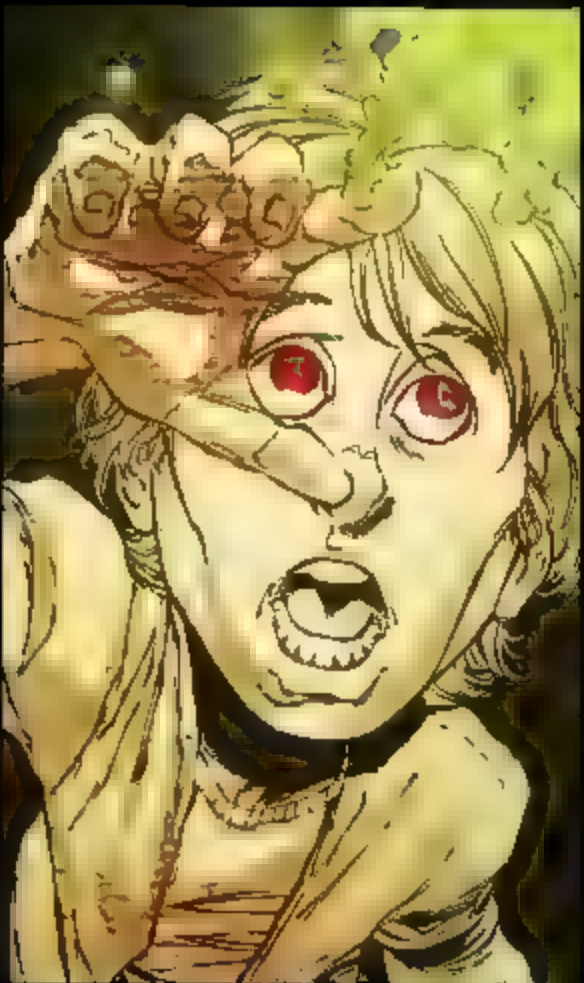
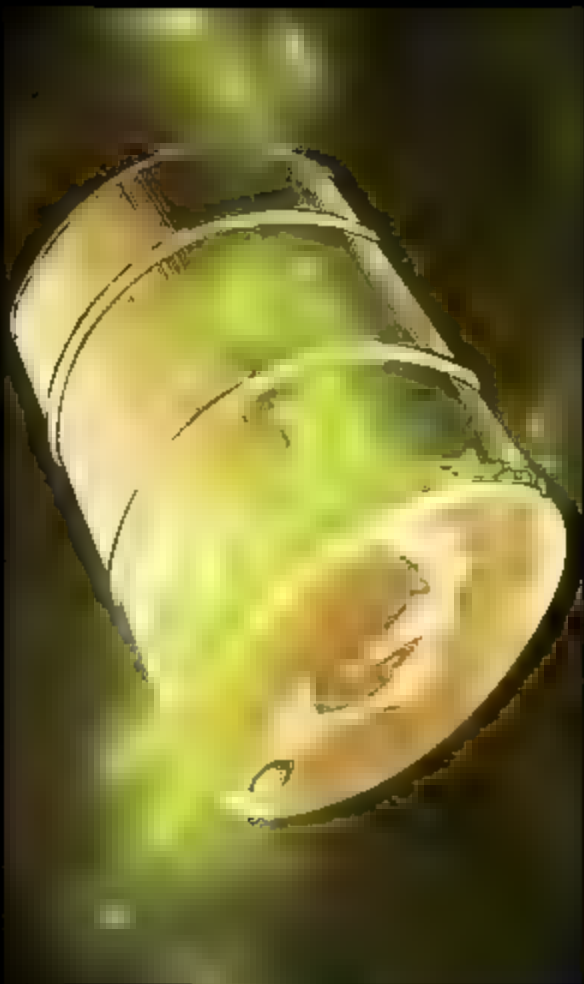


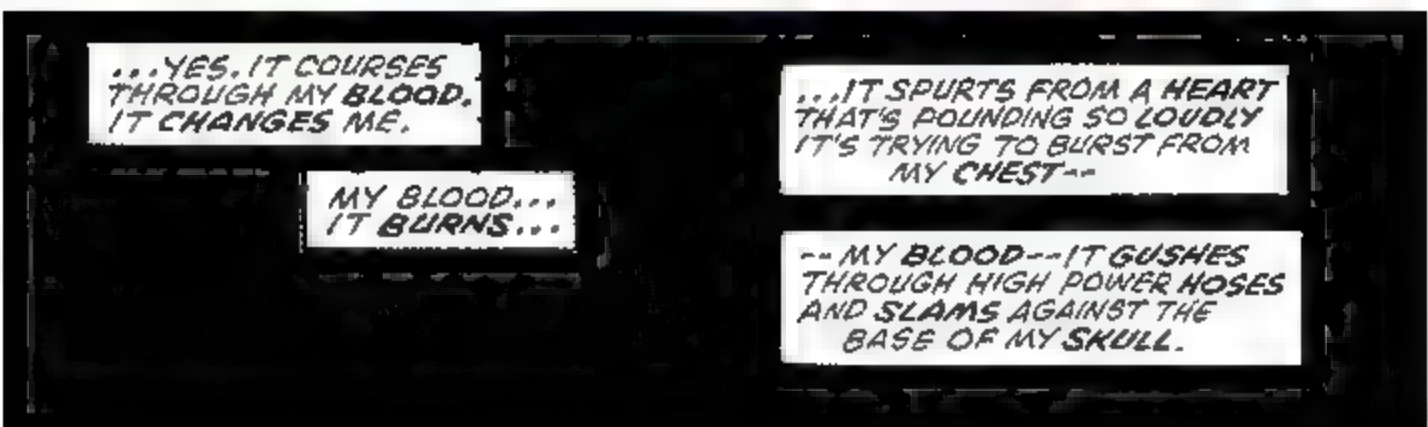
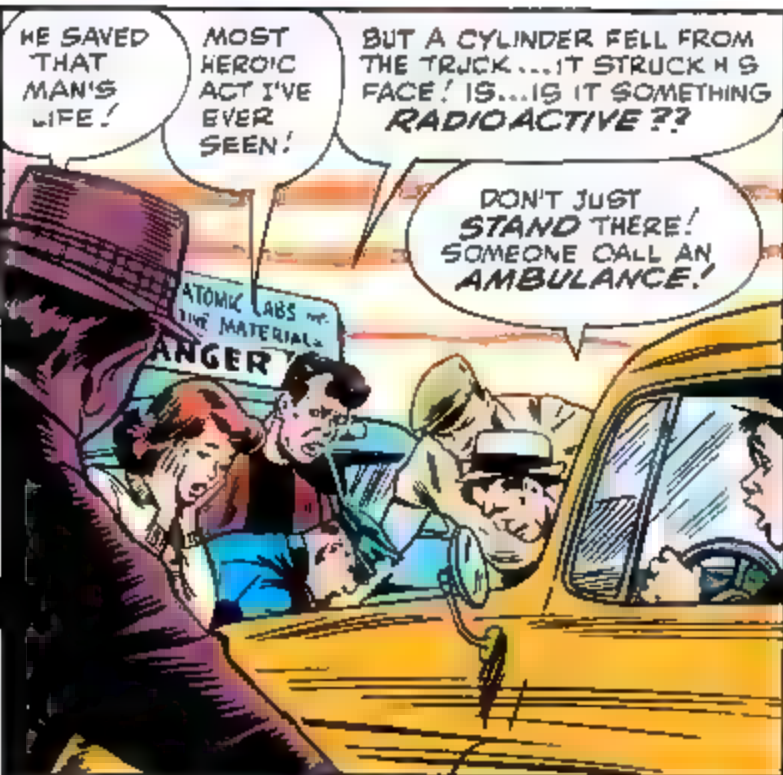
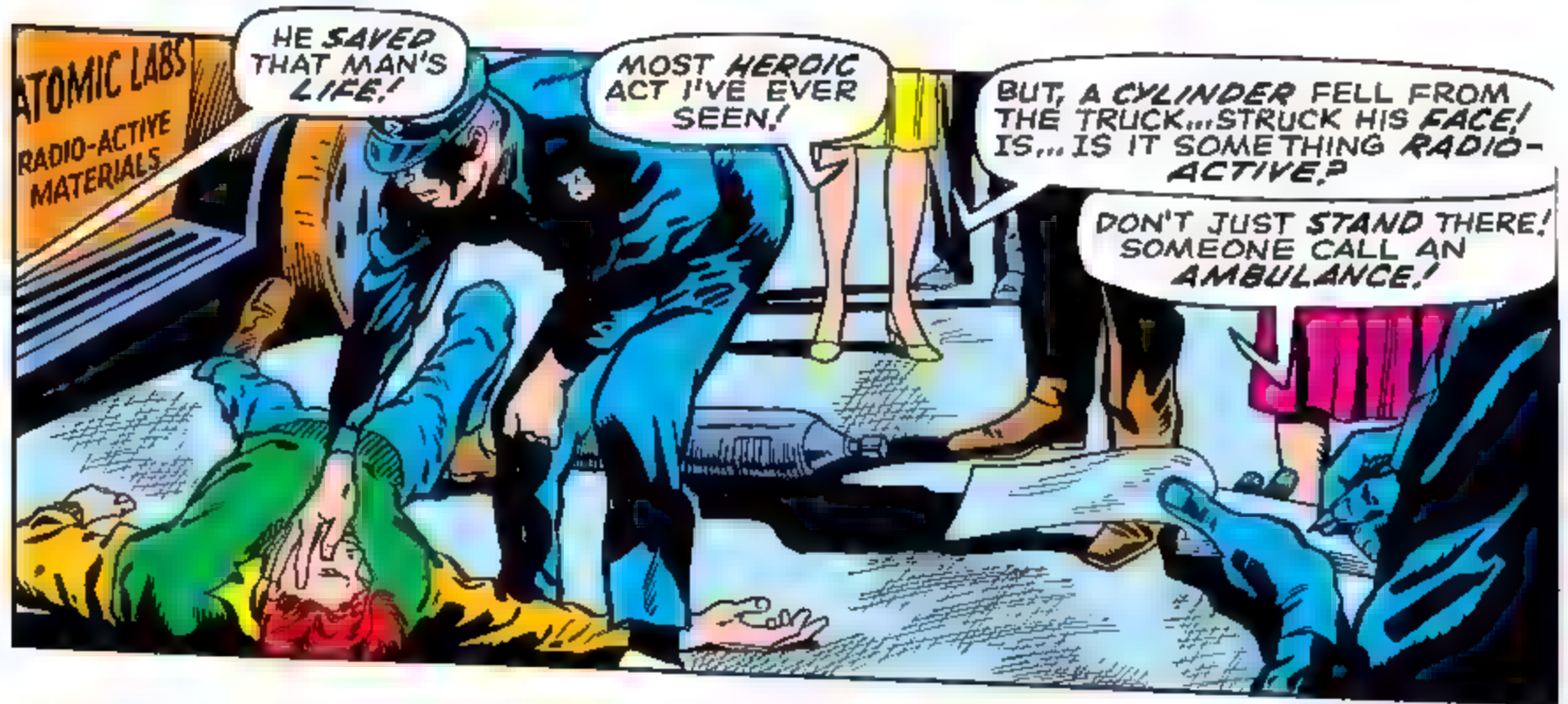
HE WON'T HAVE A CHANCE...UNLESS I CAN REACH HIM IN TIME!!











...YES, IT COURSES
THROUGH HIS BLOOD.
IT CHANGES HIM.

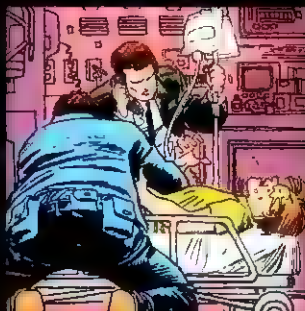
HIS BLOOD.
IT BURNS...



...IT GUSHES
THROUGH HIGH
POWER HOSES
AND SLAMS
AGAINST THE
BASE OF HIS
SKULL.

EVERYTHING
HURTS.

HE DOESN'T
KNOW WHERE
HE IS.



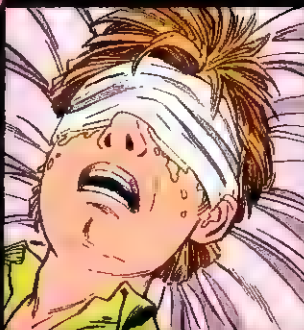
SANDPAPER SCRAPES
HIS SKIN EVERY TIME
HE MOVES--NO--NOT
SANDPAPER--SHEETS--
STARCHED SHEETS--

--AND THE SMELLS...
CHEMICAL SMELLS.
DISINFECTANTS.



HOSPITAL, HE THINKS.
I'M IN A HOSPITAL.

PEOPLE COME AND
GO, SMELLING LIKE
BATHTUBS FULL OF
SWEAT--LIKE EATEN
FOOD--LIKE ITALIAN
SAUCES AND HALF-
DIGESTED EGGS--



--THEY STAB HIM WITH
NEEDLES AND FILL HIM
FULL OF DRUGS BUT
DRUGS DON'T FOOL HIM.
HE KNOWS THEY CUT
HIS FACE.

EVERYTHING
HURTS.



ALL HE WANTS
IS TO DIE.



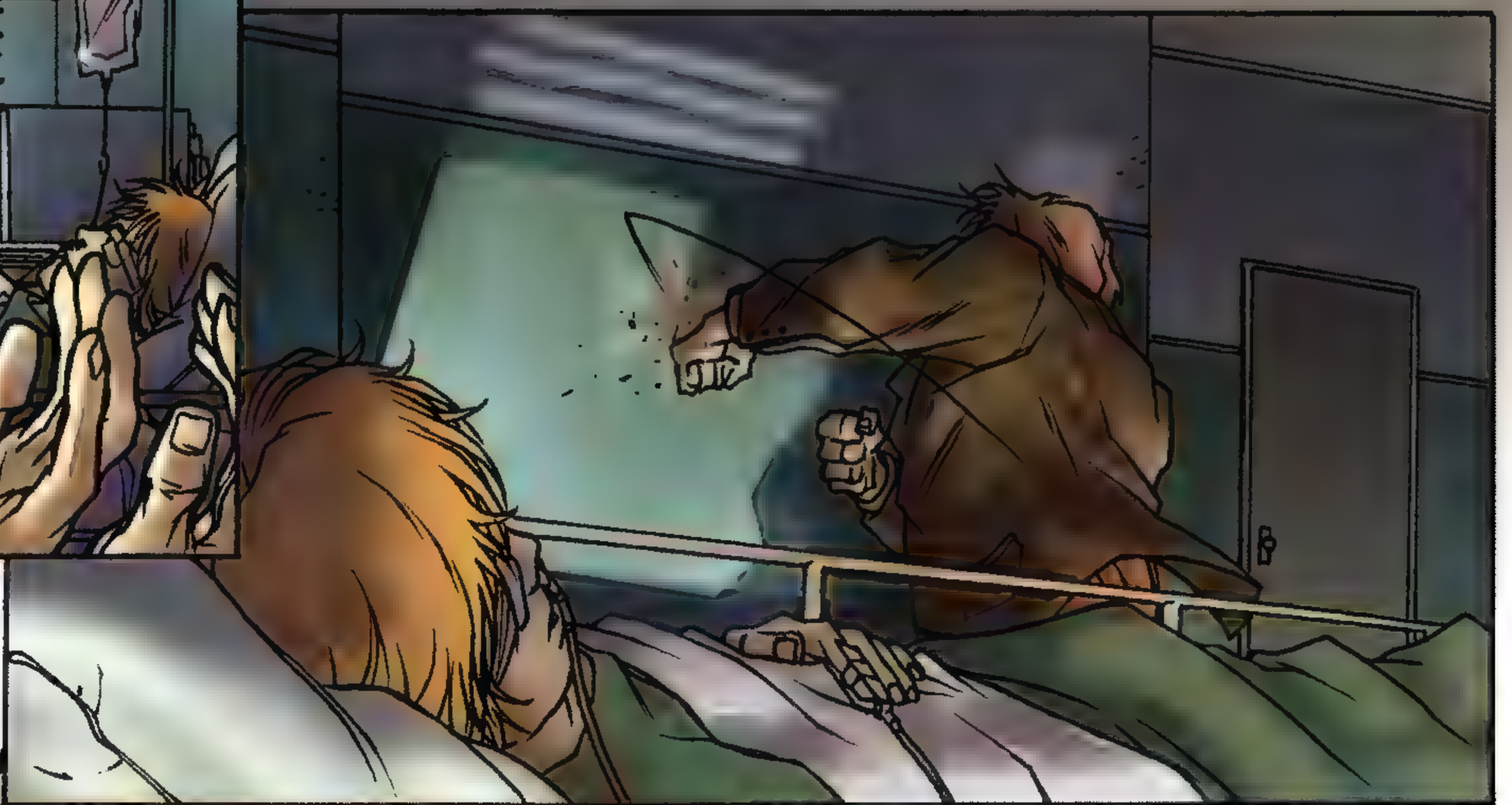
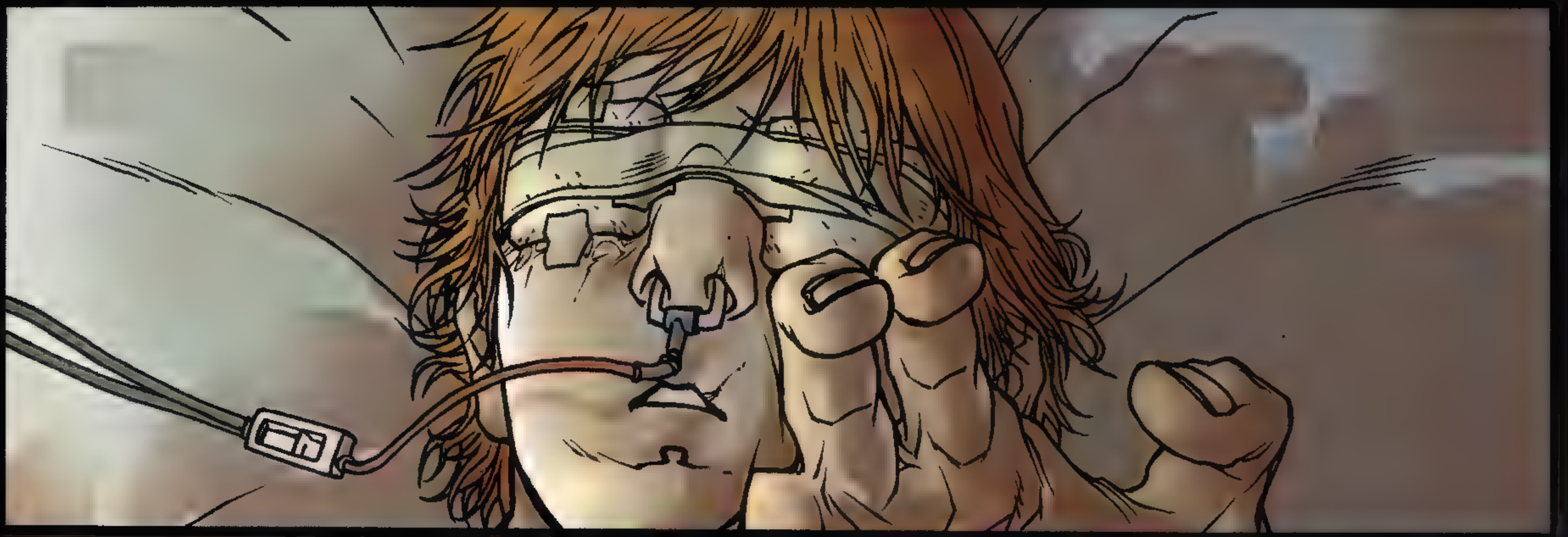
BUT HE DOESN'T
DIE, SO HE HAS TO
MAKE DO.

AFTER A WHILE
HE SOMEHOW
SHUTS IT OUT.



WHAT'S
HAPPENED
TO HIM?

WHAT HAS HE
BECOME?



THEN, PAST THE FUMES OF
WHATEVER IT IS THEY USE
TO CLEAN THE FLOOR, THERE
COMES A WAVE OF WHISKEY
--A MEGAPHONE VOICE...

SON?

CAN YOU HEAR ME, SON?

HEAR YOU--WHAT DO YOU
EXPECT--YOU'RE SHOUTING--

THE DOCTORS...THEY SAY YOU'LL BE FINE, SON.

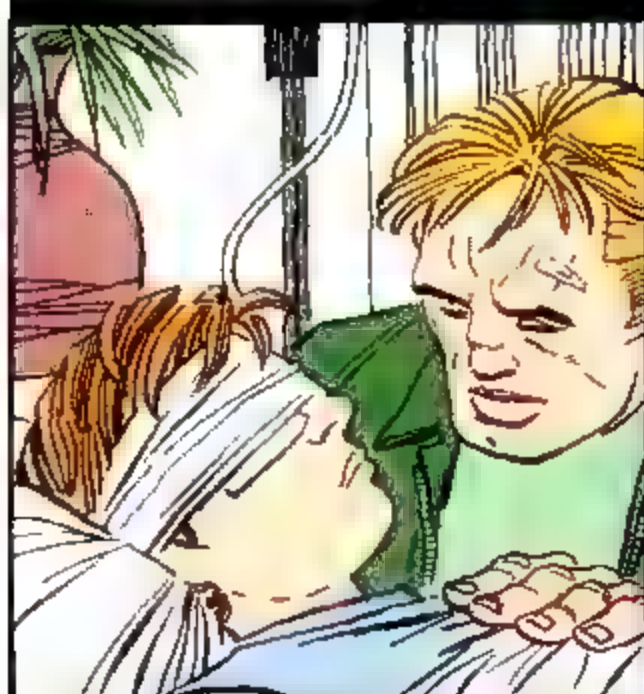
--LIKE ALL THE REST--BREATHES
LIKE HE'S A HUNDRED FEET TALL...

YOU'RE A HERO, BOY.

...SO BIG...IT'S LIKE
I'M IN HIM...IT'S...

YOU JUST REST NOW.

...IS THAT MY FATHER?



DAD DOESN'T
UNDERSTAND.
NOBODY
UNDERSTANDS.

DAD'S ANXIETY PAINTS
THE WORLD RED. HE
FINALLY LEAVES AND IT'S
ANOTHER NIGHT OF
TERROR AND THE ENDLESS
COUGHING OF SOMEONE
DOWN THE HALL.

THEN...SOFT STEPS
...A SOFT WOMAN'S
SCENT...

...A SOFT VOICE...

WHY DOES
IT HURT?

SO LOUD...
SO SMELLY...
EVERYTHING...

I
SEE...

SHE BREATHES. DOWN THE
HALL THE COUGHING SUBSIDES.

NOBODY
UNDERSTANDS.

EXCEPT THE
WOMAN. THE
STRANGER
WHO COMES.



WHEN SHE SPEAKS AGAIN
IT'S A GENTLE WHISPER.

THIS...MAY
NOT BE A BAD
THING. WHAT YOU
COULD DO WITH
IT...

DO...
WITH IT?

JUST THINK OF IT.
IT'S A BLESSING,
MATT.

IT'S YOURS.
YOURS.

AND IT'S OUR
SECRET. DON'T
TELL ANYONE.

PROMISE
ME NOW...

WHO ARE
YOU?



LIPS, WARM...KISS-
ING MY FOREHEAD...
LOVING...

...AND SOMETHING HARD,
DANGLING FROM HER NECK...

IT'S A CROSS...
MADE OF GOLD...

PROMISE
ME...



SHE LEAVES,
TAKING HER
MYSTERY WITH
HER.

BUT HE FEELS
CALMER NOW.
STRONGER.

HE WILL
SURVIVE
THIS.

HE WILL
SURVIVE
THIS.

A KIND WOMAN'S GIFT
OF HOPE TO ME. I NEVER
UNDERSTAND IT--AND
SHE NEVER COMES BACK.

BUT IT GETS
EASIER...

THEN...SOFT STEPS
...A SOFT WOMAN'S
SCENT...

...A SOFT VOICE...

WHY DOES
IT HURT?

SO LOUD...
SO SMELLY...
EVERYTHING...

I
SEE...

SHE BREATHES. DOWN THE
HALL THE COUGHING SUBSIDES.

NOBODY
UNDERSTANDS.

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AND IT'S OUR
SECRET. DON'T
TELL ANYONE.

PROMISE
ME NOW...

WHO ARE
YOU?

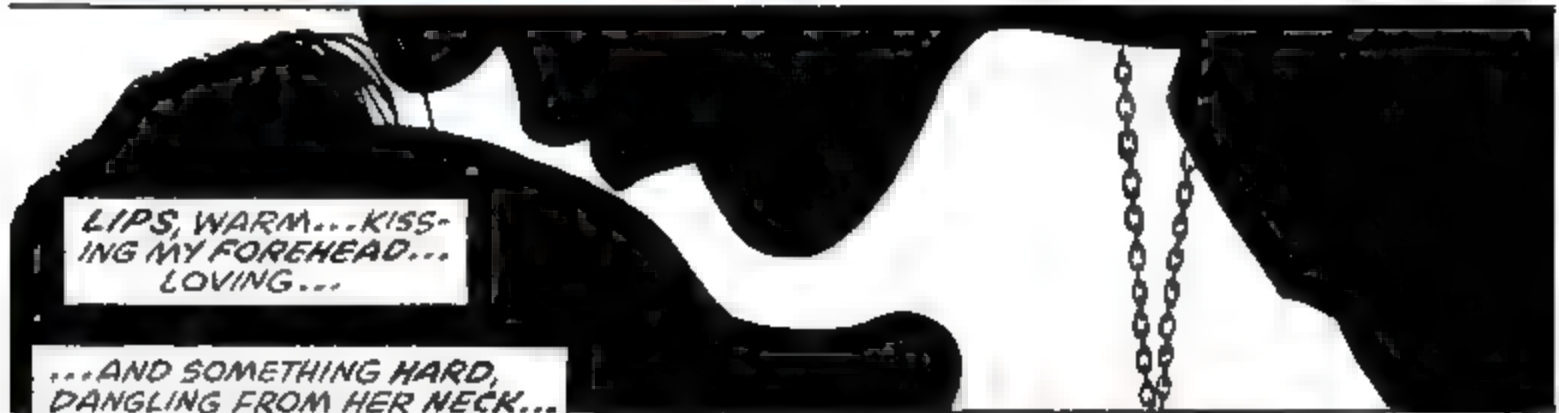


LIPS, WARM...KISS-
ING MY FOREHEAD...
LOVING...

...AND SOMETHING HARD,
DANGLING FROM HER NECK...

IT'S A CROSS...
MADE OF GOLD...

PROMISE
ME...



SHE LEAVES,
TAKING HER
MYSTERY WITH
HER.

BUT HE FEELS
CALMER NOW.
STRONGER.

HE WILL
SURVIVE
THIS.

HE WILL
SURVIVE
THIS.

A KIND WOMAN'S GIFT
OF HOPE TO ME. I NEVER
UNDERSTAND IT--AND
SHE NEVER COMES BACK.

BUT IT GETS
EASIER...



IT'S OKAY,
DAD. I'M
AWAKE.

SON... HOW'D
YOU KNOW I
WAS HERE?

COULD HEAR
YOU A MILE OFF.
SIT DOWN, DAD.

WE HAVE TO
TALK, MATT.
MAN TO MAN.

I'M ALL
EARS, DAD.

IT'S ABOUT THE
ACCIDENT, SON. YOU
WERE HIT BY SOME-
THING SOME CORPORA-
TION WAS DRIVING
THROUGH TOWN. RIGHT
THROUGH TOWN.

THEY WON'T SAY IF IT
WAS RADIOACTIVE. THEY
WON'T EVEN TALK TO ME.

IT MESSED YOU UP PRETTY
BADLY, MATT. YOUR FACE...
WELL, I'M AMAZED WHAT THEY
WERE ABLE TO DO WITH IT.
YOU'RE GOING TO LOOK
GOOD AS NEW. BUT...

...IT'S YOUR
EYES, SON.
THEY...

I KNOW I'M BLIND,
DAD. THERE AREN'T ANY
BANDAGES ON MY EYES--
AND I'VE NEVER HEARD OF
A HOSPITAL WITHOUT
LIGHTS.

YOU... YOU'RE
TAKING IT WELL,
SON...

YES...

...I PROMISED...

[illegible]

--A MIRACLE
HE DIDN'T BREAK ANY
BONES, CONSIDERING HOW
HARD HE HIT THE
PAVEMENT...

A MIRACLE?

MY SON IS
BLIND AND YOU'RE
TALK N' ABOUT
MIRACLES,
DOC?

I KNOW I'M
SORRY, MISTER
MURDOCK

...I'M JUST TRYING TO FIND THE BRIGHT SIDE...

HELLO?
IS
SOME ONE
THERE?

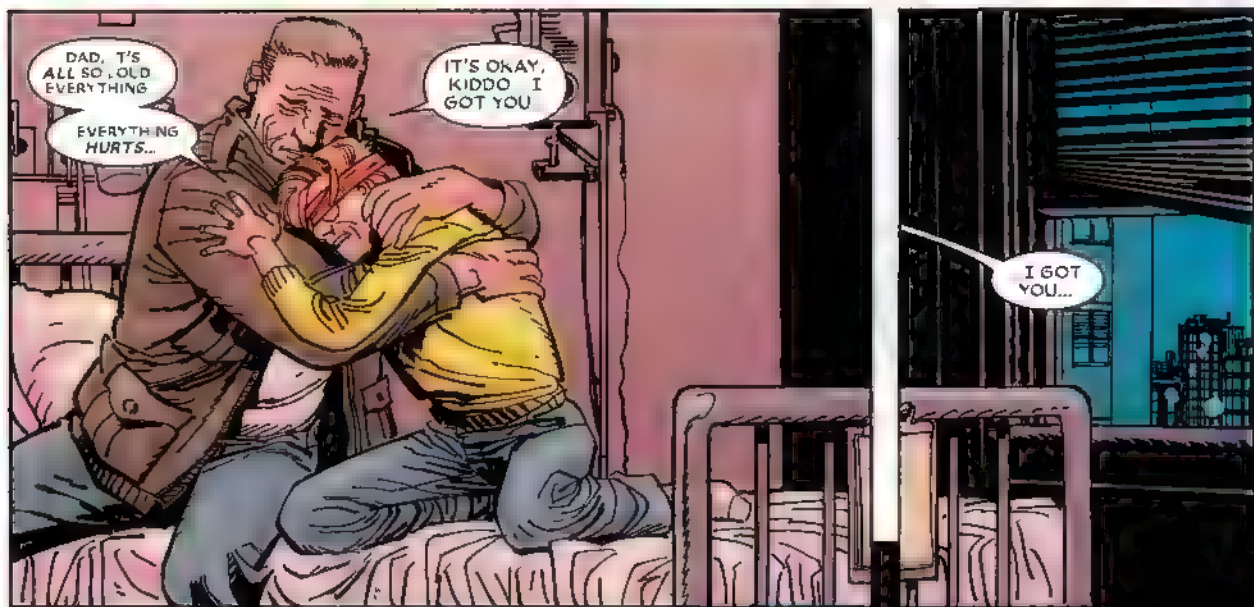
I CAN
FEEL
YOU

...I KNOW
YOU'RE HERE

GOOD

THEN
MAYBE YOU'LL
BE ALL RIGHT
AFTER ALL

ДННН





IT'S OKAY,
DAD. I'M
AWAKE.

SON... HOW'D
YOU KNOW I
WAS HERE?

COULD HEAR
YOU A MILE OFF.
SIT DOWN, DAD.

WE HAVE TO
TALK, MATT.
MAN TO MAN.

I'M ALL
EARS, DAD.

IT'S ABOUT THE
ACCIDENT, SON. YOU
WERE HIT BY SOME-
THING SOME CORPORA-
TION WAS DRIVING
THROUGH TOWN. RIGHT
THROUGH TOWN.

THEY WON'T SAY IF IT
WAS RADIOACTIVE. THEY
WON'T EVEN TALK TO ME.

IT MESSED YOU UP PRETTY
BADLY, MATT. YOUR FACE...
WELL, I'M AMAZED WHAT THEY
WERE ABLE TO DO WITH IT.
YOU'RE GOING TO LOOK
GOOD AS NEW. BUT...

...IT'S YOUR
EYES, SON.
THEY...

I KNOW I'M BLIND,
DAD. THERE AREN'T ANY
BANDAGES ON MY EYES--
AND I'VE NEVER HEARD OF
A HOSPITAL WITHOUT
LIGHTS.

YOU... YOU'RE
TAKING IT WELL,
SON...

YES...

...I PROMISED...

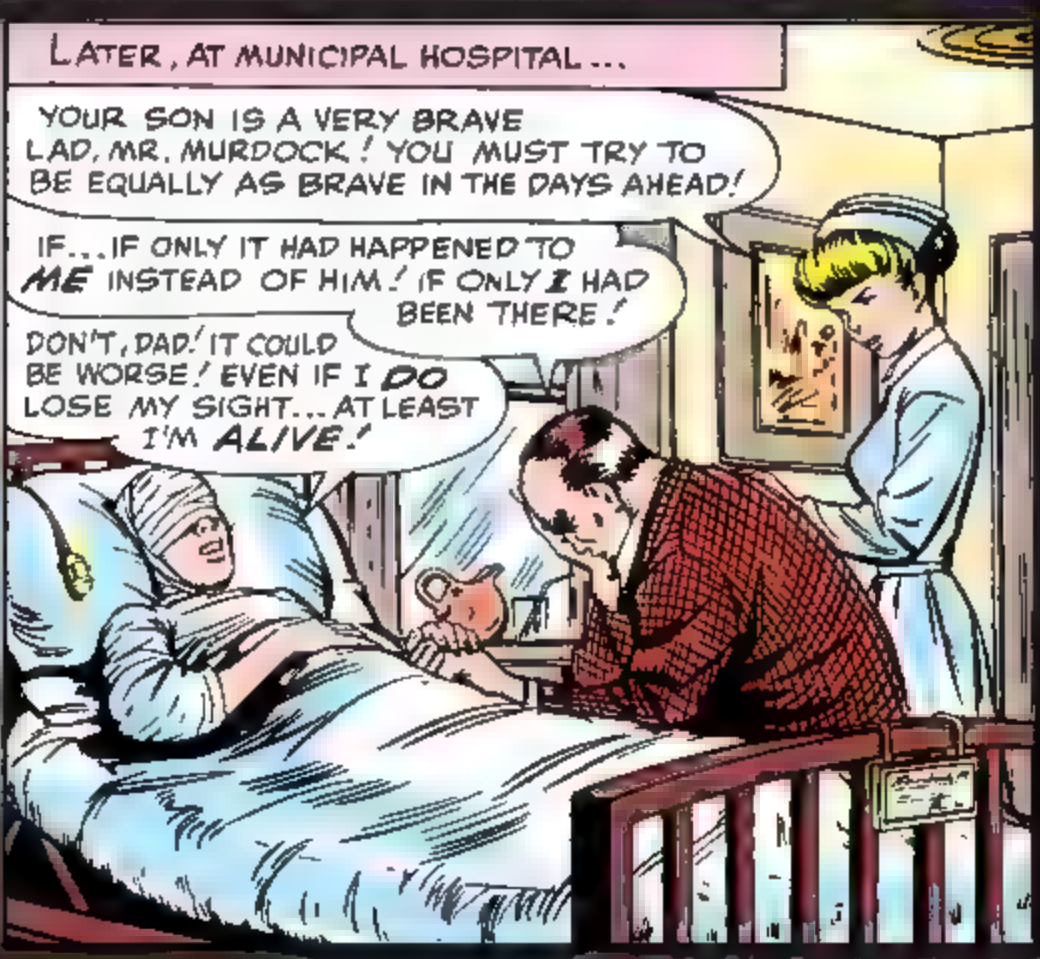


My hearing took the longest to adjust to.

Every noise was like an explosion going off in my head.



The background noise of the world, which most people barely notice, nearly drove me insane.

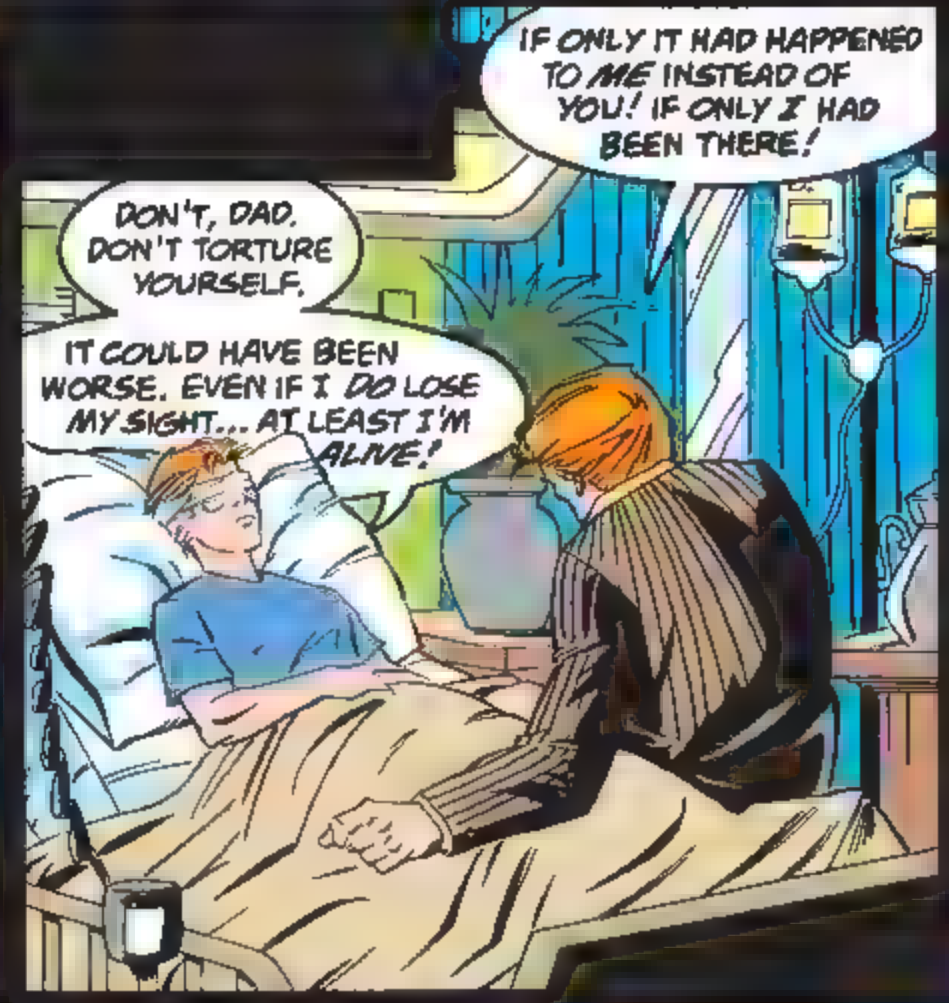


LATER, AT MUNICIPAL HOSPITAL ...

YOUR SON IS A VERY BRAVE LAD, MR. MURDOCK! YOU MUST TRY TO BE EQUALLY AS BRAVE IN THE DAYS AHEAD!

IF...IF ONLY IT HAD HAPPENED TO **ME** INSTEAD OF HIM! IF ONLY **I** HAD BEEN THERE!

DON'T, DAD! IT COULD BE WORSE! EVEN IF I **DO** LOSE MY SIGHT... AT LEAST I'M **ALIVE!**



IF ONLY IT HAD HAPPENED TO **ME** INSTEAD OF YOU! IF ONLY **I** HAD BEEN THERE!

DON'T, DAD. DON'T TORTURE YOURSELF.

IT COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE. EVEN IF I **DO** LOSE MY SIGHT... AT LEAST I'M **ALIVE!**



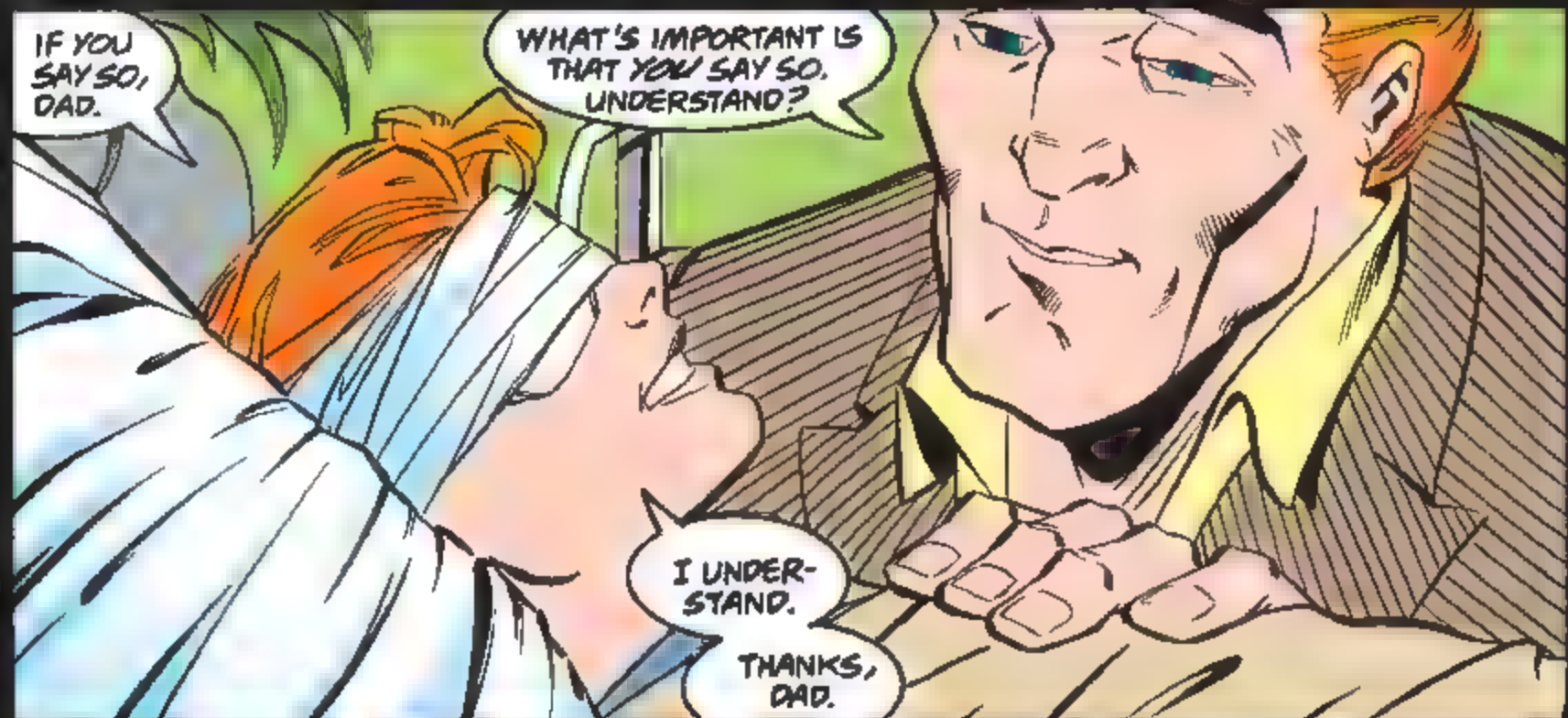
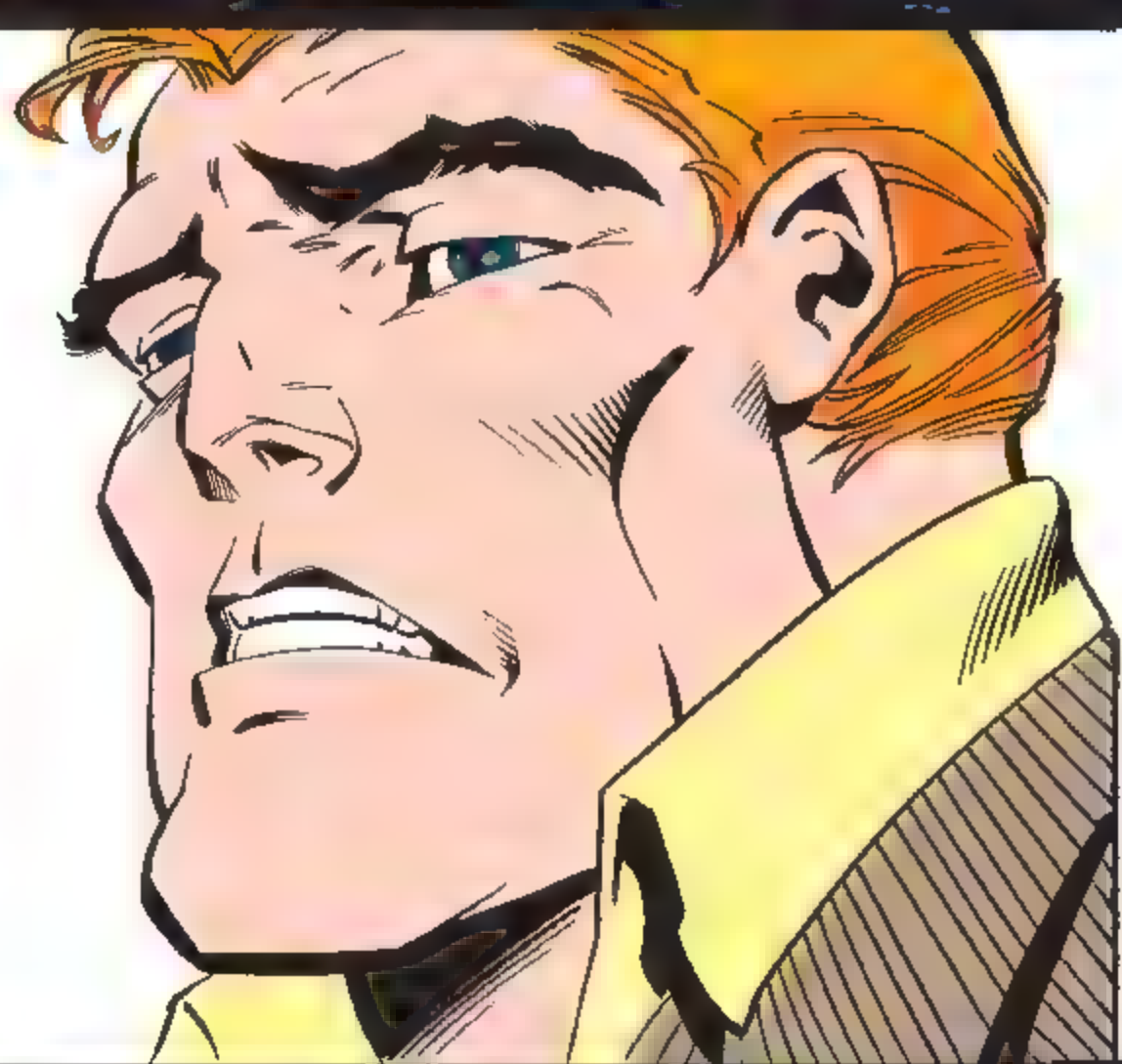
BUT I GUESS I WON'T BE ABLE TO ATTEND **LAW SCHOOL** LIKE I PLANNED.

DON'T EVEN *THINK* THAT, SON. YOU'RE **STRONGER** THAN THAT!

IF I'VE LEARNED ANYTHING AS A BOXER, IT'S THAT WHEN SOMEONE KNOCKS YOU DOWN ON THE MAT, YOU GOTTA PULL YOURSELF BACK UP AGAIN IF YOU WANNA STAY IN THE FIGHT.

YOU'RE GONNA GET UP AGAIN, MATT. AND YOU'RE GONNA GO TO LAW SCHOOL.

AND YOU'RE GONNA DO **GREAT.**



IF YOU SAY SO, DAD.

WHAT'S IMPORTANT IS THAT YOU SAY SO. UNDERSTAND?

I UNDERSTAND.

THANKS, DAD.

WEEKS LATER.

MATT LISTENS TO
A PAIR OF RILEY
CATS TRADING
HISSES SIX BLOCKS
AWAY.

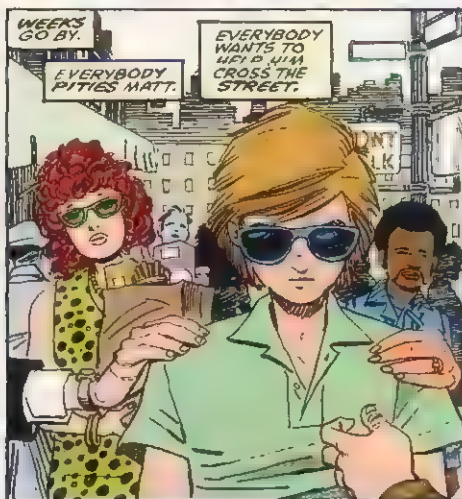
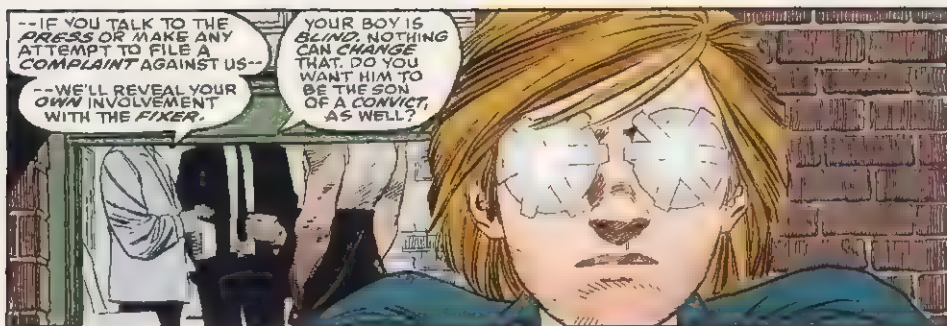
HE FOLLOWS A
LOVER'S QUARREL
IN A CROWDED
RESTAURANT,
ISOLATING THE
VOICES, NOT
MISSING A WORD.

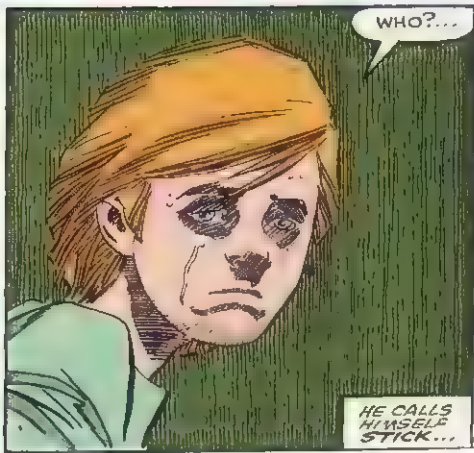
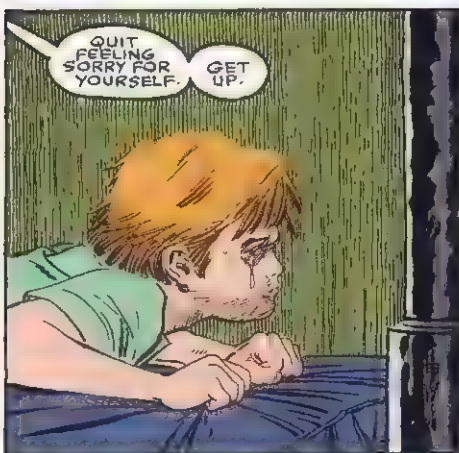
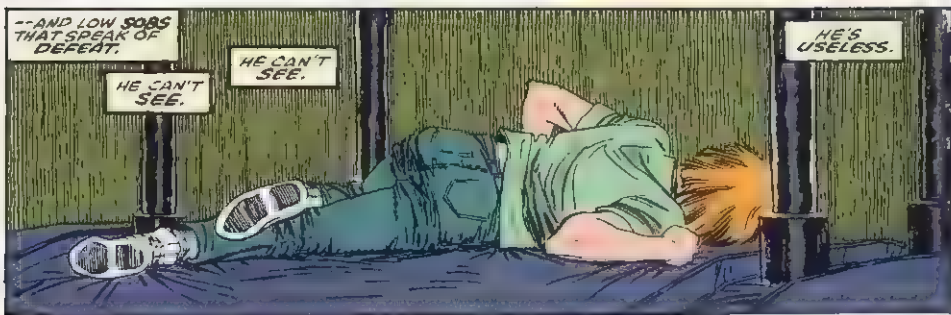
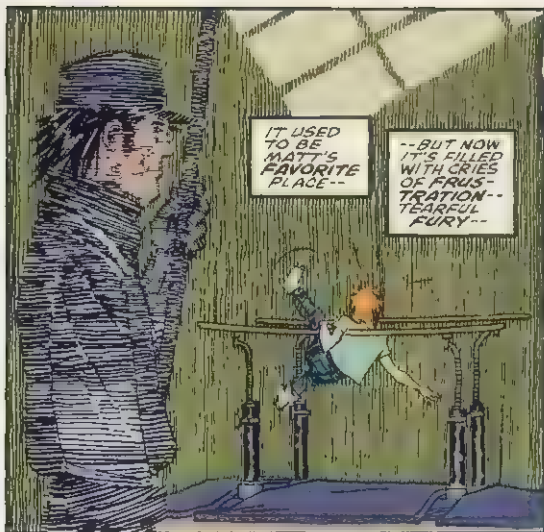
BUT NONE OF
THIS DROWNS
OUT THE VOICES
BEHIND HIM...

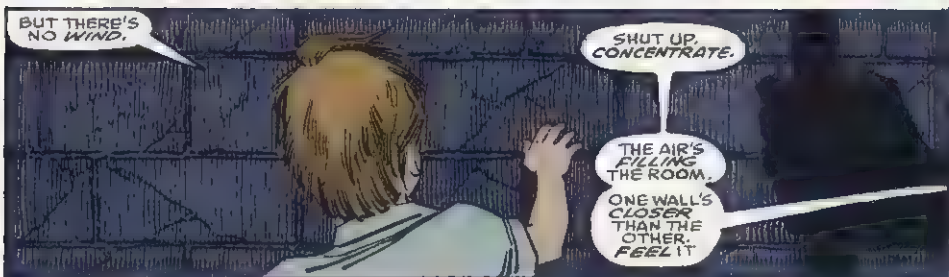
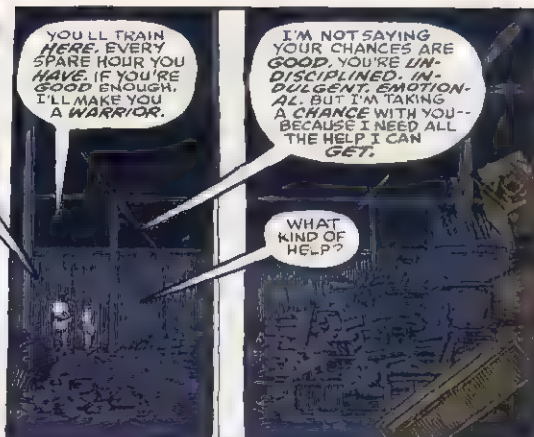
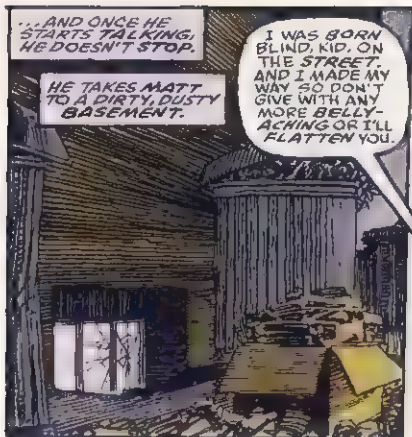
...A TRAGEDY, MR.
MURDOCK. YOU HAVE
OUR DEEPEST SYMPA-
THIES. BUT YOU MUST
UNDERSTAND THAT OUR
CORPORATION CONSIDERS
ITSELF IN NO WAY
ACCOUNTABLE.

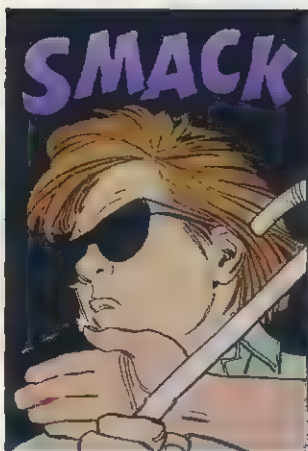
IT WAS
YOUR
JUNK
THAT HIT
MY BOY,
SHYSTER!

LET'S
TALK
STRAIGHT,
MURDOCK--









MONTHS FALL
AWAY, HINTS
OF A NEW
WORLD PLAY
AT MATT'S
MIND

IN THE GRUFF,
UNFORGIVING
VOICE OF HIS
TEACHER...
MATT FINDS
HOPE...

CREAK OF WOOD, WIRE--
NO, CATGUT, STRETCHED.
THAT'S A BOW YOU'RE
HOLDING.

THIS ..

WHAT THE HECK
ARE A COUPLE OF
BLIND GUYS SUP-
POSED TO DO
WITH A BOW?

THUNK

NOW IT'S YOUR TURN.
FIND THE TARGET. SMELL
IT. FEEL ITS SHAPE.

CONCENTRATE.

KASHH

NO
GOOD
GO
AGAIN.

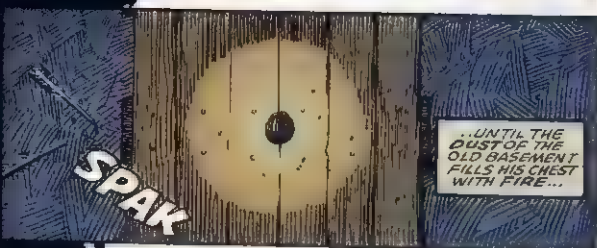
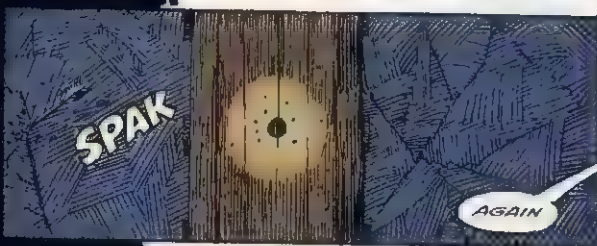
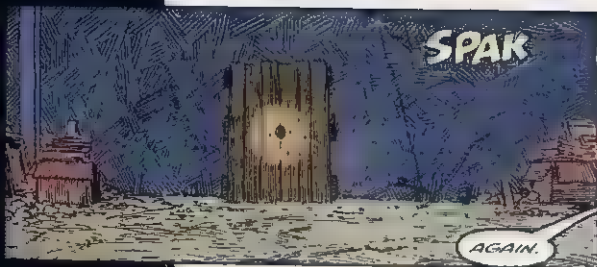
AND
AGAIN.

AND
AGAIN

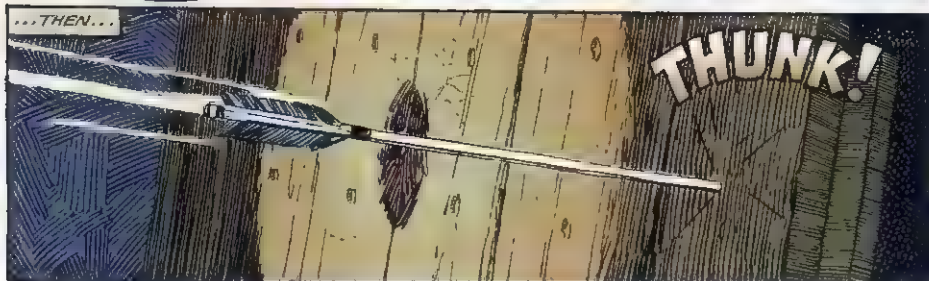
AND
AGAIN.

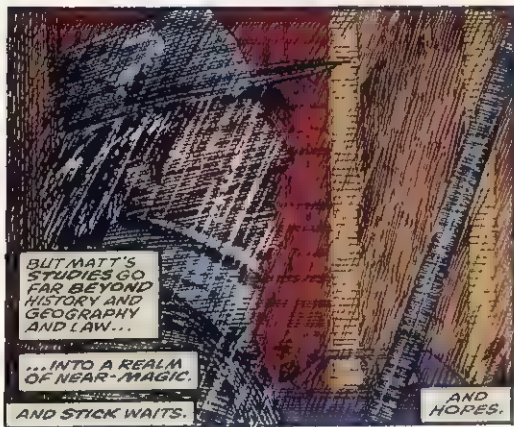
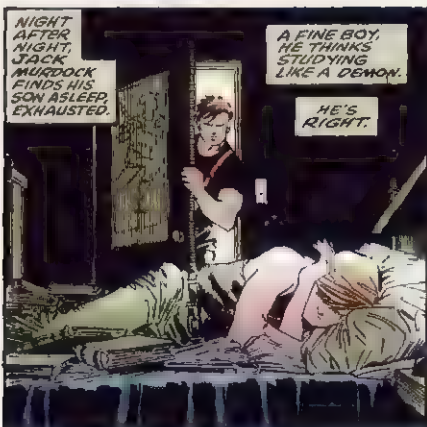
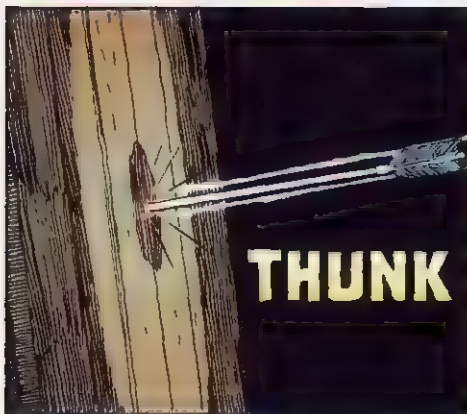
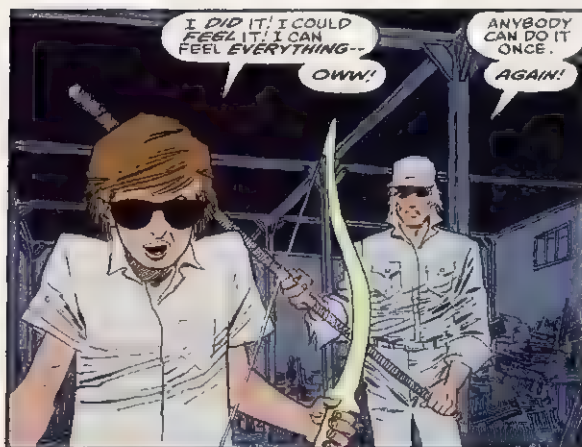
... UNTIL MATT'S
KNEES WOBBLE
AND RED-HOT
SPARK STREAKS
FROM SHOULDER
TO ELBOW TO
WRIST...

AGAIN.



... THEN...







THE NIGHTS
ARE THE BEST.

WHEN MATT
WAKES BEFORE
DAWN-- AND, AS
ALWAYS, STICK
IS THERE--

-- AND
THEY
DANCE,
UNSEEN...





The background noise
of the world, which most
people barely notice,
nearly drove me insane.

But with practice and
meditation, I learned
to shut out most of it.



It was the same with
my sense of smell.

Those early days on the streets
of Hell's Kitchen, still learning to
understand my radar...my senses
were assaulted.

There's no other
word for it.



Garbage, sewage,
rats, coffee grinds...



Roasted chestnuts



Sweat under the armpits of
the men in the corner stores



No time and
makeup.



Breath tainted by whiskey
and cigarettes.

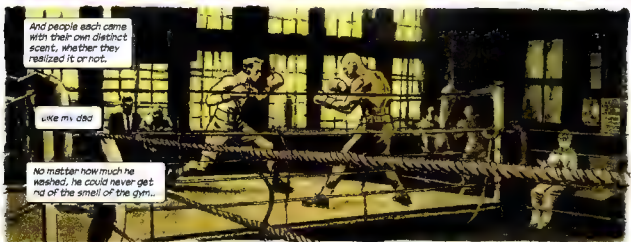


Mold, decay.





Those were
the fragrances
of my world.



And people each came
with their own distinct
scent, whether they
realized it or not.

like my dad

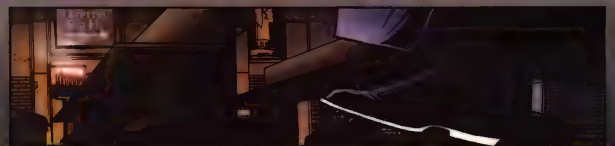
No matter how much he
washed, he could never get
rid of the smell of the gym...



The heavy bags, the leather gloves, and
that strange heavy air... a combination
of smoke and sweat and humidity...



No one but me would notice,
but that was the scent of my
father, Battlin' Jack Murdock



I
SAW MATT
TODAY.



HE'S SO
STRONG, JACK.
LIKE YOU.
HE'S--

HE'S CRIPPLED,
MAGGIE! HE'LL NEVER
SEE AGAIN! JESUS,
I...

I'M SO
SORRY...



THE
BOY IS STRONG,
JACK. THE LORD
WILL GUIDE
HIM...



...YOU
AND HIM
BOTH.

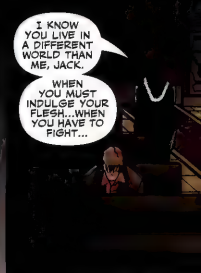


YOU CAN BE A GOOD MAN,
JACK. IF I DIDN'T BELIEVE THAT,
I WOULDN'T HAVE LEFT MATT
IN YOUR CARE.



LET
THE CROSS
REMINDE YOU
OF THE MAN
YOU COULD
BE.

I-I'M
A FIGHTER,
MAGGIE. A
FIGHTER AND
A DRUNK. I
CAN'T--



I KNOW
YOU LIVE IN
A DIFFERENT
WORLD THAN
ME, JACK.

WHEN
YOU MUST
INDULGE YOUR
FLESH...WHEN
YOU HAVE TO
FIGHT...

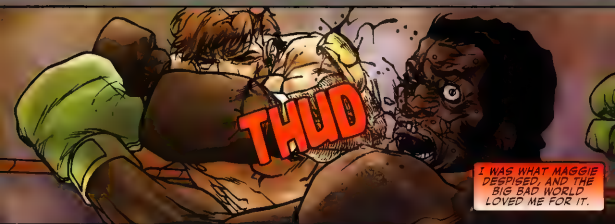


...I ASK ONLY
THAT YOU TAKE IT
OFF...AND REMEMBER
THAT YOU WERE
MADE FOR BETTER
THINGS.



NEVER COULD SAY NO
TO HER. I AIN'T SO
MUCH AS SMELLED A
DRINK OR THOUGHT
ABOUT A FIGHT WHILE
I WORE HER CROSS...

...BUT THAT'S
NOT TO SAY
IT NEVER
CAME OFF.



THUD

I WAS WHAT MAGGIE
DESPISED, AND THE
BIG BAD WORLD
LOVED ME FOR IT.



IN THE RING, I
PUMMELED MY
WAY THROUGH
THE RANKS...



...A VIOLENT
MACHINE BUILT
TO BREAK
OTHER MEN.

KNOCKOUT!
LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN, IF
YOU TOLD ME
YESTERDAY I'D
BE SAYING THIS,
I'D CALL YOU
CRAZY...



THE 20-TO-1
SHOT, BATTLIN' JACK
MURDOCK, HAS ROUNDLY
DEFEATED SWEET PEA
HENDERSON! WHAT
AN UPSET!

AND MAGGIE WAS
NOWHERE TO BE SEEN.
BUT JOSIE... JOSIE
CAME TO EVERY FIGHT.
WATCHING ME.
BELIEVING IN ME...

I STARTED TO EXPECT HER TO BE THERE...TO RELY ON HER.

BUT AT THE END OF THE FIGHT, THE CROSS WENT BACK ON.

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, JACK.

YOU'RE MAKIN' ME A LOT OF MONEY. I'M GONNA SEE WHAT I CAN DO ABOUT GETTIN' YOU ONTO THE NEXT CARD IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

WHEN CAN YOU BE READY?

I'LL FIGHT TOMORROW IF IT'S MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

I AIN'T GETTIN' ANY YOUNGER.

LOOKIN' GOOD OUT THERE, CHAMP.

MUST BE, THE WAY YOU SCREAM. IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL, YOU'RE GONNA GO HOARSE.

I DON'T CARE, JACK. IT'S ALL SO EXCITING...I'M SO PROUD OF YOU!

I-I'M SORRY...THAT SOUNDS SO STUPID. I'M NOT YOUR MOTHER...

HEY, KNOCK THAT OFF. IT AIN'T STUPID...

AIN'T STUPID AT ALL.



MADISON
SQUARE GARDEN?
ARE YOU
SERIOUS?!

IT AIN'T
FOR SURE
YET.

YOU'RE GONNA
MAKE IT AND YOU'RE
GONNA WIN, JACK!
I CAN SEE IT!
YOU'RE GONNA BE
FAMOUS!



THANKS,
JOSIE.
I-I'LL SEE YA
TOMORROW,
YEAH?

OH, WELL...
ACTUALLY, I WAS
WONDERING...
YOU KNOW...

IF MAYBE
YOU WANTED TO
COME UP.



OH, JEEZ,
JOSIE. I CAN'T
DO THAT...



WHAT'S THE
MATTER, JACK?
I HEAR ABOUT YOU
GOIN' WITH OTHER
GIRLS...YOU DON'T
LIKE ME?

TH-THOSE
OTHER GIRLS AIN'T
LIKE YOU, JOSIE...
YOU'RE NICE...

IT WOULDN'T
BE RIGHT OF
ME TO...

I-I
SHOULD
GO.



OH, JACK...
WAIT...







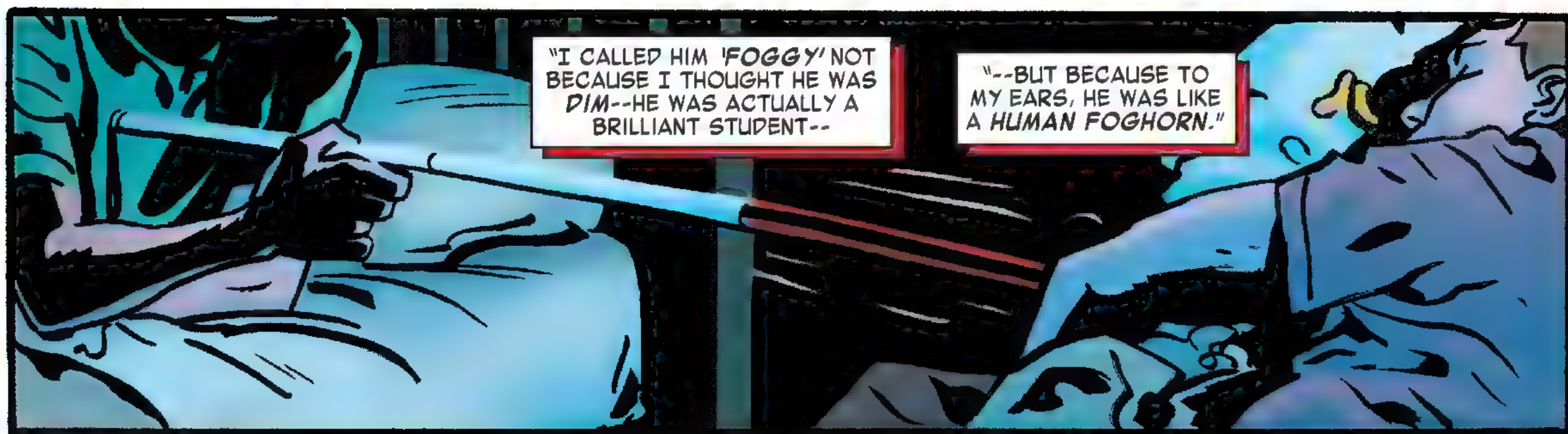
"FOR THE FIRST SIX MONTHS I KNEW MR. FRANKLIN W. NELSON..."



"...I

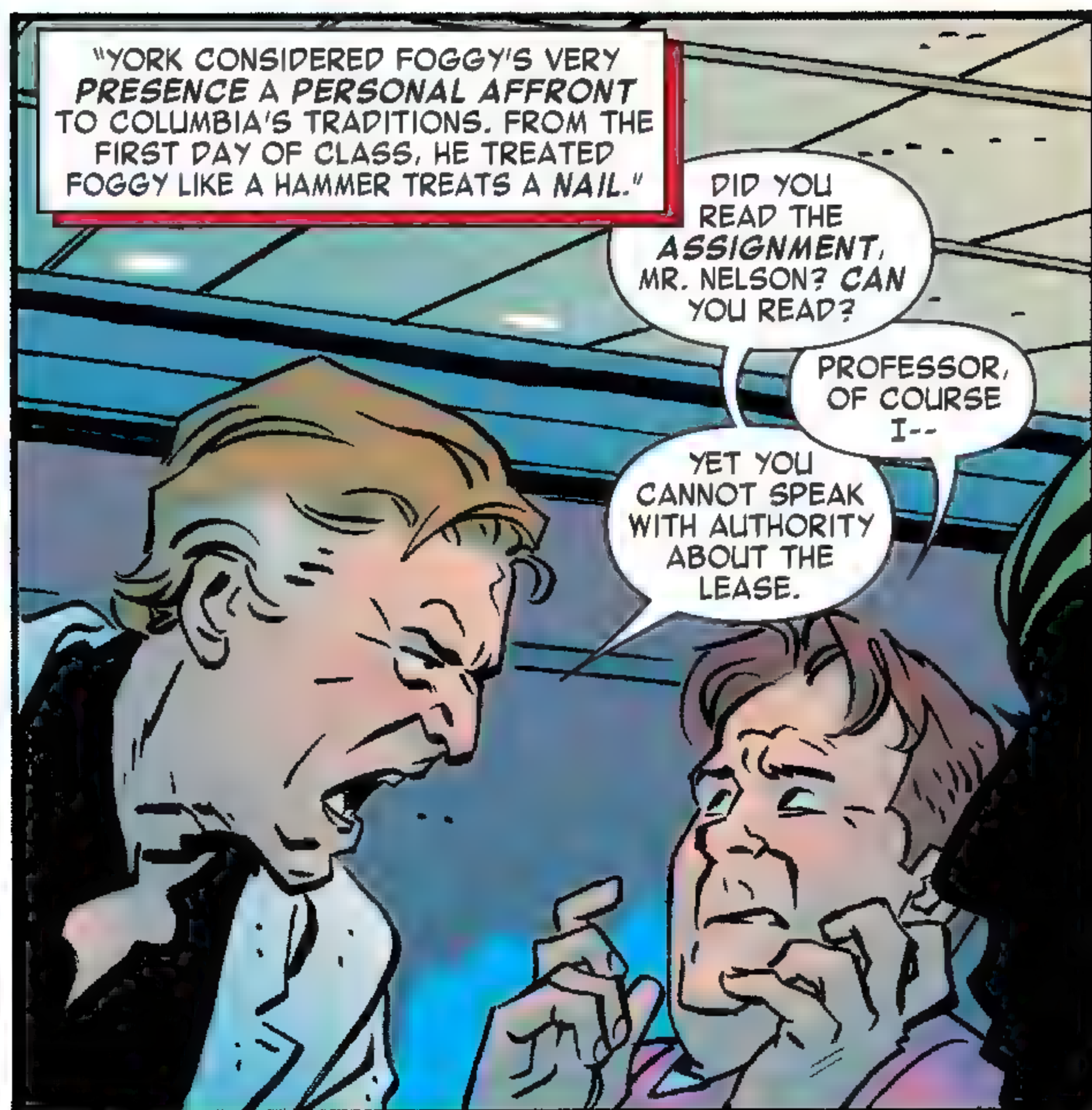
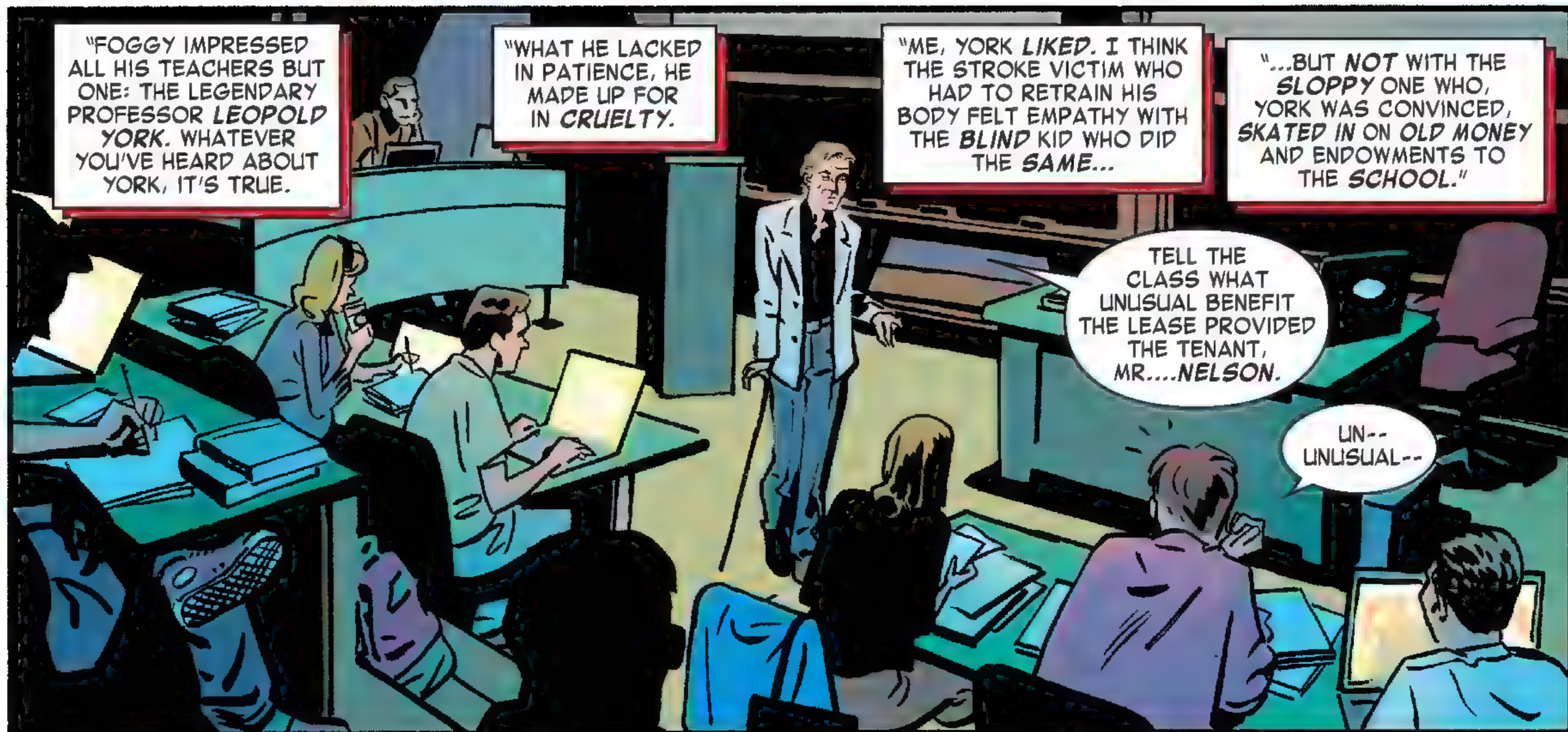
"HATED

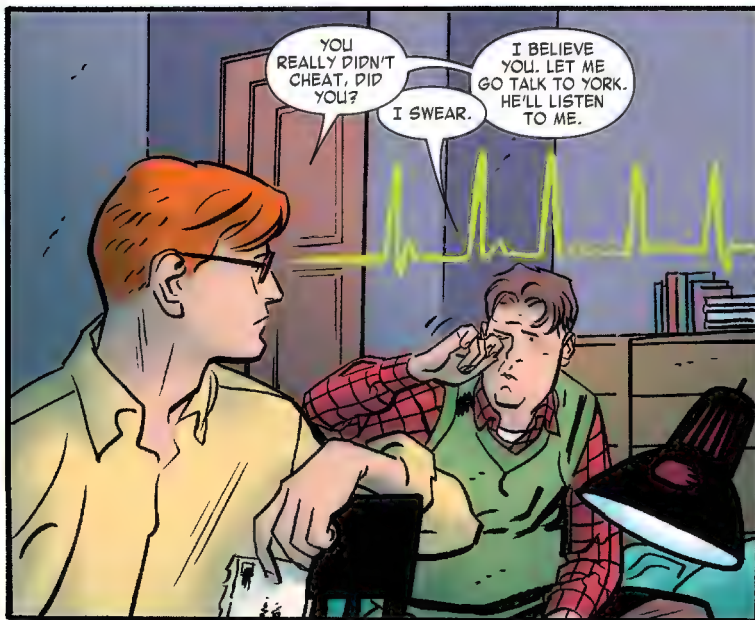
"HIM."



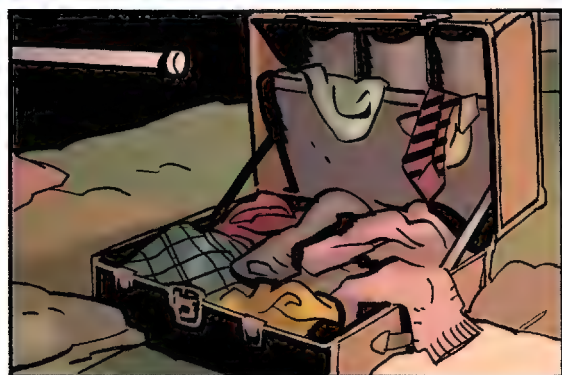
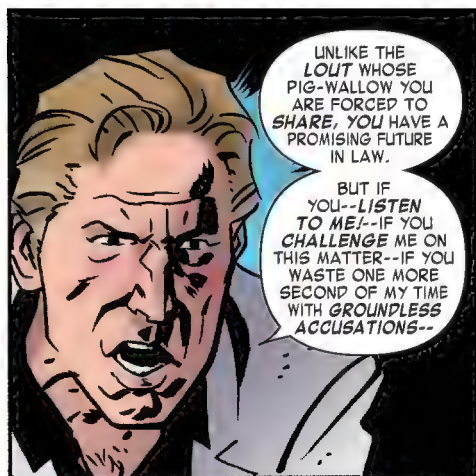
"I CALLED HIM 'FOGGY' NOT BECAUSE I THOUGHT HE WAS DIM--HE WAS ACTUALLY A BRILLIANT STUDENT--

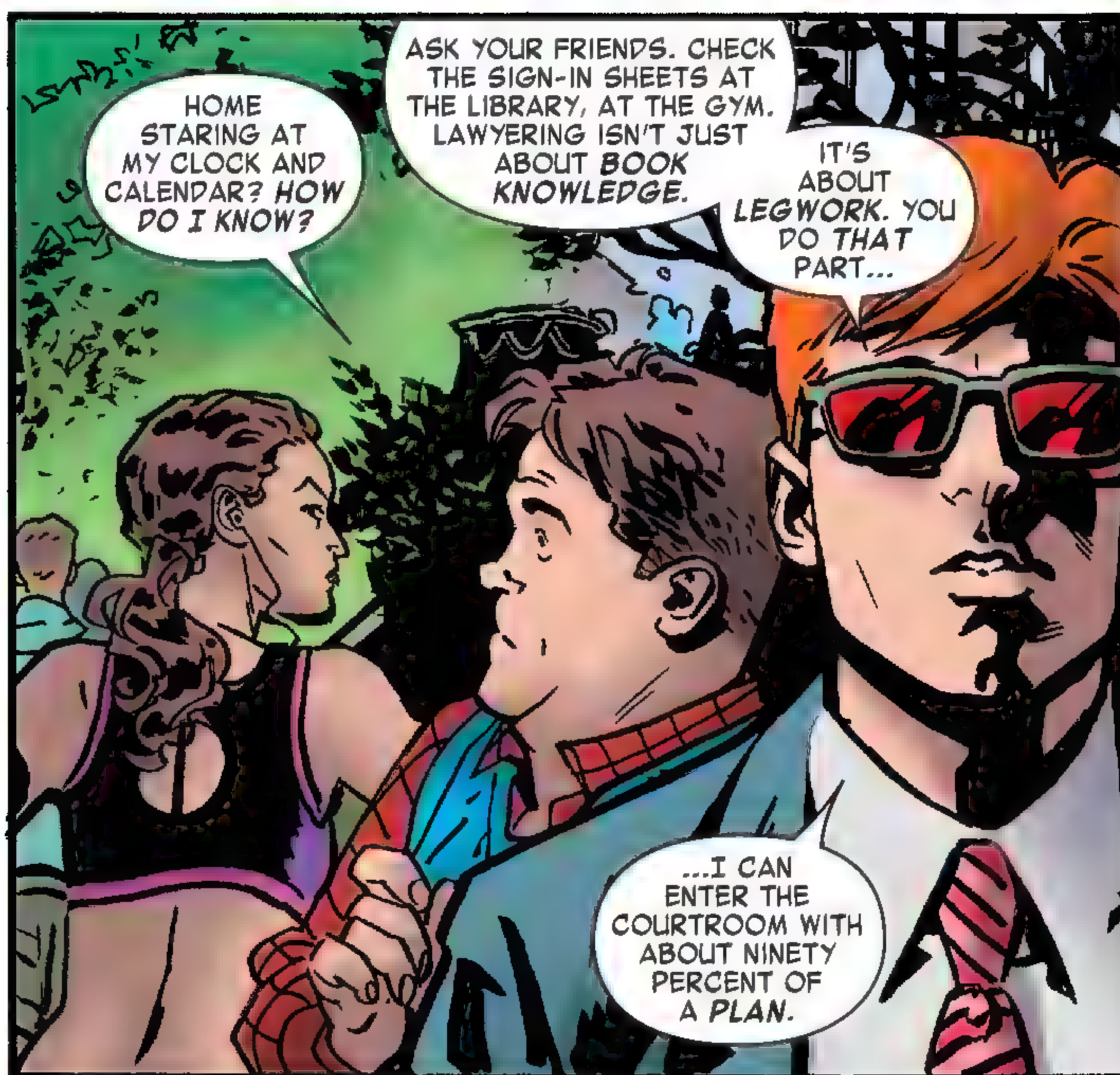
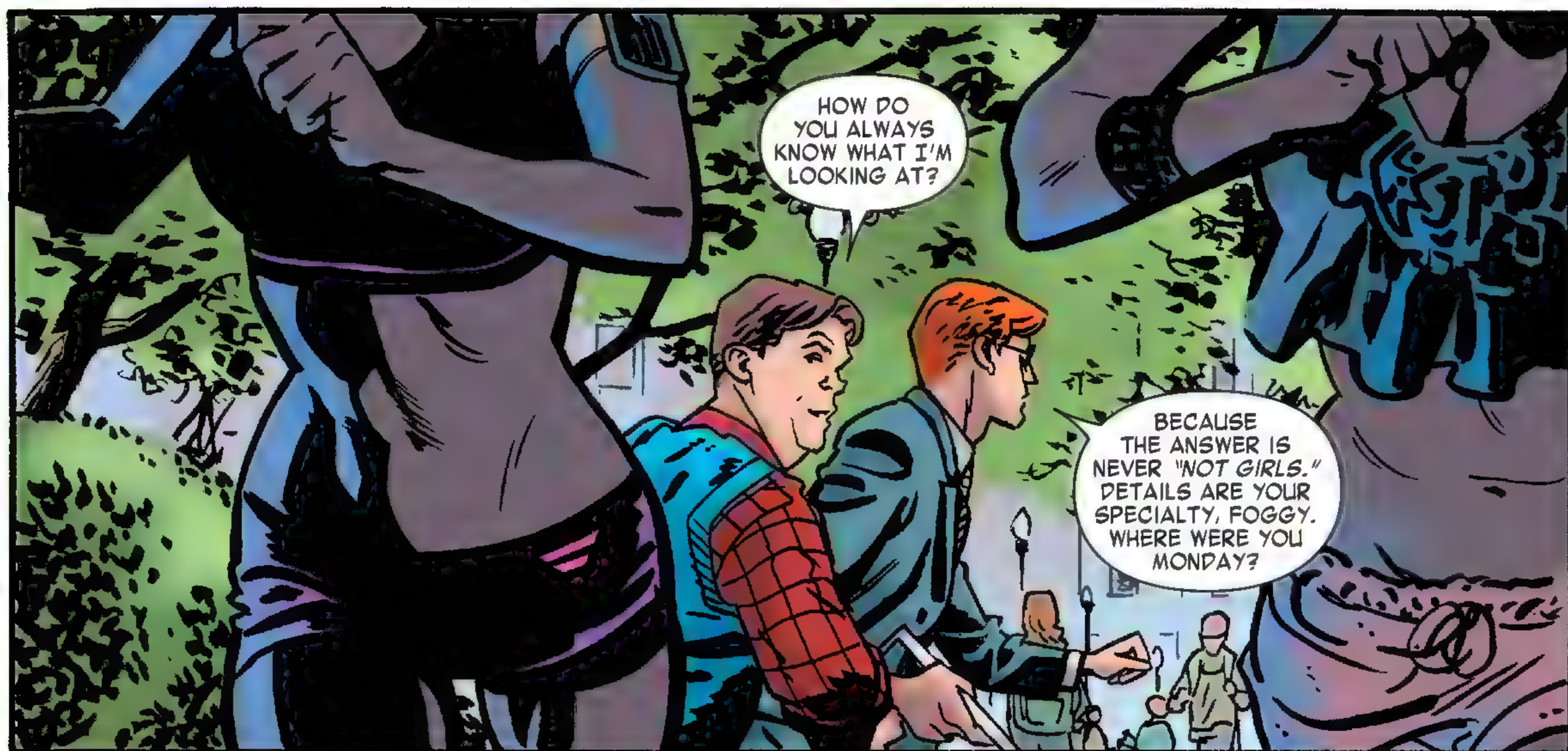
"--BUT BECAUSE TO MY EARS, HE WAS LIKE A HUMAN FOGHORN."

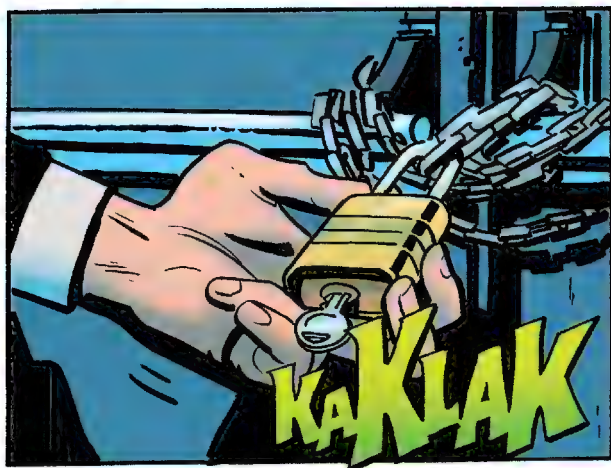


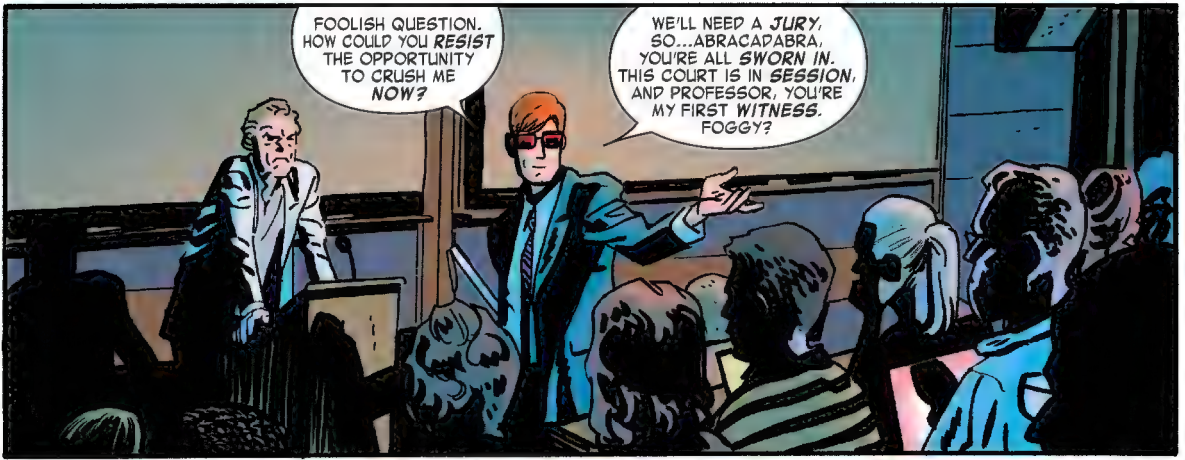












FOOLISH QUESTION.
HOW COULD YOU RESIST
THE OPPORTUNITY
TO CRUSH ME
NOW?

WE'LL NEED A JURY,
SO...ABRACADABRA,
YOU'RE ALL SWORN IN.
THIS COURT IS IN SESSION,
AND PROFESSOR, YOU'RE
MY FIRST WITNESS.
FOGGY?

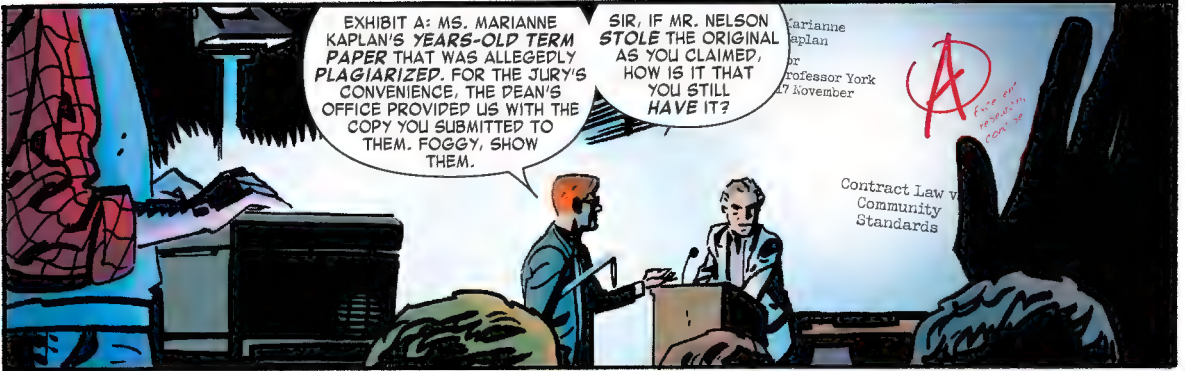
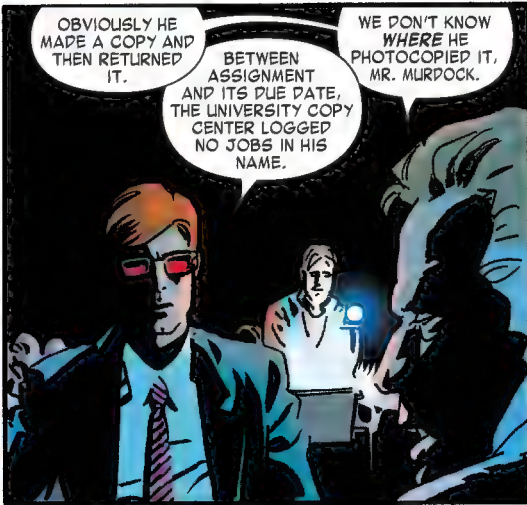


EXHIBIT A: MS. MARIANNE
KAPLAN'S YEARS-OLD TERM
PAPER THAT WAS ALLEGEDLY
PLAGIARIZED. FOR THE JURY'S
CONVENIENCE, THE DEAN'S
OFFICE PROVIDED US WITH THE
COPY YOU SUBMITTED TO
THEM. FOGGY, SHOW
THEM.

SIR, IF MR. NELSON
STOLE THE ORIGINAL
AS YOU CLAIMED,
HOW IS IT THAT
YOU STILL
HAVE IT?

Marianne
Kaplan
for
Professor York
17 November

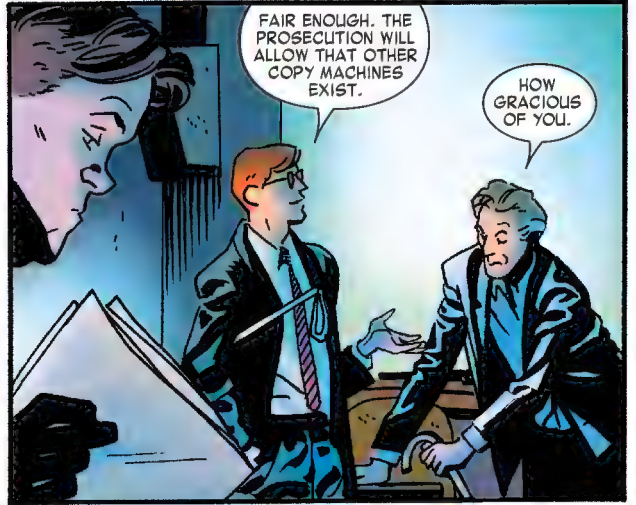
Contract Law v
Community
Standards



OBSVIOUSLY HE
MADE A COPY AND
THEN RETURNED
IT.

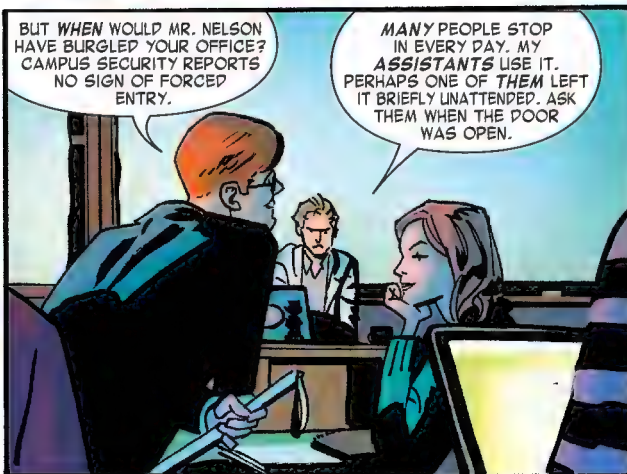
BETWEEN
ASSIGNMENT
AND ITS DUE DATE,
THE UNIVERSITY COPY
CENTER LOGGED
NO JOBS IN HIS
NAME.

WE DON'T KNOW
WHERE HE
PHOTOCOPIED IT,
MR. MURDOCK.



FAIR ENOUGH. THE
PROSECUTION WILL
ALLOW THAT OTHER
COPY MACHINES
EXIST.

HOW
GRACIOUS
OF YOU.



BUT WHEN WOULD MR. NELSON
HAVE BURGLARIED YOUR OFFICE?
CAMPUS SECURITY REPORTS
NO SIGN OF FORCED
ENTRY.

MANY PEOPLE STOP
IN EVERY DAY. MY
ASSISTANTS USE IT.
PERHAPS ONE OF THEM LEFT
IT BRIEFLY UNATTENDED. ASK
THEM WHEN THE DOOR
WAS OPEN.



AH,
THAT'S
JUST IT,
SIR.
I DID.



I REFERENCED
ALL THE TIMES THAT
DOOR WAS UNLOCKED
AGAINST EVERY ONE
OF MR. NELSON'S
WHEREABOUTS.
PROFESSOR.

WITNESSES
CAN ACCOUNT
FOR HIM AT ALL
OVERLAPPING TIMES.
HE HAD NO OPPORTUNITY
TO ENTER YOUR OFFICE,
NOT ONCE, IN THE
TIMEFRAME YOU
YOURSELF HAVE
SPECIFIED!



THE "EVIDENCE"
WAS IN YOUR
POSSESSION THAT
ENTIRE TIME, SIR. IN
FACT, I SUBMIT THAT
YOU PLAGIARIZED
MR. NELSON'S
PAPER TO CREATE
THIS ONE

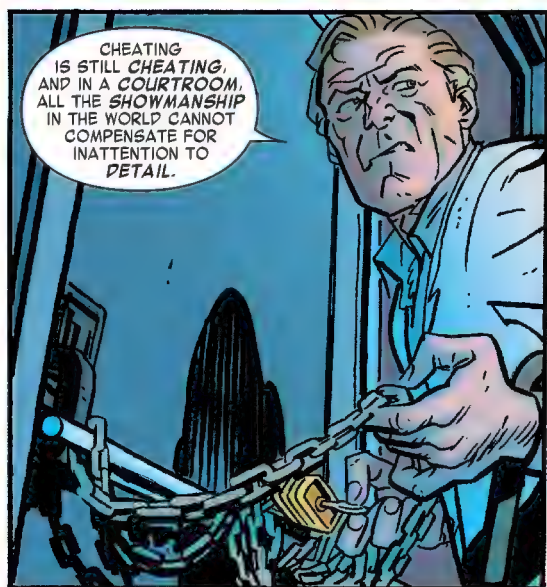
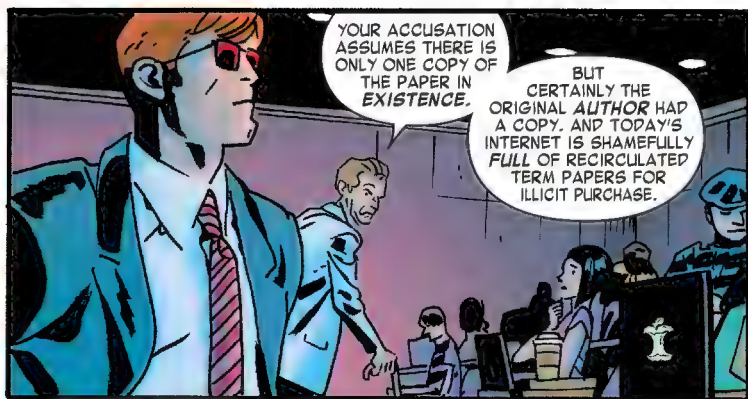
--THEN
PREPATED
IT AGAINST
HIS TO FRAME
HIM FOR
CHEATING!

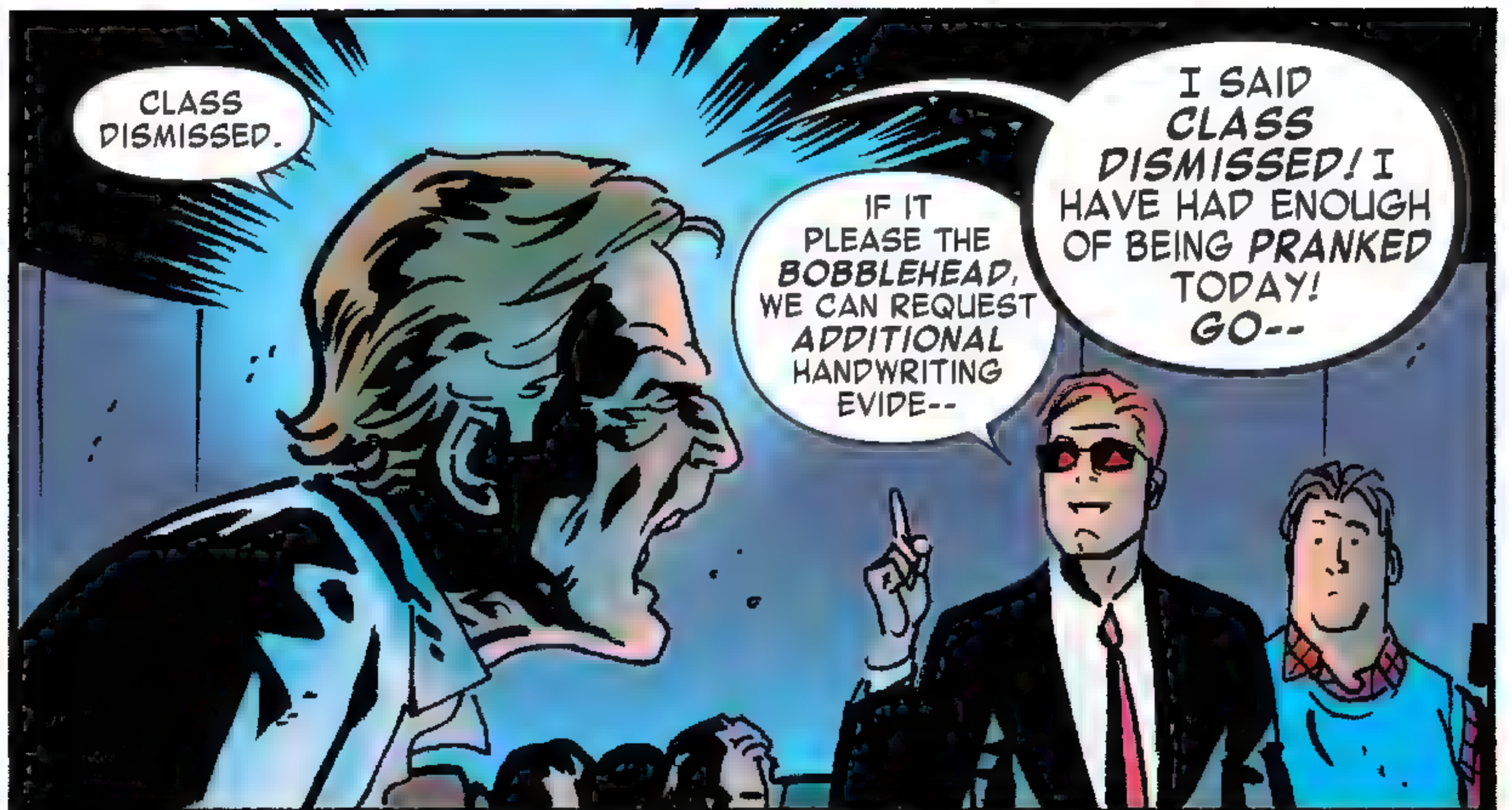
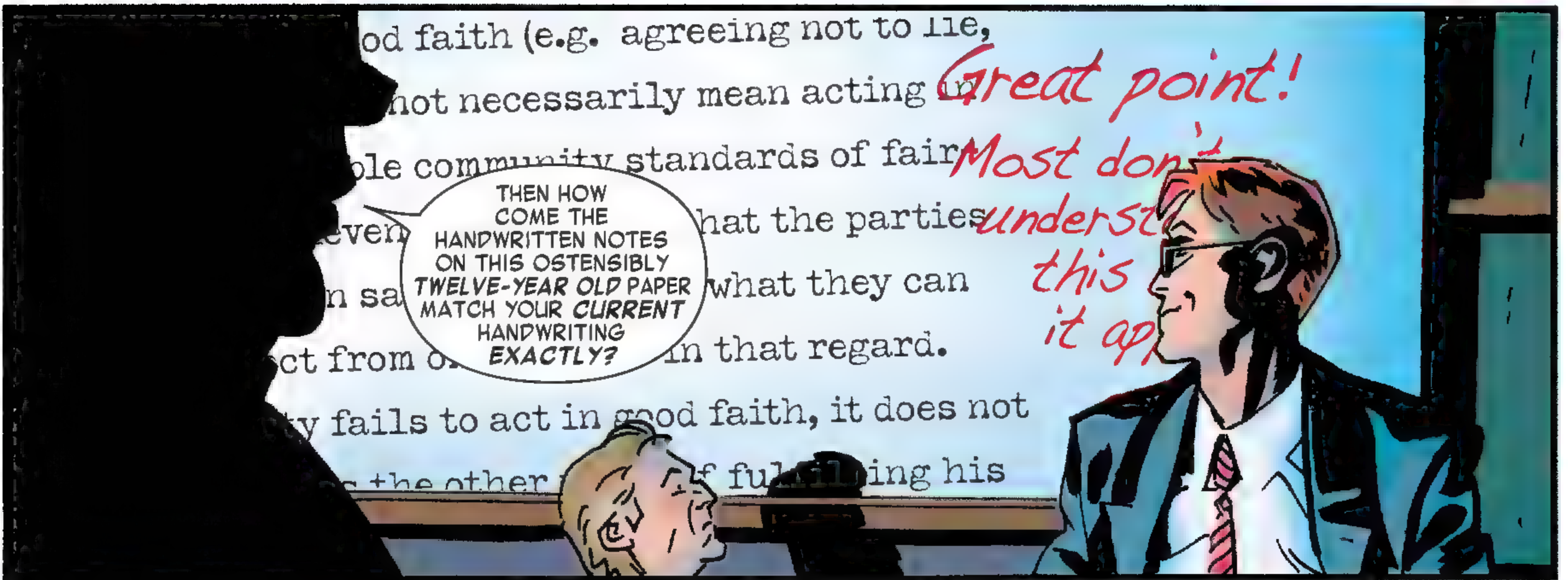
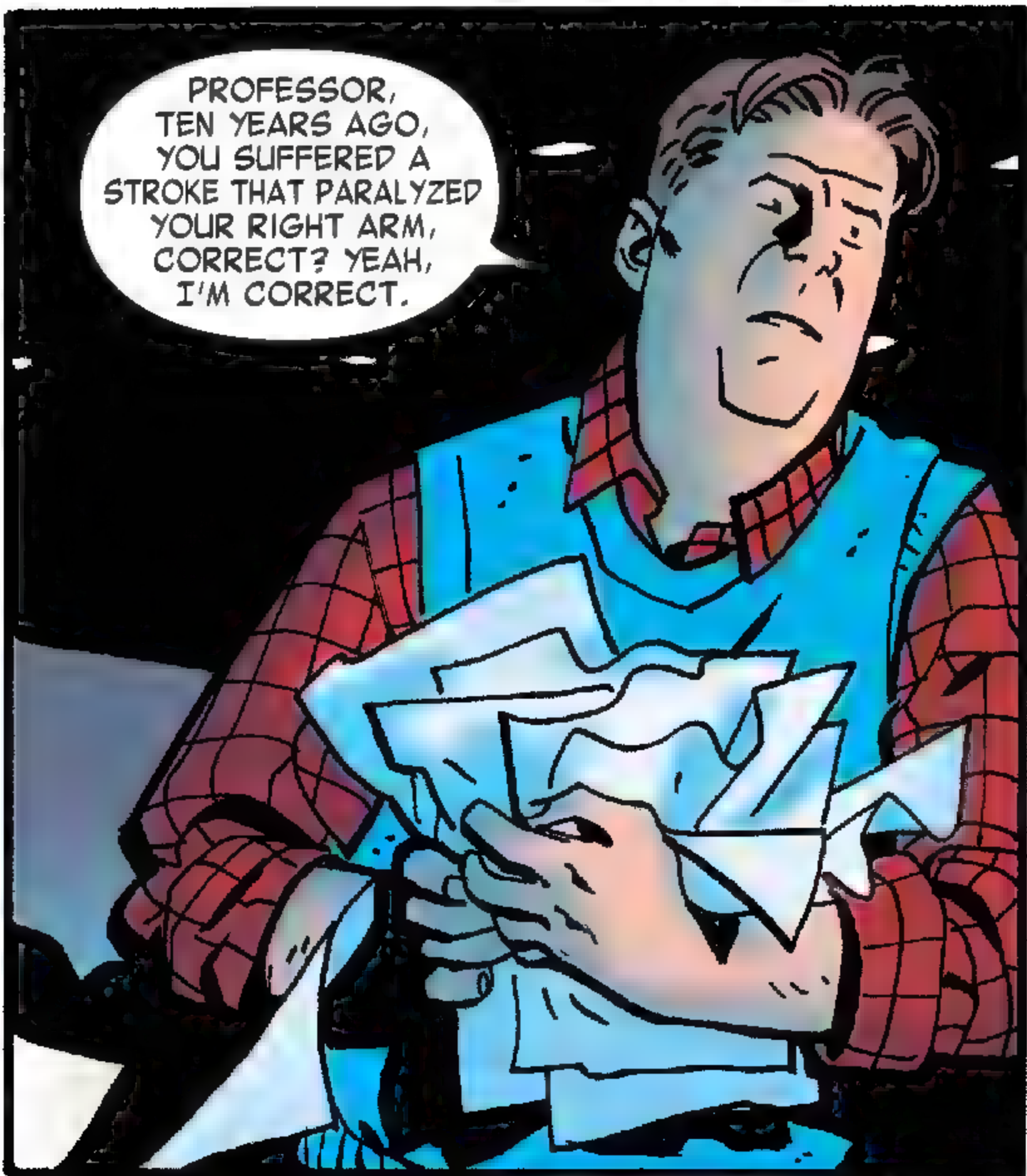


"NINETY PERCENT OF A PLAN.
I COULD TELL EVERY SINGLE
JUROR IN THAT ROOM WAS ON
MY SIDE AT THAT SECOND.

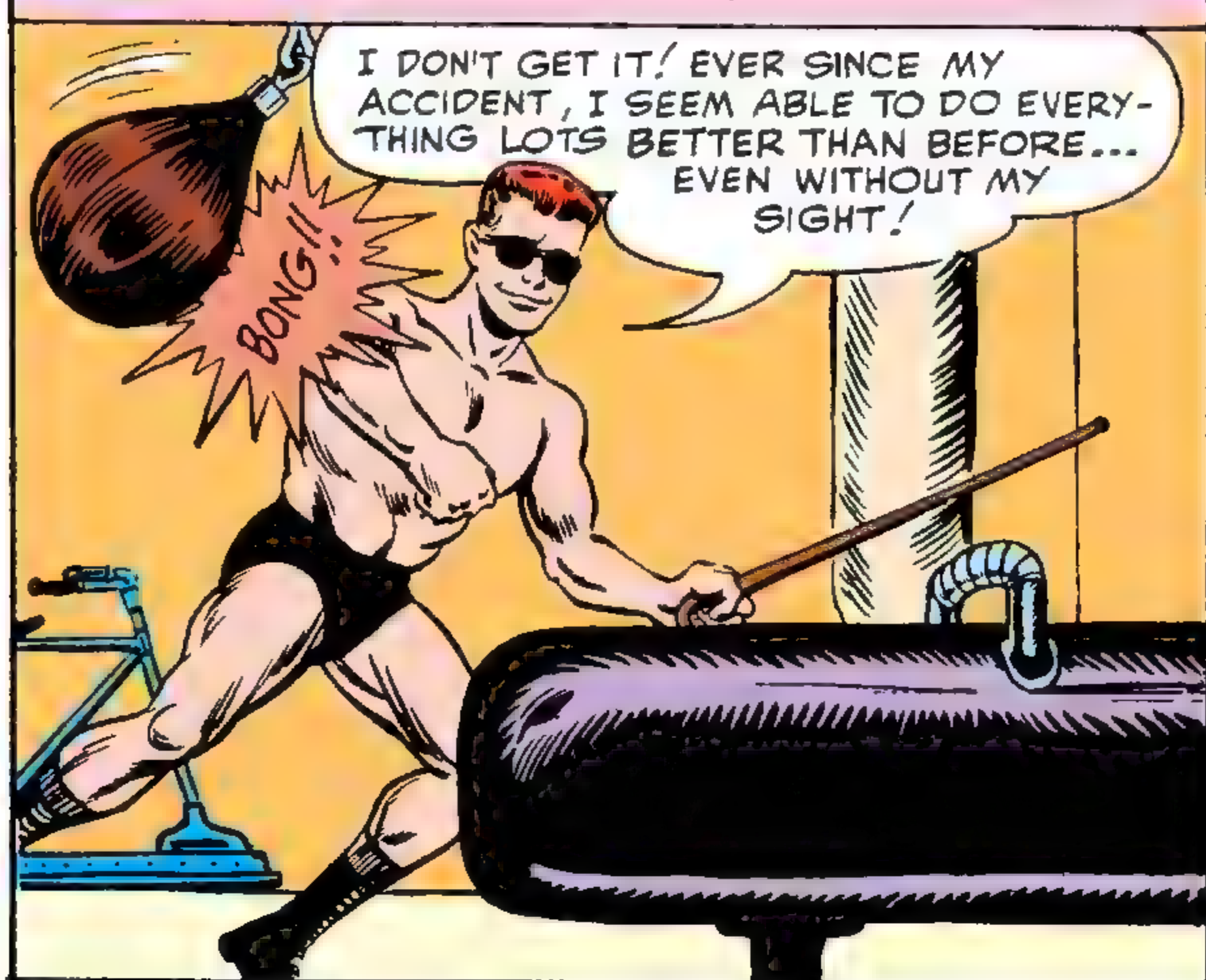
"IN MY ARROGANCE, I'D
GAMBLER ABSOLUTELY
EVERYTHING THAT MY
THEATRICS, MY
SWAGGER, MY RHETORIC
AND BRAVADO...

"...THAT ALL OF IT HAD
DISTRACTED EVERYONE
FROM THE ONE FLAW IN
MY DEFENSE. THAT I HAD
BAMBOOZLED THE OLD
MAN INTO OVERLOOKING
HIS ONE OUT.





BUT, IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, MATT MURDOCK STUDIES **MORE** THAN THE WRITTEN WORD! HE BEGINS A STILL MORE INTENSIVE PROGRAM OF PHYSICAL EXERCISES...



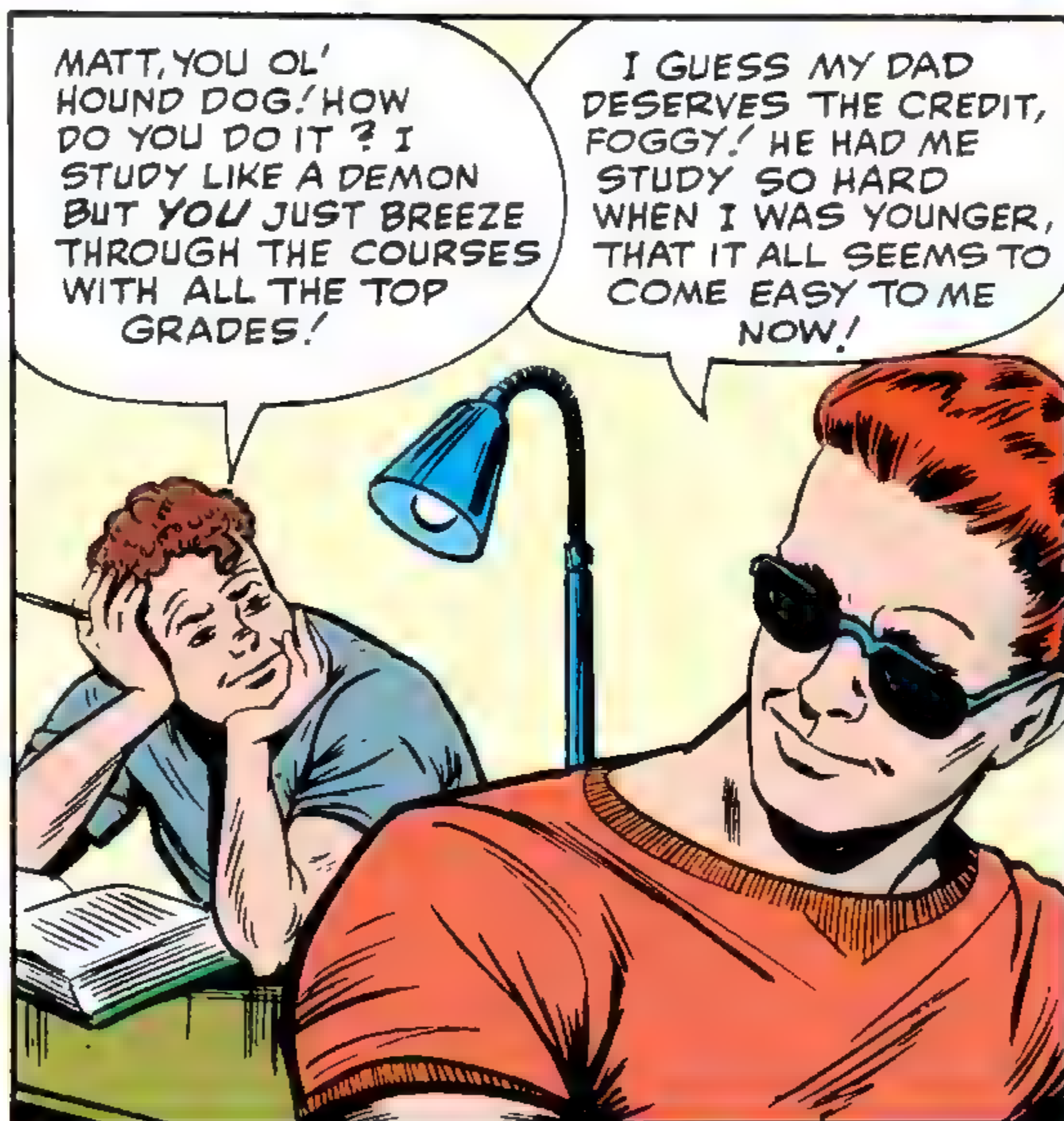
I DON'T GET IT! EVER SINCE MY ACCIDENT, I SEEM ABLE TO DO EVERYTHING LOTS BETTER THAN BEFORE... EVEN WITHOUT MY SIGHT!

IT'S AS THOUGH NATURE MADE ALL MY SENSES FAR MORE POWERFUL, TO COMPENSATE FOR MY BLINDNESS!



BUT, WHATEVER THE EXPLANATION, IT IS A SUPREMELY CONFIDENT, SELF-ASSURED MATT MURDOCK WHO FINALLY GRADUATES FROM HIGH SCHOOL AND IS EAGERLY ACCEPTED BY THE DIRECTOR OF ADMISSIONS OF STATE COLLEGE, WHERE WE FIND HIM SHARING A DORMITORY ROOM WITH HIS NEW BUDDY, FRANKLIN "FOGGY" NELSON...

D



MATT, YOU OL' HOUND DOG! HOW DO YOU DO IT? I STUDY LIKE A DEMON BUT YOU JUST BREEZE THROUGH THE COURSES WITH ALL THE TOP GRADES!

I GUESS MY DAD DESERVES THE CREDIT, FOGGY! HE HAD ME STUDY SO HARD WHEN I WAS YOUNGER, THAT IT ALL SEEMS TO COME EASY TO ME NOW!

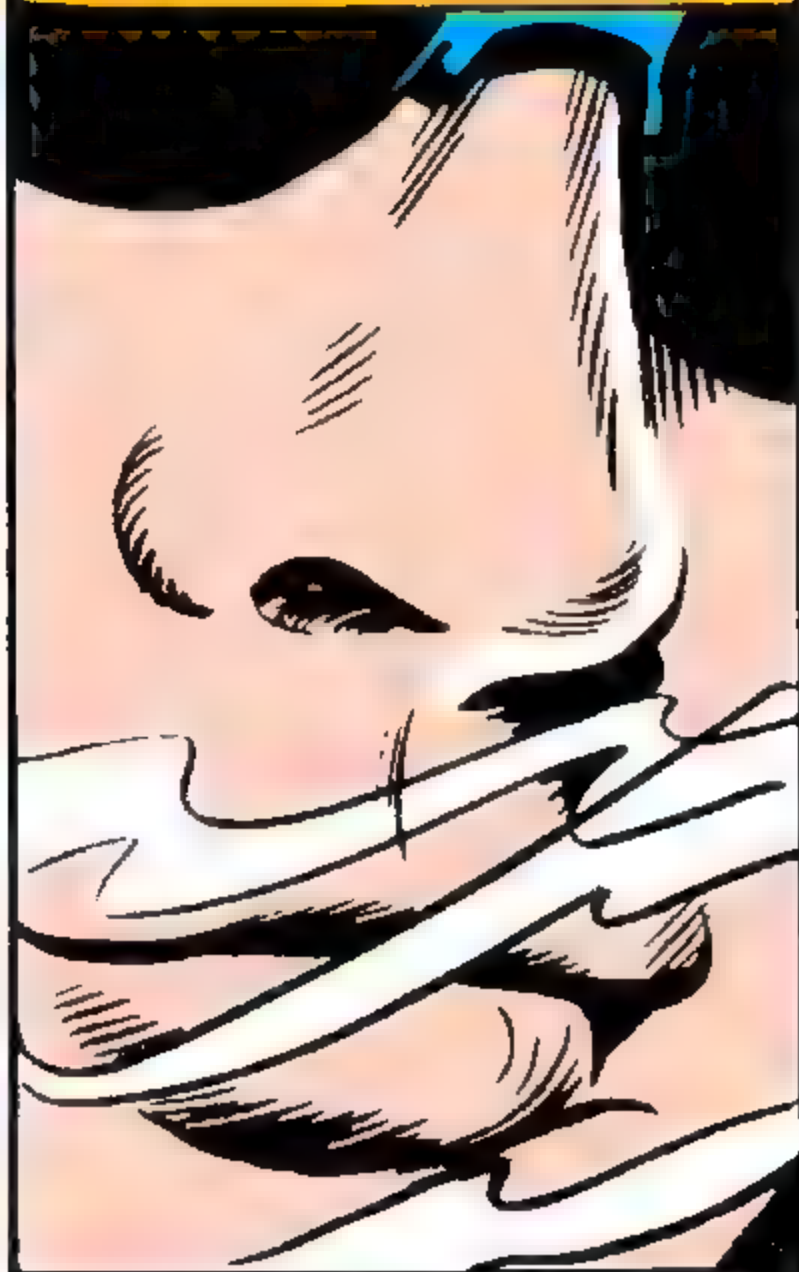
AND, I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF THAT RADIATION I ABSORBED IN THE ACCIDENT DOESN'T HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT, TOO! **EVERYTHING** SEEMS EASY FOR ME NOW! ALL MY SENSES ARE RAZOR SHARP!



"MY **HEARING** IS SO ACUTE, THAT I CAN TELL IF SOMEONE IS IN A ROOM WITH ME JUST BY HEARING THE **HEARTBEAT**!"



"AND I NEVER FORGET AN ODOR ONCE I **SMELL** IT! I COULD RECOGNIZE ANY GIRL BY HER PERFUME... OR ANY MAN BY HIS HAIR TONIC..."



"EVEN MY **FINGERS** HAVE BECOME INCREDIBLY SENSITIVE! I CAN TELL HOW MANY BULLETS ARE IN A GUN JUST BY THE WEIGHT OF THE BARREL!"

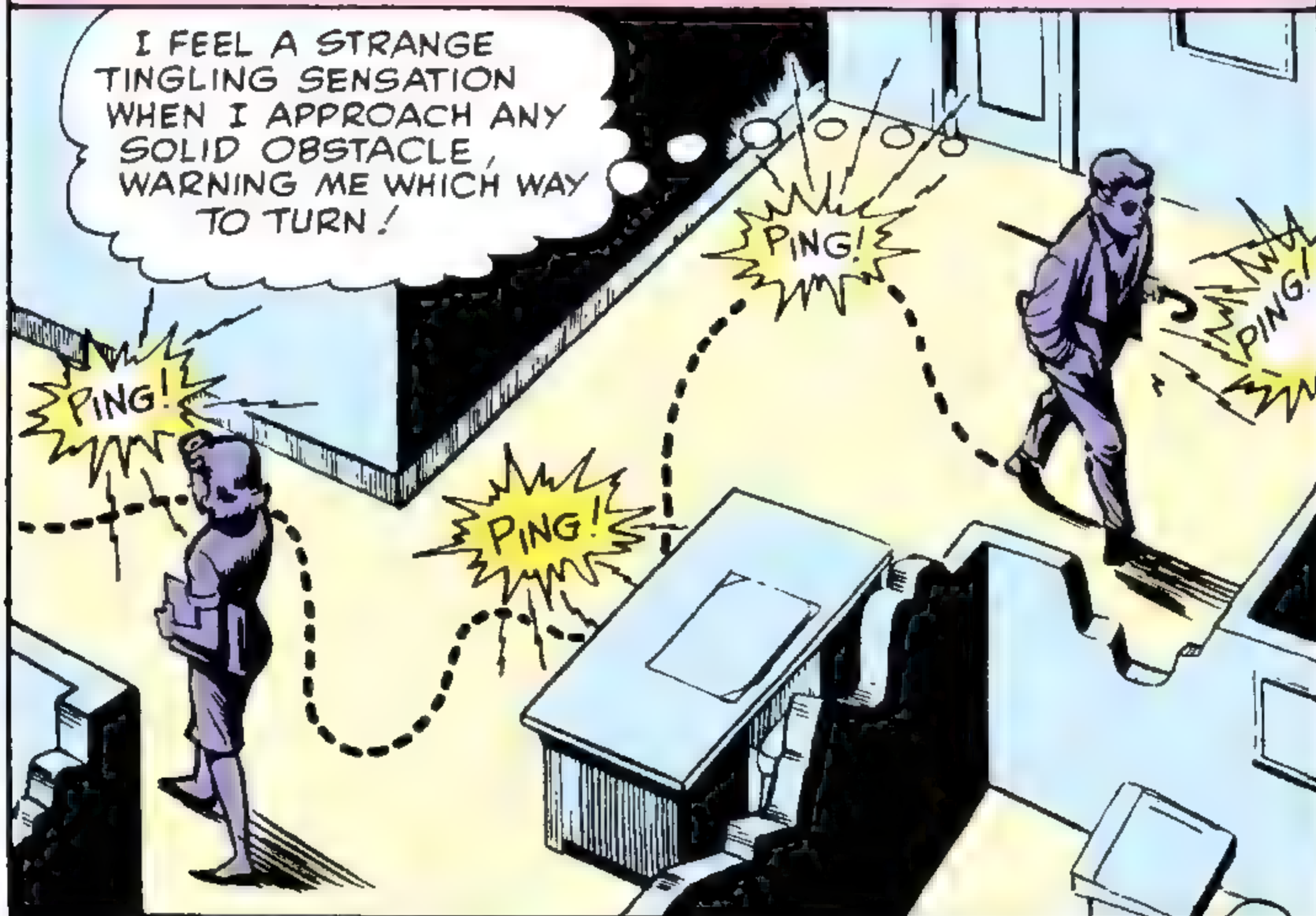


"WHILE MY SENSE OF **TASTE** HAS BECOME SO HIGHLY DEVELOPED THAT I CAN TELL EXACTLY HOW MANY GRAINS OF SALT ARE ON A PIECE OF PRETZEL..."



"BUT MY MOST IMPORTANT NEW ABILITY IS IN THE FORM OF A BUILT-IN RADAR THAT I SEEM TO HAVE DEVELOPED! IT ENABLES ME TO WALK ANYWHERE SAFELY, WITHOUT BUMPING INTO ANYTHING!"

I FEEL A STRANGE TINGLING SENSATION WHEN I APPROACH ANY SOLID OBSTACLE, WARNING ME WHICH WAY TO TURN!



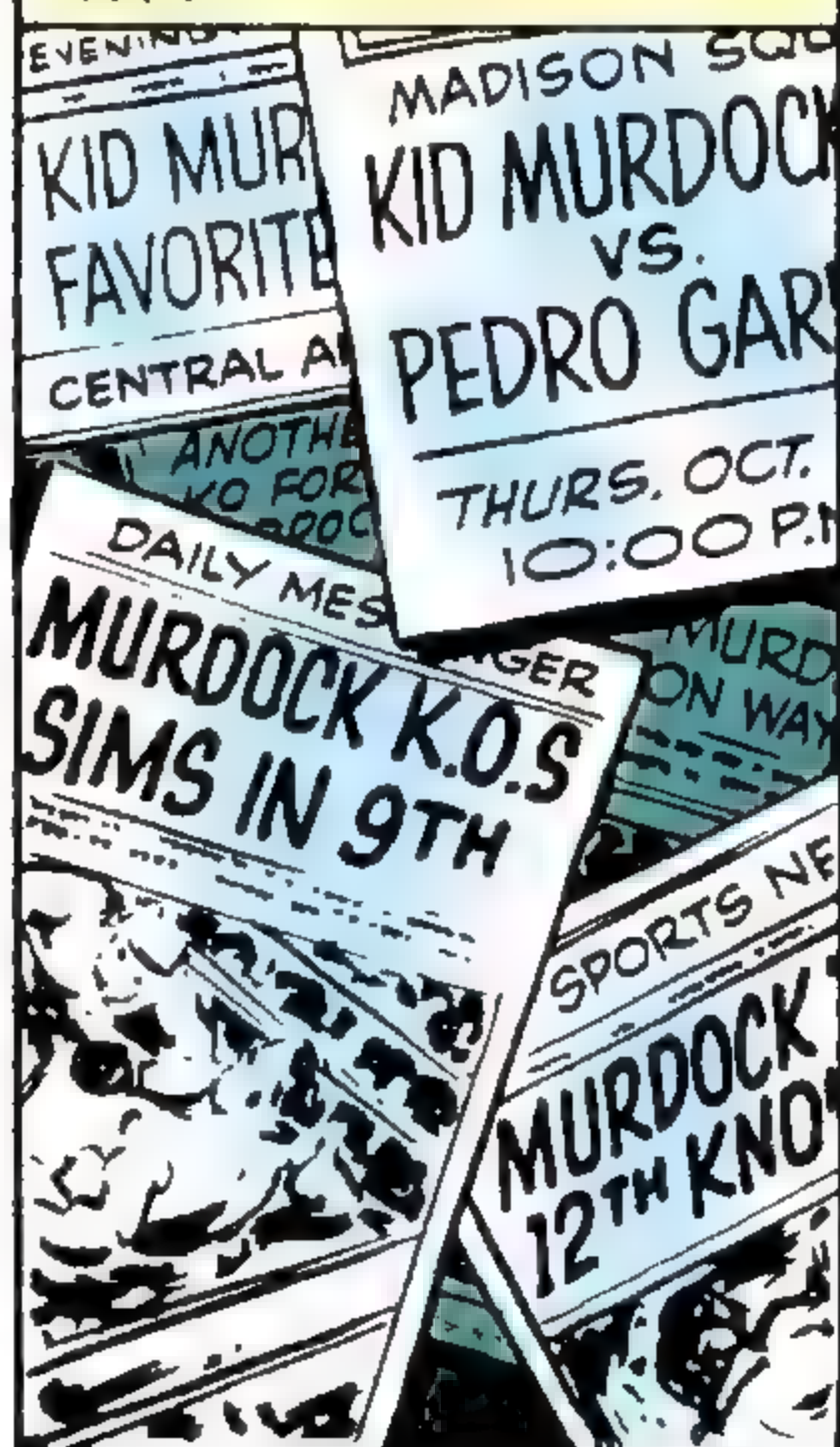
SAY, SON... WANT ANY HELP CROSSIN' THE STREET?

NO THANKS! I CAN MAKE IT!

LITTLE DOES HE SUSPECT I CAN CROSS MORE SAFELY THAN **HE** CAN.. FOR I HAVE EVERY ONE OF MY REMAINING SENSES WORKING AT ABSOLUTE PEAK CAPACITY!



MEANWHILE, THE CAREER OF BATTLING MURDOCK TAKES A SURPRISING TURN...



HERE'S YOUR DOUGH, MURDOCK! KEEP IT UP AND YOU MAY BE CHAMP SOME DAY!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, FIXER! IT ALL SEEMS LIKE SOME KINDA **MIRACLE!**

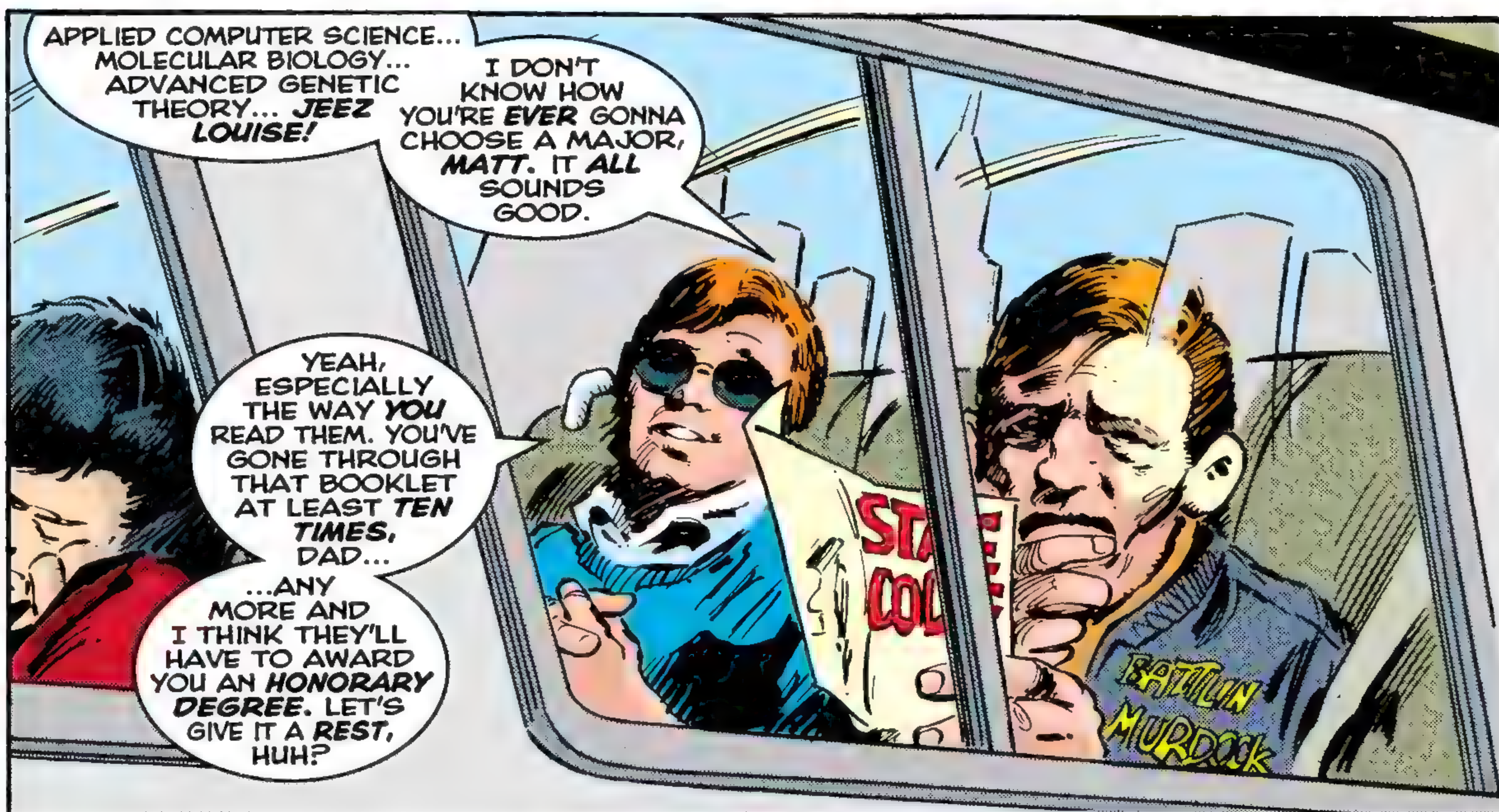
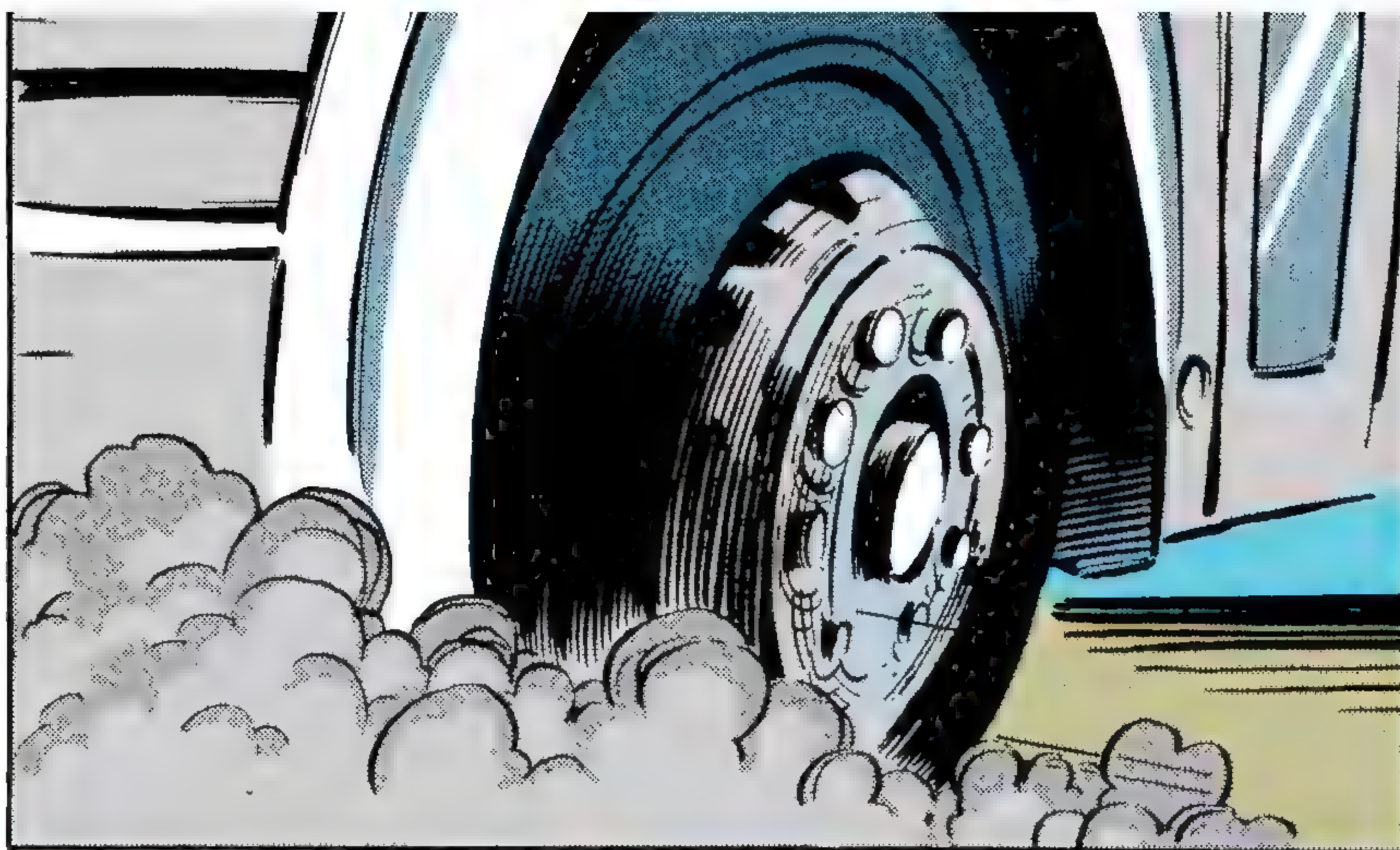


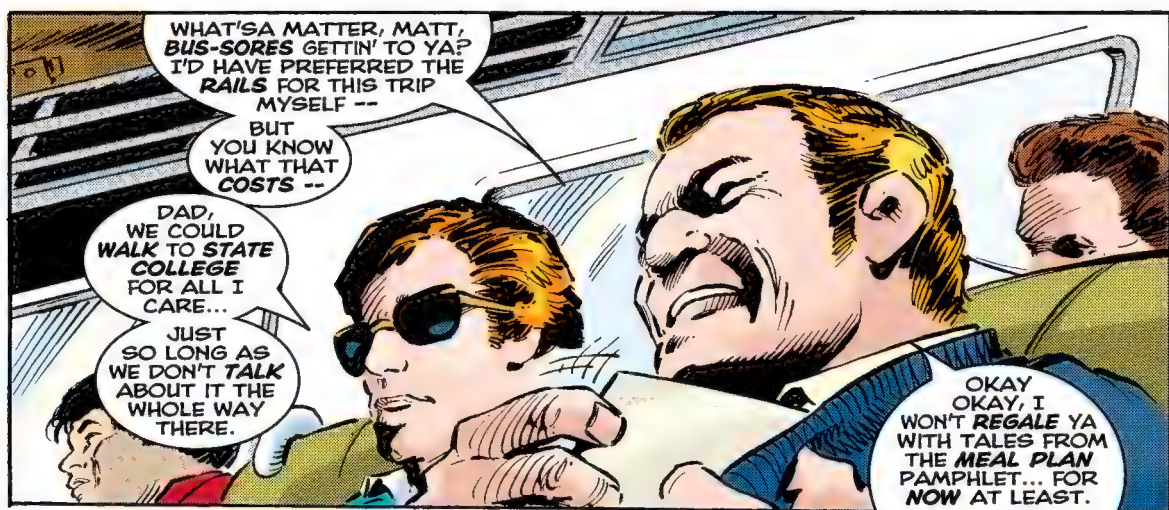
THEN, AFTER MURDOCK LEAVES...

WAIT'LL THE OLD FOOL FINDS OUT THAT ALL HIS FIGHTS WERE **SETUPS!** YOU PAID HIS OPPONENTS TO TAKE A DIVE!

SURE! I DID IT TO GIVE MURDOCK A BUILD-UP... TO DRAW THE CROWDS! BUT, HE'LL LEARN THE FACTS OF LIFE IN HIS **NEXT FIGHT!** THAT'S WHERE I GET **HIM** TO TAKE THE COUNT!







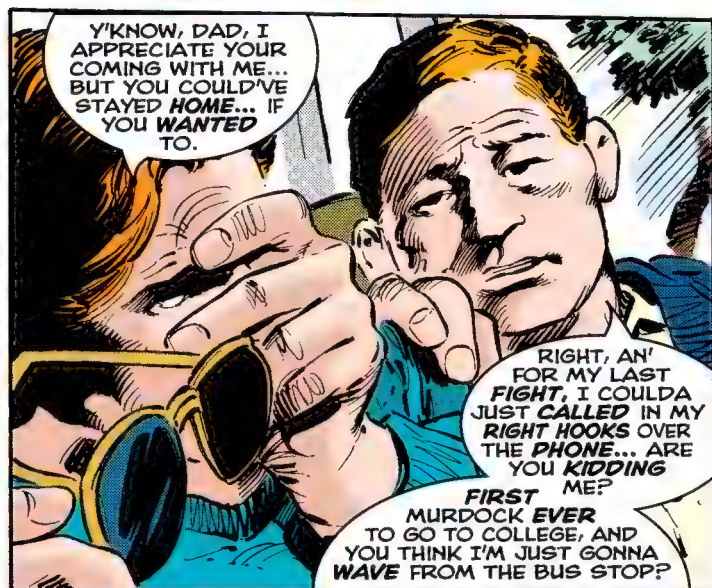
WHAT'S A MATTER, MATT,
BUS-SORES GETTIN' TO YAP?
I'D HAVE PREFERRED THE
RAILS FOR THIS TRIP
MYSELF --

BUT
YOU KNOW
WHAT THAT
COSTS --

DAD,
WE COULD
WALK TO STATE
COLLEGE
FOR ALL I
CARE...

JUST
SO LONG AS
WE DON'T TALK
ABOUT IT THE
WHOLE WAY
THERE.

OKAY
OKAY, I
WON'T REGALE YA
WITH TALES FROM
THE MEAL PLAN
PAMPHLET... FOR
NOW AT LEAST.



Y'KNOW, DAD, I
APPRECIATE YOUR
COMING WITH ME...
BUT YOU COULD'VE
STAYED HOME... IF
YOU WANTED
TO.

RIGHT, AN'
FOR MY LAST
FIGHT, I COULDA
JUST CALLED IN MY
RIGHT HOOKS OVER
THE PHONE... ARE
YOU KIDDING
ME?

FIRST
MURDOCK EVER
TO GO TO COLLEGE, AND
YOU THINK I'M JUST GONNA
WAVE FROM THE BUS STOP?



BESIDES,
WHO'S GONNA
LUG ALL OF THIS
STUFF YOU GOT
CRAMMED IN
THERE --

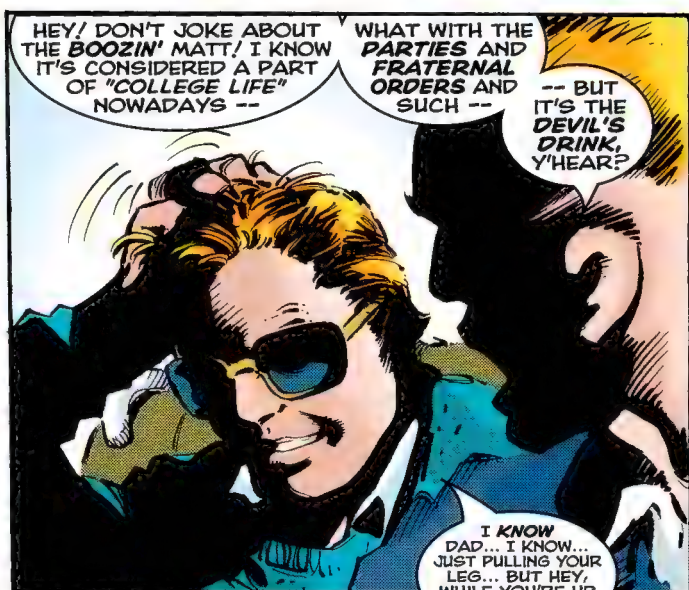
HEY, DID
YOU REMEMBER
TO PACK YOUR
THERMALS?



YES,
DAD... AND
MY SNOW
BOOTS...

...AND A
COLLAPSIBLE
IGLOO AND A
SNOWPLOW...

DID I
MENTION THE
ST. BERNARD
WITH THE LITTLE
BARREL OF
BRANDY?

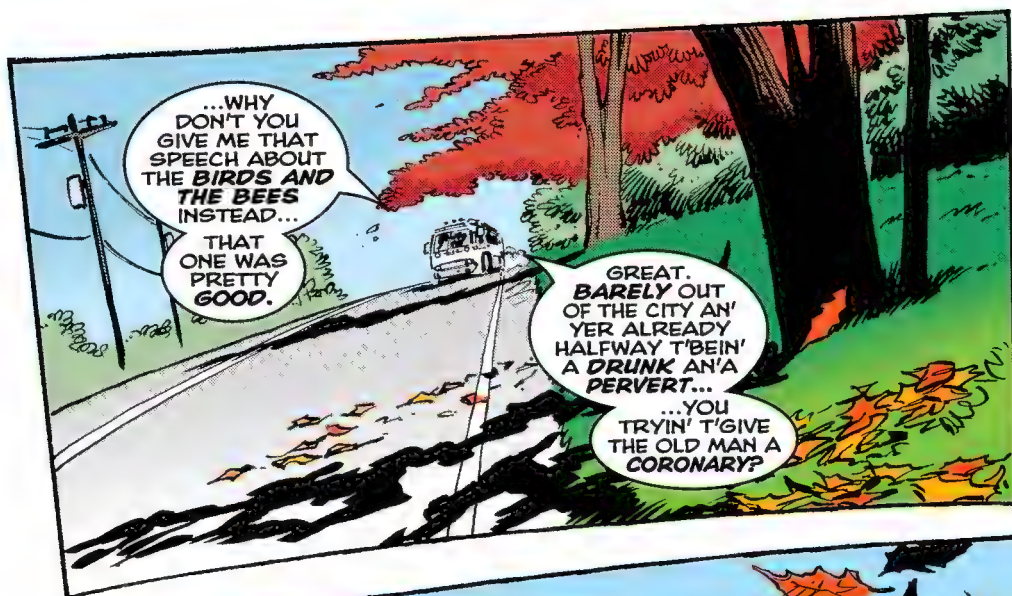


HEY! DON'T JOKE ABOUT
THE BOOZIN' MATT! I KNOW
IT'S CONSIDERED A PART
OF "COLLEGE LIFE"
NOWADAYS --

WHAT WITH THE
PARTIES AND
FRATERNAL
ORDERS AND
SUCH --

-- BUT
IT'S THE
DEVIL'S
DRINK,
Y'HEAR?

I KNOW
DAD... I KNOW...
JUST PULLING YOUR
LEG... BUT HEY,
WHILE YOU'RE UP
ON YOUR SOAP
BOX...

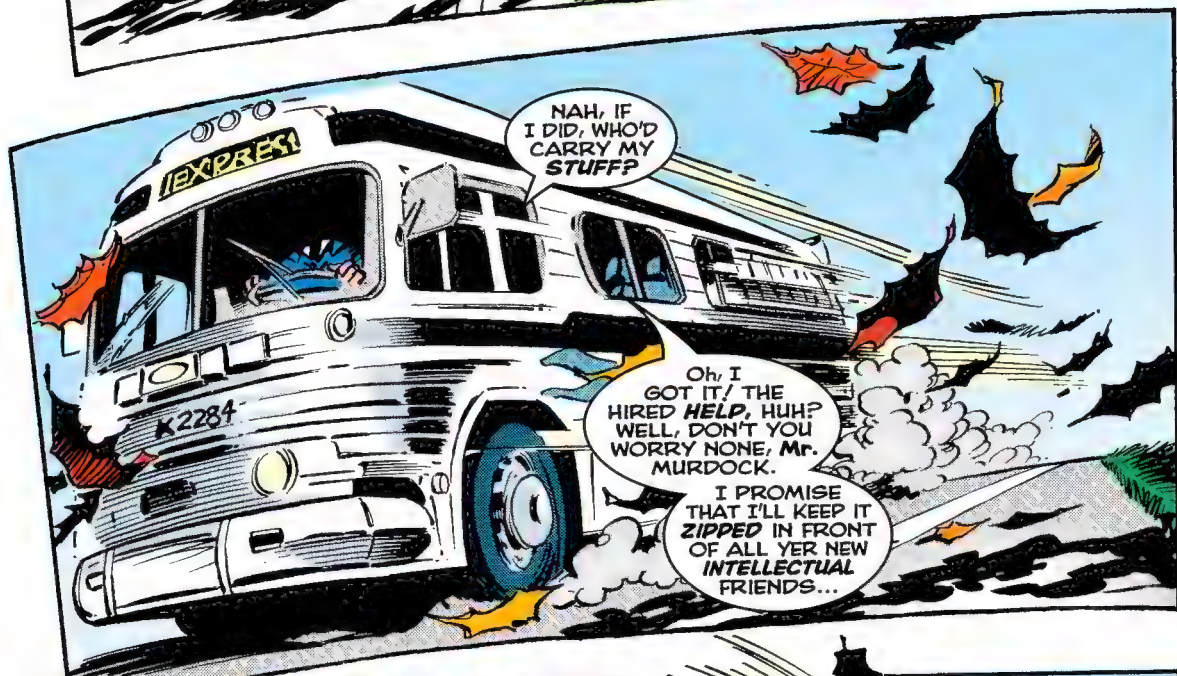


...WHY
DON'T YOU
GIVE ME THAT
SPEECH ABOUT
THE **BIRDS AND
THE BEES**
INSTEAD...

THAT
ONE WAS
PRETTY
GOOD.

GREAT.
BARELY OUT
OF THE CITY AN'
YER ALREADY
HALFWAY T'BEIN'
A **DRUNK AN'A
PERVERT...**

...YOU
TRYIN' T'GIVE
THE OLD MAN A
CORONARY?



NAH, IF
I DID, WHO'D
CARRY MY
STUFF?

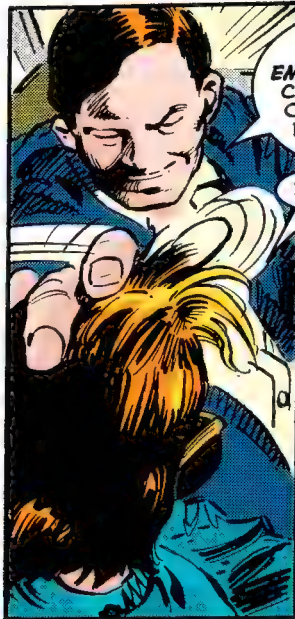
Oh, I
GOT IT! THE
HIRED **HELP**, HUH?
WELL, DON'T YOU
WORRY NONE, Mr.
MURDOCK.

I PROMISE
THAT I'LL KEEP IT
ZIPPED IN FRONT
OF ALL YER NEW
INTELLECTUAL
FRIENDS...



DAD'S
TRYING TO
MAKE JOKE,
BUT HE'S REALLY
NERVOUS...

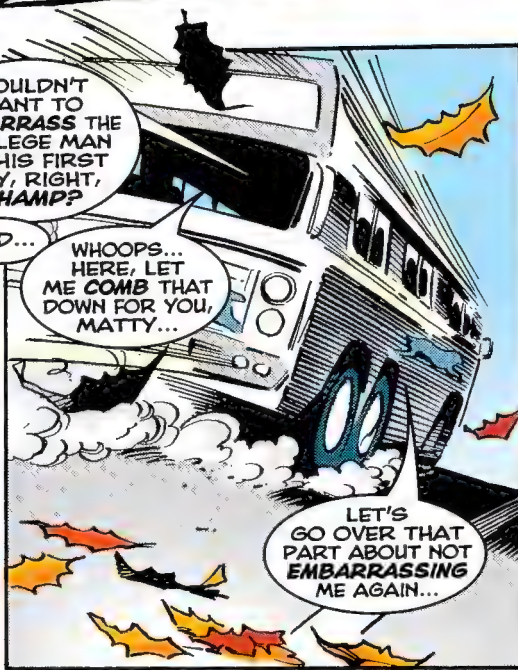
I CAN
SMELL A **TWINGE**
OF IT THROUGH HIS
AFTERSHAVE, AND
HIS **HEARTBEAT** IS
JUST A LITTLE FAST...



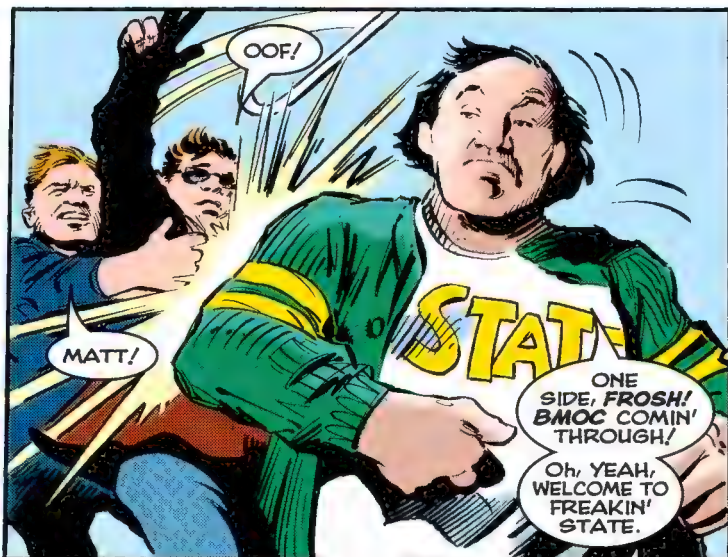
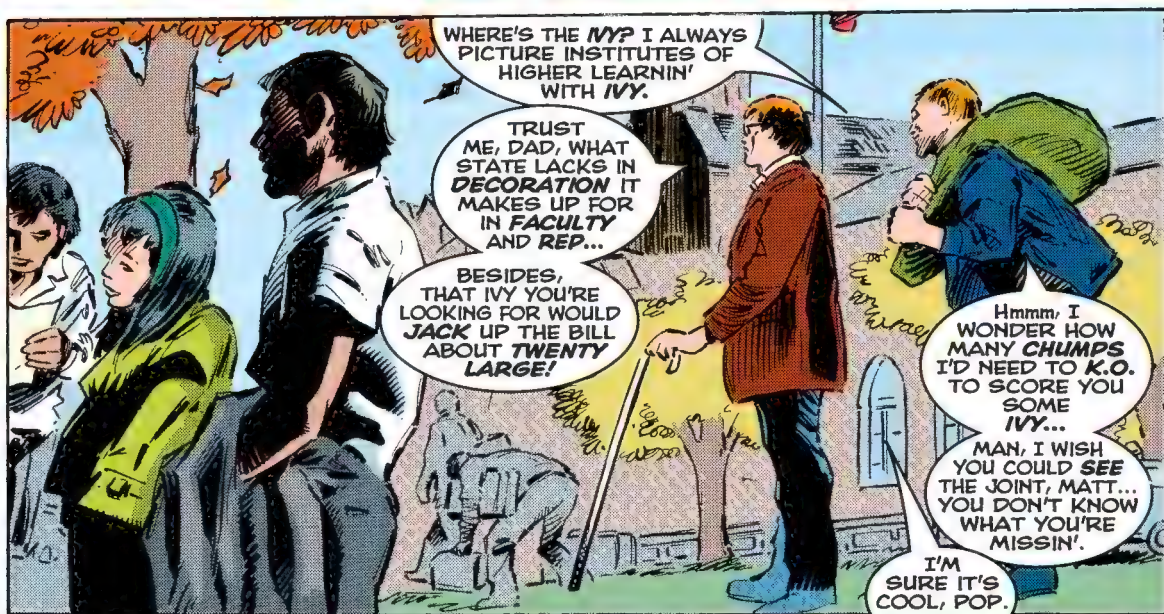
WOULDN'T
WANT TO
EMBARRASS THE
COLLEGE MAN
ON HIS FIRST
DAY, RIGHT,
CHAMP?

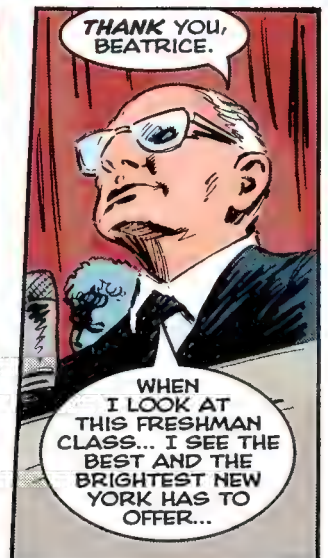
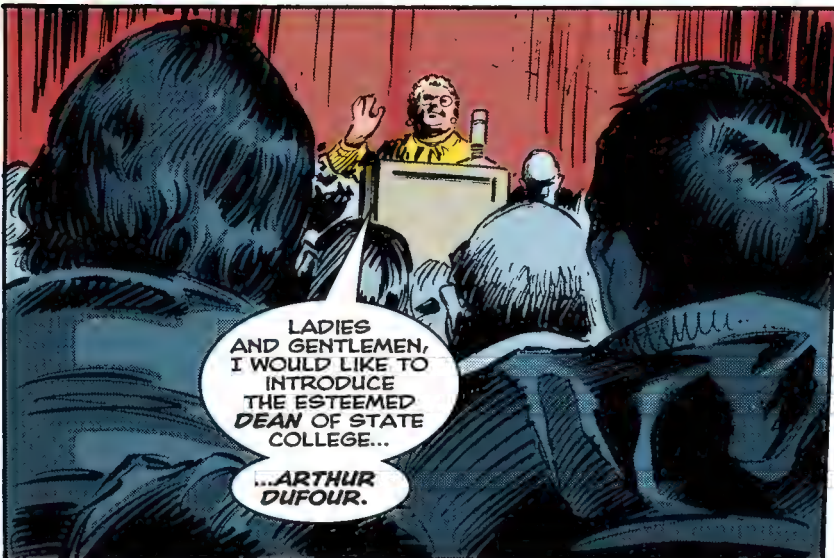
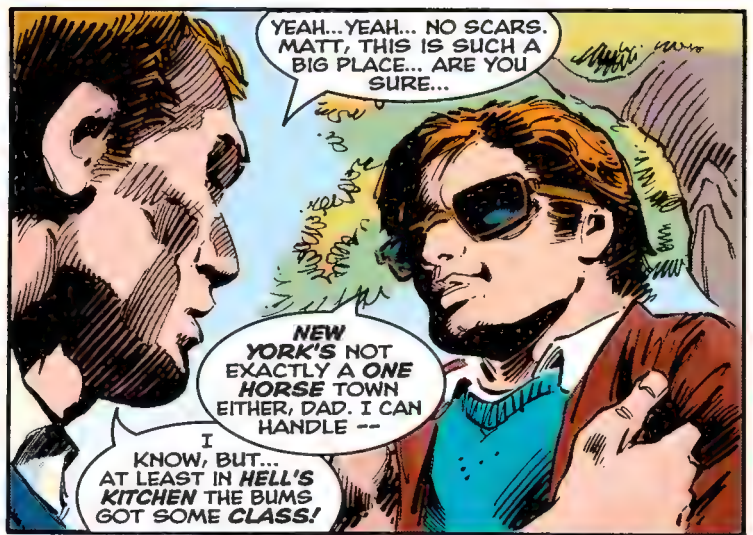
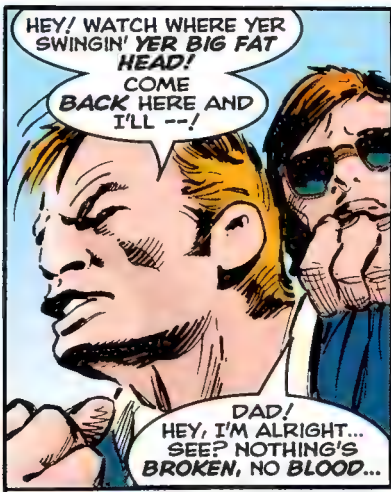
DAD...

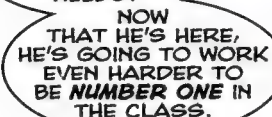
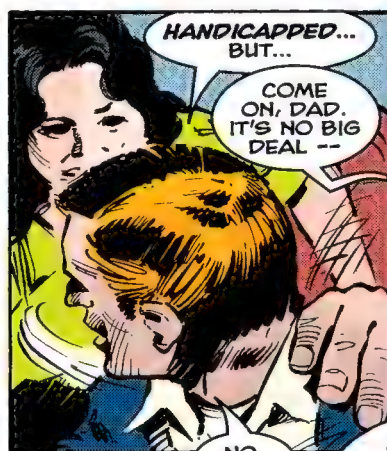
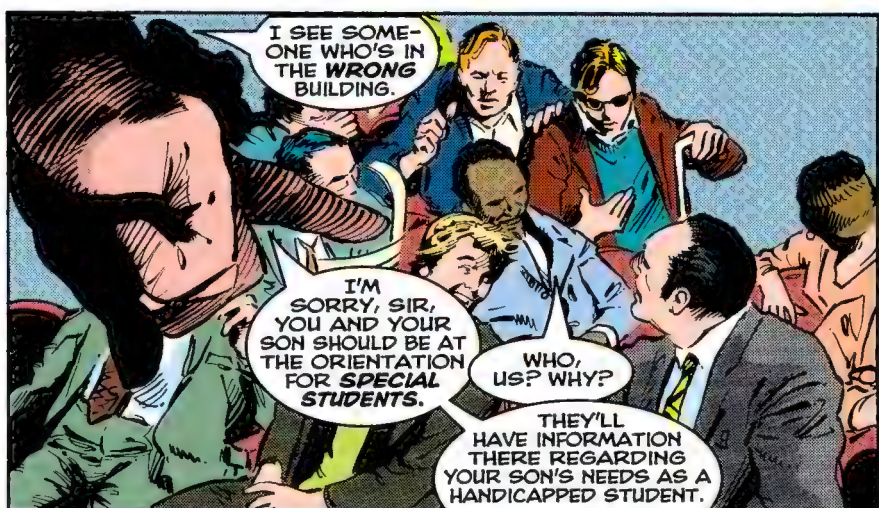
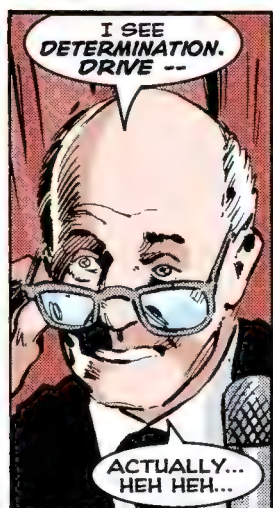
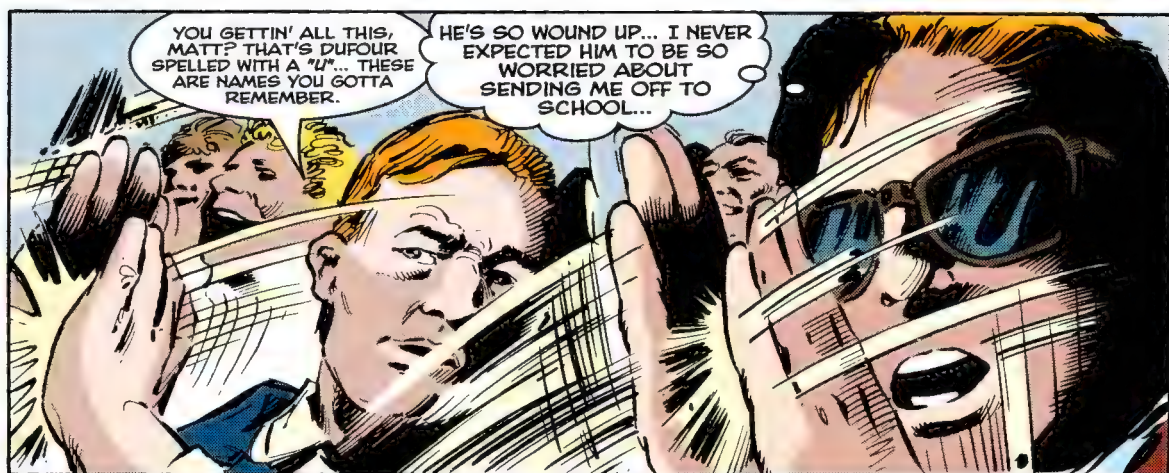
WHOOOPS...
HERE, LET
ME **COMB** THAT
DOWN FOR YOU,
MATTY...

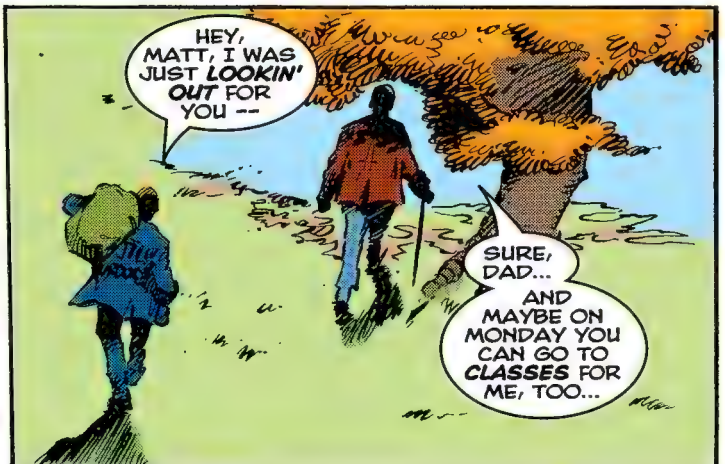
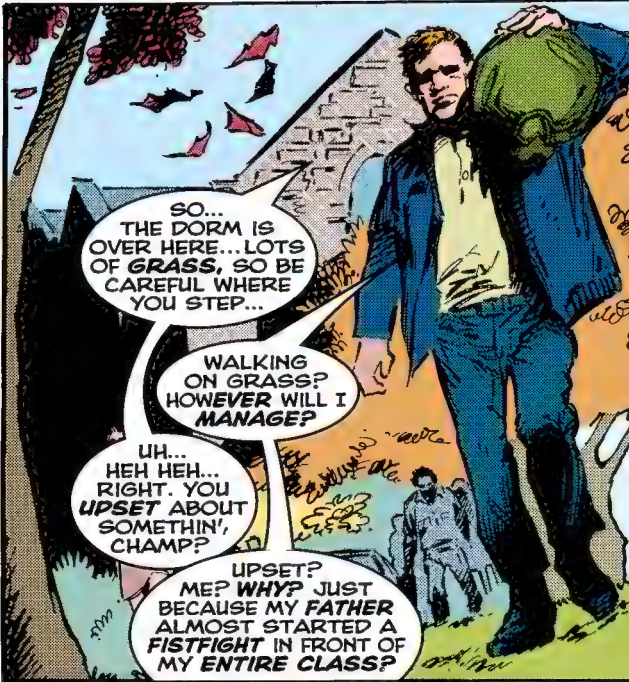
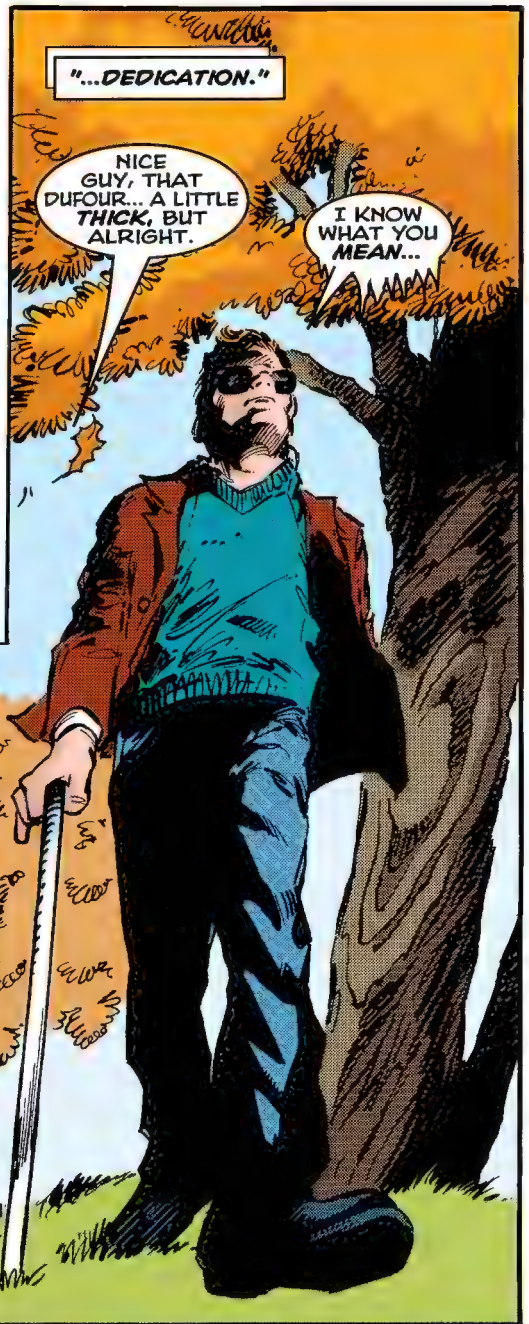
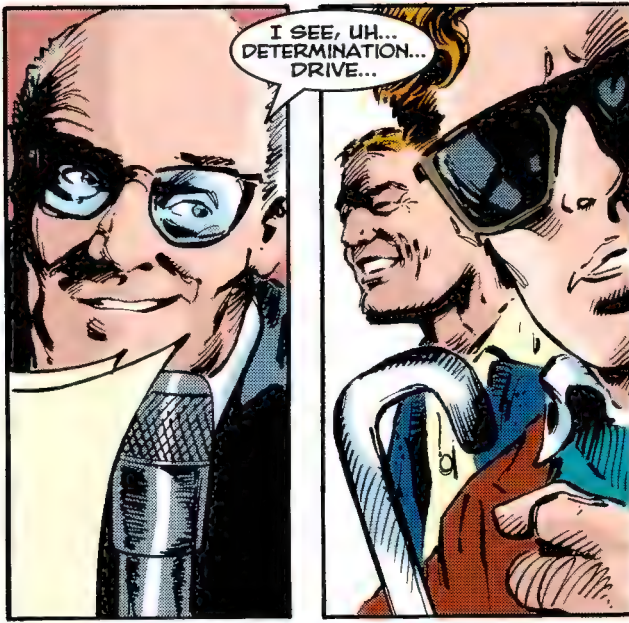


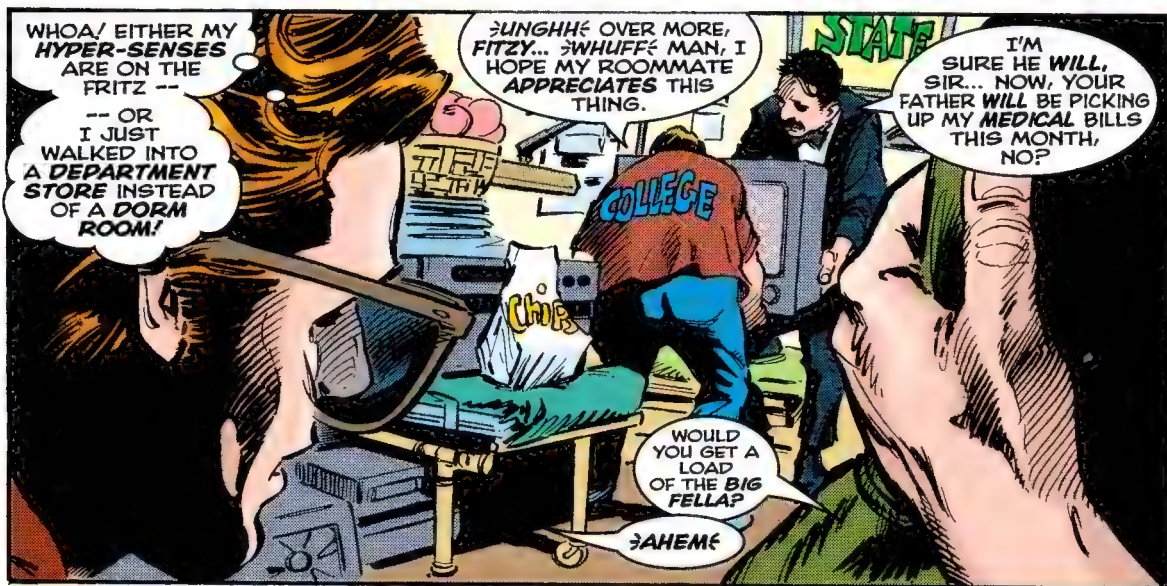
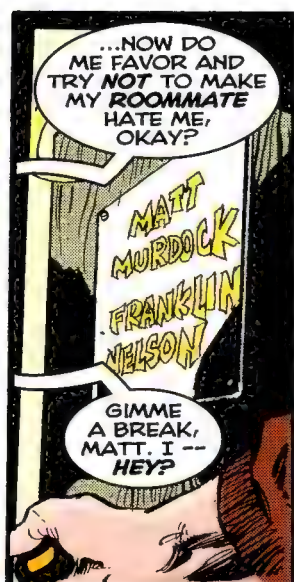
LET'S
GO OVER THAT
PART ABOUT NOT
EMBARRASSING
ME AGAIN...

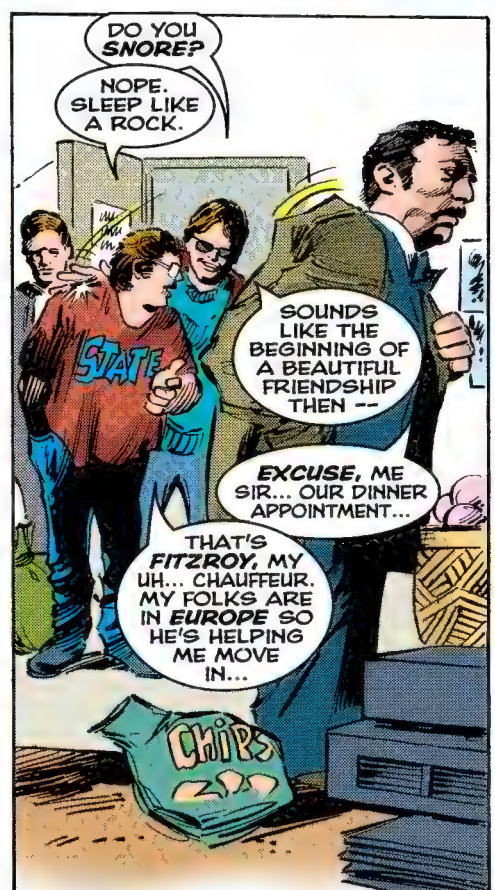


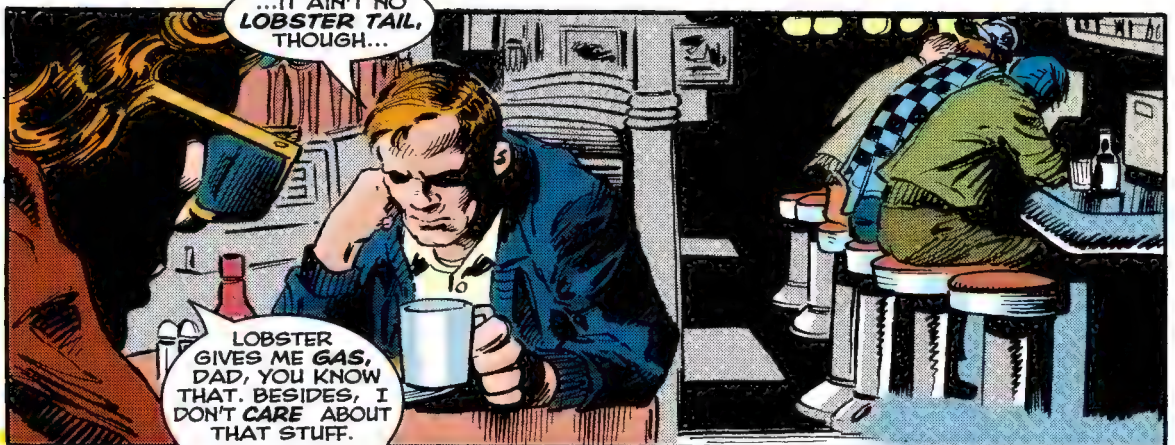
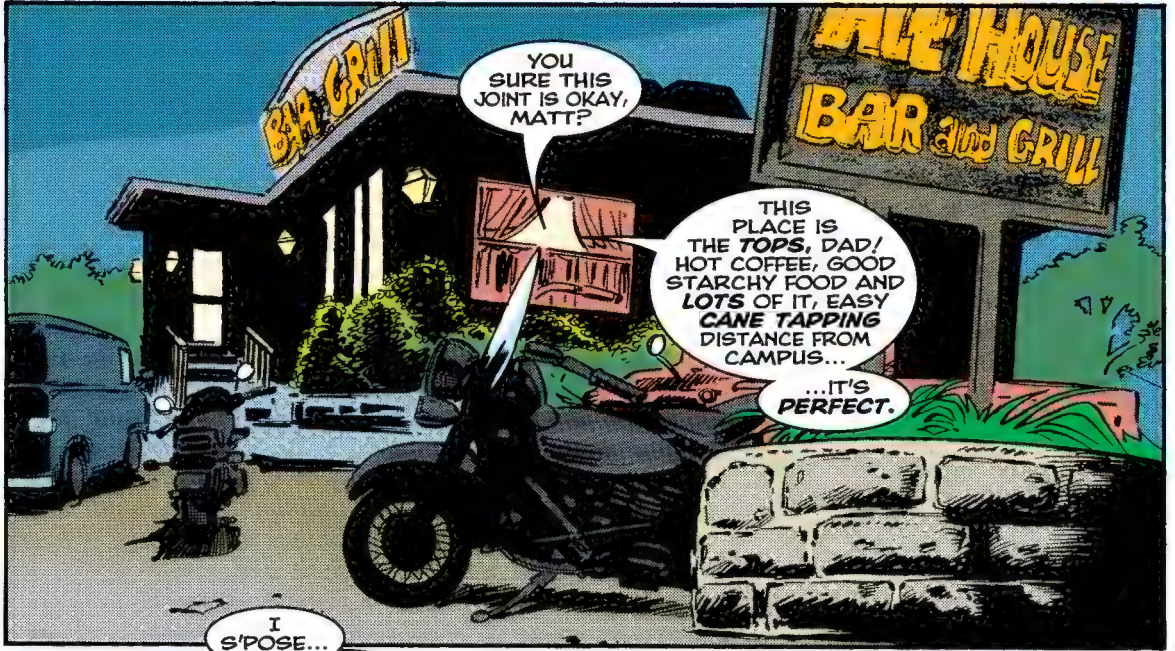
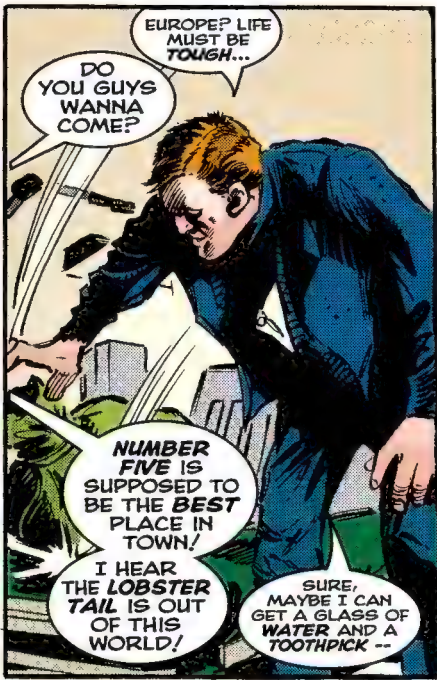














MATT? I GOTTA ASK YOU SOMETHIN' AN' BE HONEST...

DO YOU THINK... DO YOU THINK THAT YOUR MOTHER WOULD BE PROUD OF HOW I RAISED YOU?

I'M NOT ASKIN' WOULD SHE BE PROUD OF YOU. YOU WERE THE APPLE OF HER EYE HANDS DOWN... BUT ME... I MEAN... DID I DO A GOOD JOB?



OF COURSE YOU DID, POP. I MEAN, SURE, WE'VE HAD IT TOUGH...

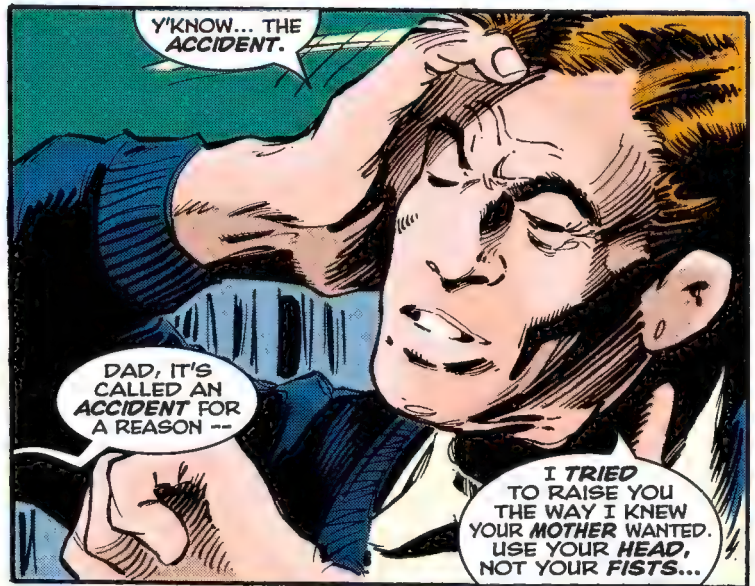
BUT AS A KID, I NEVER *KNEW* IT. THERE WAS ALWAYS FOOD ON THE TABLE...

...A PRESENT UNDER THE TREE AT CHRISTMAS... LAUGHTER IN THE HOUSE.



AND MOST OF ALL I ALWAYS FELT SAFE... SECURE. YOU'VE BEEN GREAT, DAD. THE BEST.

SAFE. I GUESS. 'COURSE, I DIDN'T KEEP YOU SAFE FROM...



Y'KNOW... THE ACCIDENT.

DAD, IT'S CALLED AN ACCIDENT FOR A REASON --

I TRIED TO RAISE YOU THE WAY I KNEW YOUR MOTHER WANTED. USE YOUR HEAD, NOT YOUR FISTS...

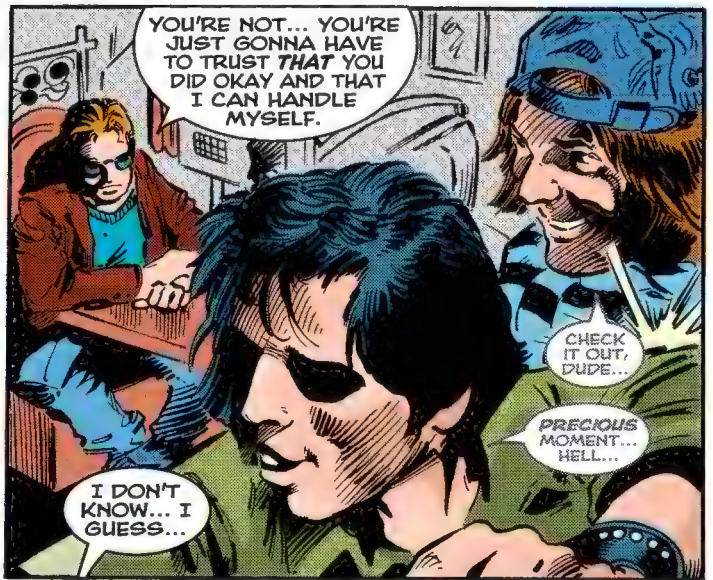


...HIT THE BOOKS, NOT A PUNCHING BAG...

BUT WHEN IT CAME DOWN TO IT, WHEN YOU REALLY NEEDED ME TO LOOK OUT FOR YOU, I DROPPED THE BALL... COULDN'T PROTECT YOU.



SO HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO LOOK OUT FOR YOU TWO HUNDRED MILES AWAY?



YOU'RE NOT... YOU'RE JUST GONNA HAVE TO TRUST THAT YOU DID OKAY AND THAT I CAN HANDLE MYSELF.

CHECK IT OUT, DUDE...

PRECIOUS MOMENT... HELL...

I DON'T KNOW... I GUESS...



LOOK... GET ME ANOTHER CUP OF COFFEE, WOULD YAP I...

I GOTTA GO USE THE CAN. BE RIGHT BACK.

SURE, DAD.



I NEVER REALIZED HOW **GUILTY** HE STILL FELT OVER THE ACCIDENT... OR HOW **WORRIED** HE IS ABOUT MY BEING ON MY OWN.

WHAT'S WORSE IS THAT HE HAS NO CLUE I'M BETTER EQUIPPED TO HANDLE MYSELF NOW THAN I WAS BEFORE THE ACCIDENT!



BUT I CAN'T TELL HIM ABOUT MY SENSES... MY **SECRET TRAINING**. IT GOES AGAINST EVERYTHING HE'S TAUGHT ME --

SOOOO WHAT WE GOT HERE? A COLLEGE BOY SO COOL HE WEARS HIS **SUNGLASSES** AT NIGHT? HOW YOU DOIN', FRIEND?



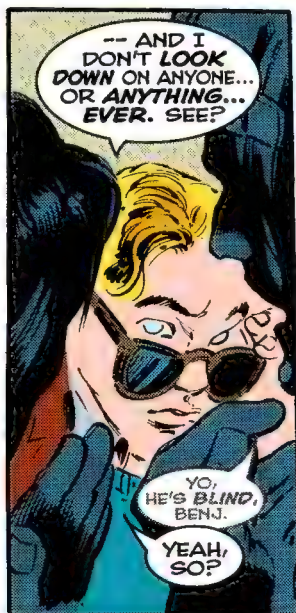
EXCUSE ME, DO I KNOW YOU?

NOPE, BUT I KNOW YOU... YOUR KIND AT LEAST.

COME INTO TOWN WITH YOUR DADDY'S MONEY AND YER MOMMA'S CAR LIKE YOU OWN THE PLACE...

LOOKIN' DOWN ON THE LOCAL FOLKS WHO WORK IN YOUR DININ' HALLS AND SWEEP UP AFTER YOUR THREE-KEGGERS AT THE UN-I-VERS-I-TEE.

ACTUALLY, I DON'T DRINK --



-- AND I DON'T LOOK DOWN ON ANYONE... OR ANYTHING... EVER. SEE?

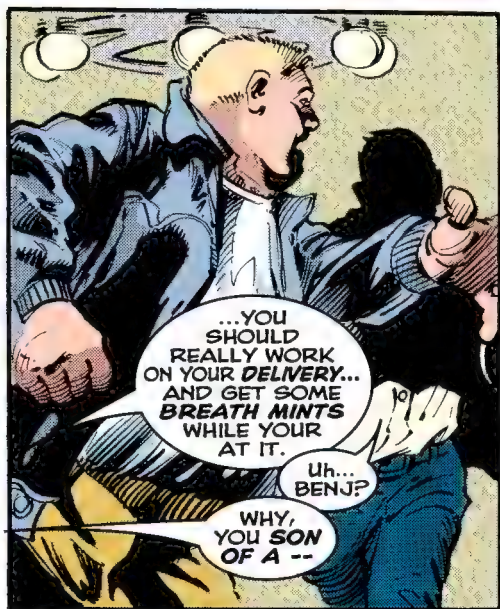
YO, HE'S BLIND, BENJ.

YEAH, SO?



HE STILL DON'T BELONG HERE. THIS IS A PLACE FOR LOCALS! NOT PRETTY-BOY STATERS.

I'M FLATTERED YOU THINK I'M PRETTY, BENJ, BUT IF THIS IS A PICK-UP...



...YOU SHOULD REALLY WORK ON YOUR DELIVERY... AND GET SOME BREATH MINTS WHILE YOUR AT IT.

Uh... BENJ?

WHY, YOU SON OF A --



WHO
THE --

FWAP

HOLE --



COME'ERE
YOU PIECE OF
GARBAGE! WE'RE
GONNA HAVE
WORDS!

YO,
WHAT'CHOO
GONNA DO, MAN?
WHAT'CHOO
GONNA DOP

GET YOUR
HANDS OFF
ME!



SURE, PUNK... RIGHT
AFTER I **POUND** 'EM
INTA YA A COUPLE
OF TIMES!

WHAT
KIND OF
ANIMAL ARE
YOU, PICKIN'
ON A **BLIND**
BOY?!

I'LL
SHOW YOU
WHAT KIND,
OLD MAN!

DAD!
WAIT!

HE'S NOT
LISTENING... HIS
HEARTBEATS LIKE A
JACKHAMMER... WAIT,
I SMELL OIL ON
THAT KID...

HE'S
GOING FOR
A **BLADE**...
AND HE MIGHT
JUST BE **DRUNK**
ENOUGH TO
USE IT!



COME
ON!

SNKT

STICK
HIM,
BENJI!

DAD,
COME ON, THIS
IS POINTLESS!
HE'S GOT A
KNIFE --

GOOD!
THAT MAKES
IT EVEN!



DAD WE BOTH **KNOW** YOU CAN CREAM THEM, BUT THESE CHUMPS AREN'T **WORTH** THE TROUBLE --

BUT --

BRAINS OVER **FISTS**... REMEMBER? **BRAINS** OVER **FISTS**.

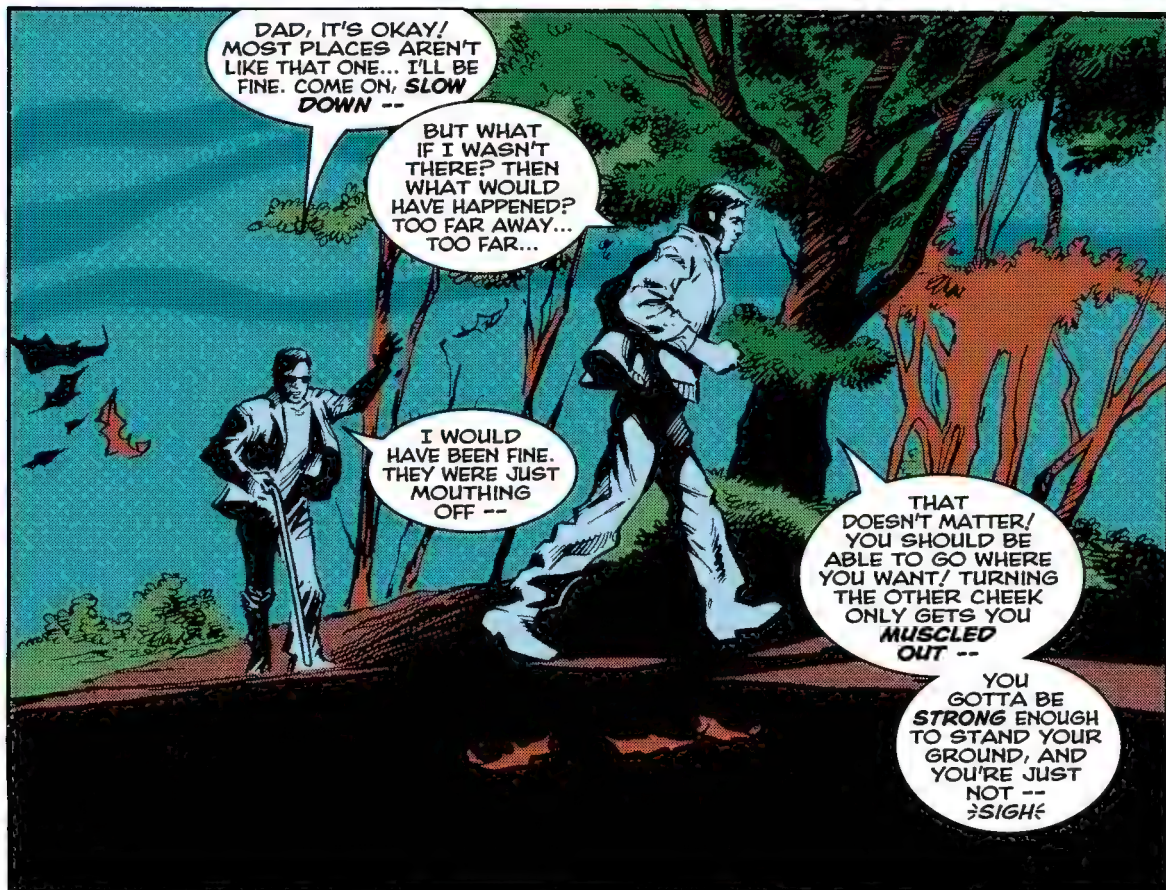


AND **DON'T** COME BACK!

DAD!

NOT RIGHT... THIS ISN'T WHAT **COLLEGE** IS SUPPOSED TO BE ABOUT/ SUPPOSED TO BE **SAFE**...

I'M NOT GONNA SEND MY BOY OUT OF THE **CITY** SO HE CAN GET A SHIV PULLED ON HIM IN SOME **HICK BAR**!P



DAD, IT'S OKAY! MOST PLACES AREN'T LIKE THAT ONE... I'LL BE FINE. COME ON, **SLOW DOWN** --

BUT WHAT IF I WASN'T THERE? THEN WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED? TOO FAR AWAY... TOO FAR...

I WOULD HAVE BEEN FINE. THEY WERE JUST MOUTHING OFF --

THAT DOESN'T MATTER! YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO GO WHERE YOU WANT/ TURNING THE OTHER CHEEK ONLY GETS YOU **MUSCLED OUT** --

YOU GOTTA BE **STRONG** ENOUGH TO STAND YOUR GROUND, AND YOU'RE JUST NOT -- **SIGH**

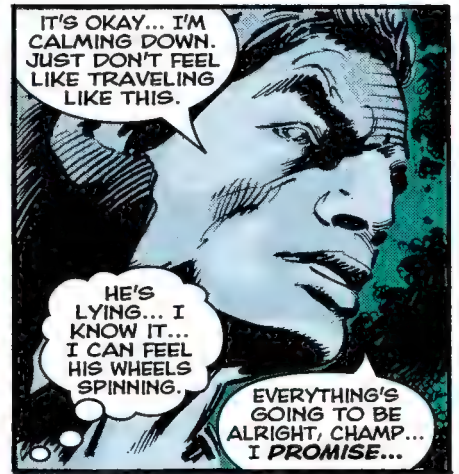


I'M SORRY, MATTY... I'M JUST STEAMED... I DIDN'T MEAN --

IT'S OKAY, DAD... REALLY.

DAD...

I'M GONNA CRASH ON YOUR FLOOR TONIGHT, OKAY? I'LL LEAVE IN THE MORNING.



IT'S OKAY... I'M CALMING DOWN. JUST DON'T FEEL LIKE TRAVELING LIKE THIS.

HE'S LYING... I KNOW IT... I CAN FEEL HIS WHEELS SPINNING.

EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE ALRIGHT, CHAMP... I PROMISE...



ZZZZNGH

"DID THE RIGHT THING, WALKING AWAY," HIS BRAIN TELLS HIS HEART AGAIN AND AGAIN.



IT WAS *GOOD* TO DO THAT FOR THE BOY. THE *RIGHT* LESSON TO TEACH... IT'S WHAT HIS *MOTHER* WOULD HAVE HIM DO.



GREAT.

SLEEP IT OFF.

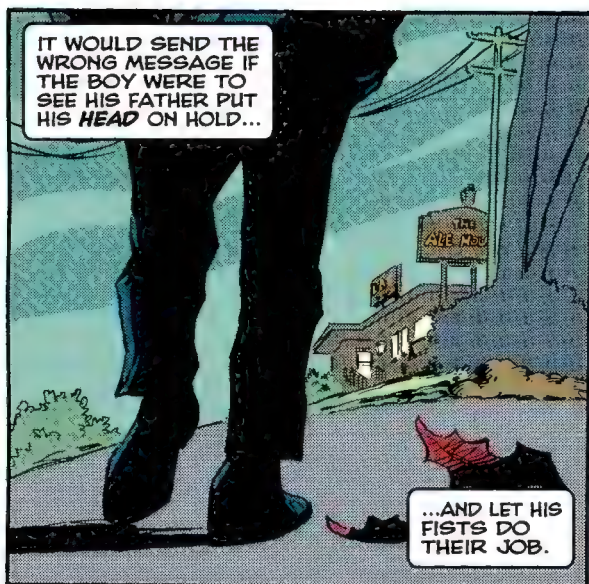
LET IT GO.

SHE WOULD NOT CONDONE THIS. IT WOULDN'T BE THE RIGHT MESSAGE.



THIS IS A PLACE OF CIVILITY. THIS IS A PLACE OF *INTELLIGENCE*, *BRAWLERS* AND *ROUGHNECKS* DO NOT BELONG...

BEST THEN, THAT MATT'S NOWHERE NEAR WHEN IT HAPPENS.



IT WOULD SEND THE WRONG MESSAGE IF THE BOY WERE TO SEE HIS FATHER PUT HIS **HEAD** ON HOLD...

...AND LET HIS FISTS DO THEIR JOB.



A **GOOD** FATHER KEEPS THAT ANGRY FACE OF THE WORLD AWAY FROM HIS KIDS...

...FOR AS LONG AS HE CAN...



...THOUGH SOMETIMES...



LOOKIE LOOKIE! IT'S COLLEGE BOY BACK WITHOUT THE OLD MAN!

EXCUSE ME, BARTENDER? CAN I GET A GINGER ALE PLEASE --

THOUGHT I TOLD YOU, YOU AIN'T WELCOME HERE, COLLEGE!



YOU DID...

BUT I'M DEAF TOO, CAN'T YOU TELL? NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'D LIKE TO BUY A SODA.

AWRIGHT, THAT IS OFFICIAL LIP! THAT'S HOW THE BOY WANTS IT --



-- THEN HE GETS IT!

GOOD HEAVENS! I'VE DROPPED MY DOLLAR. HOW CLUMSY OF ME!



HEY!
STAND
STILL --

HOW
WILL I, A
HELPLESS BLIND
COLLEGE BOY,
EVER RETRIEVE
MY VAST
FORTUNE --

AH!
SWEET
SUCCESS!
NOW TO
STAND UP
AND --



HEY!
WHAT WAS
THAT? FELT
LIKE MY HEAD
HIT A GLASS
JAW OR
SOMETHING...

HOW
STRANGE.



OH
WELL... NOW
TO FIND THE
BARTENDER...

OH,
BARKEEP?

MAYBE
I'VE BEEN
SOCKED IN
THE HEAD ONE
TOO MANY
TIMES...

BUT
IT LOOKS
LIKE MATT'S GIVIN'
THOSE GUYS THE
BUSINESS!



NOW,
LET'S SEE...
IS HE... THIS
WAY?

NOPE,
THAT AIN'T
HIM...

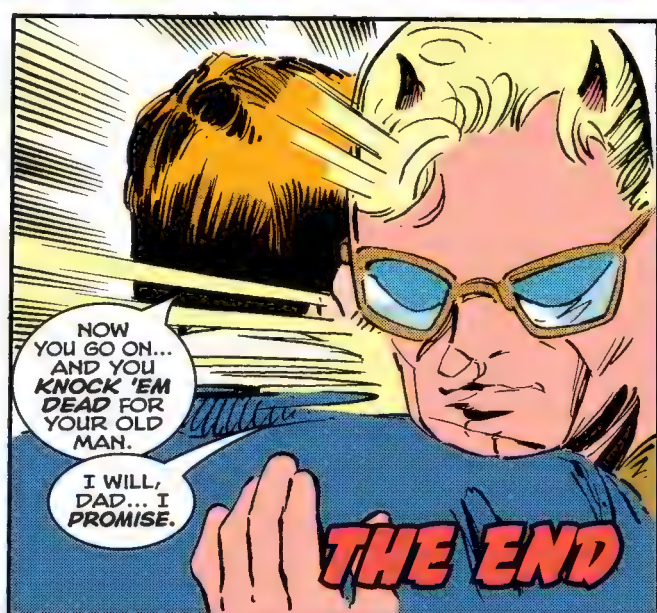
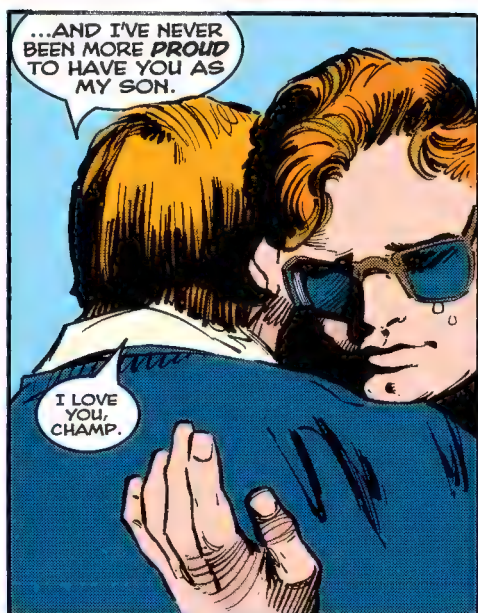
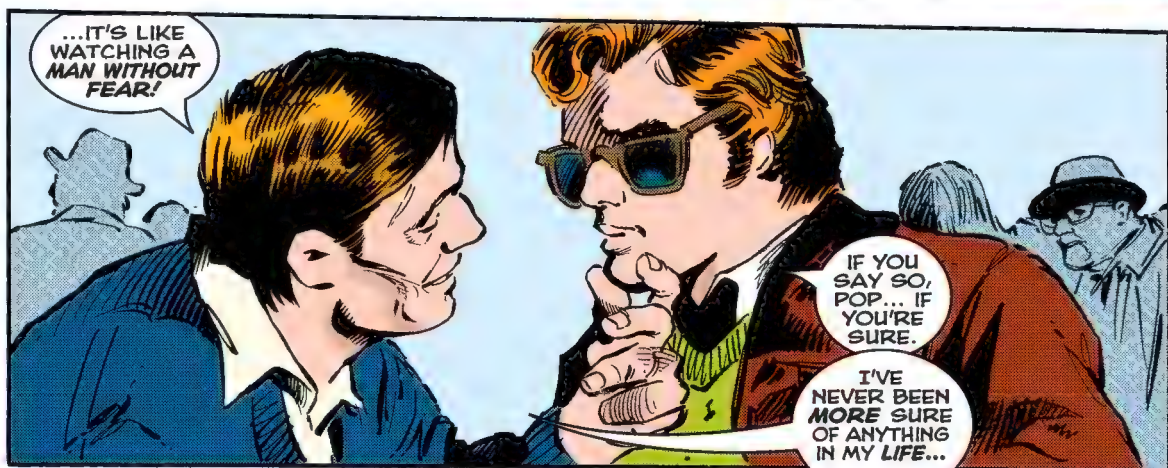
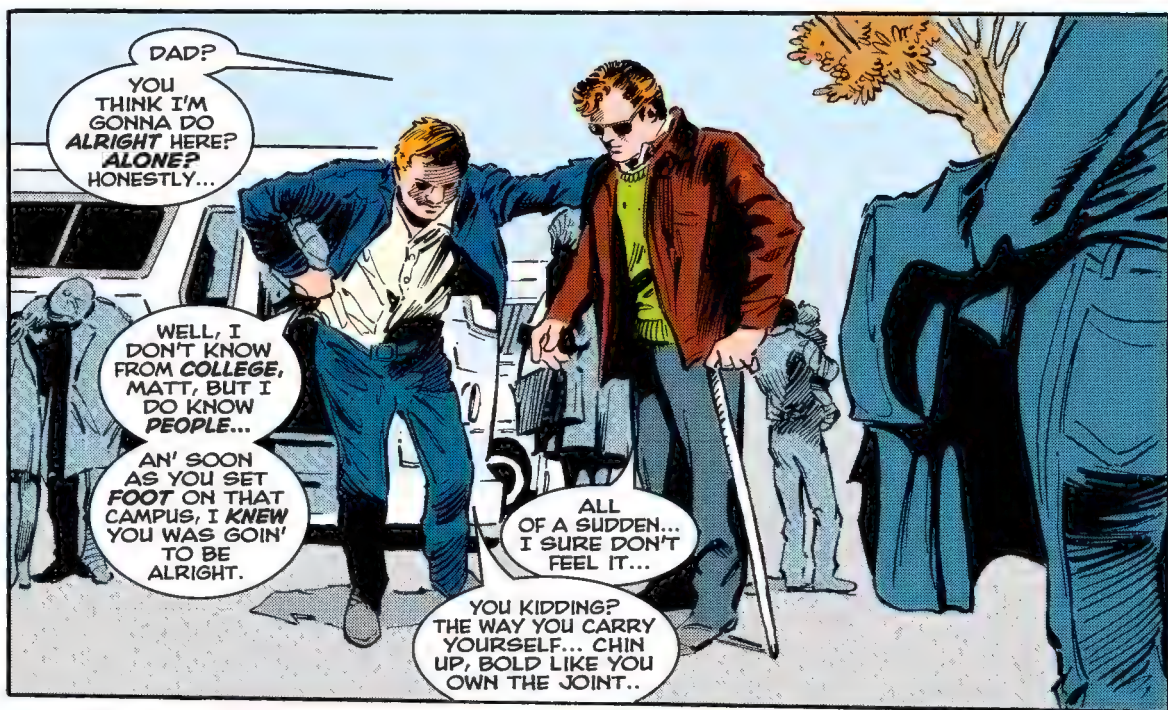


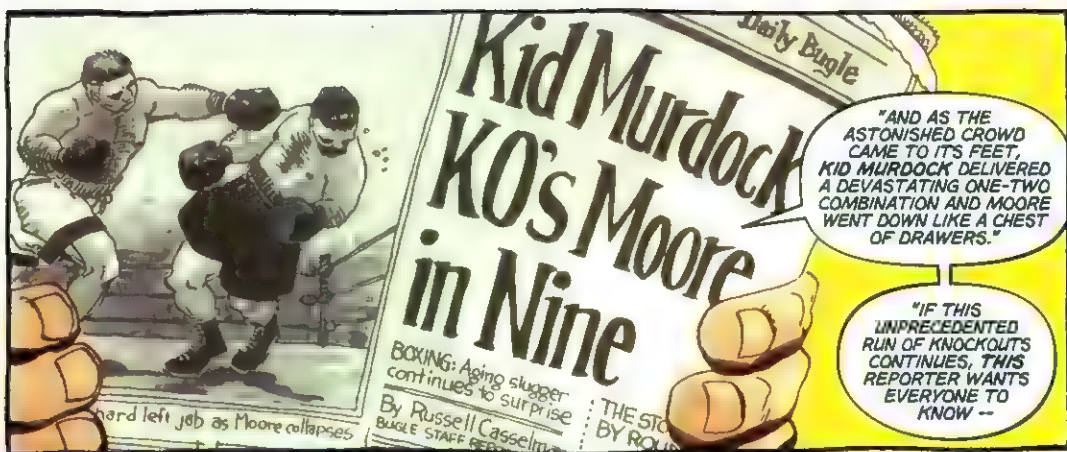
OVER HERE,
PERHAPS?

~SIGH~ I'LL
NEVER GET A
SODA THIS WAY!
GOSH, I HATE
BEING SOOOOO
HELPLESS.



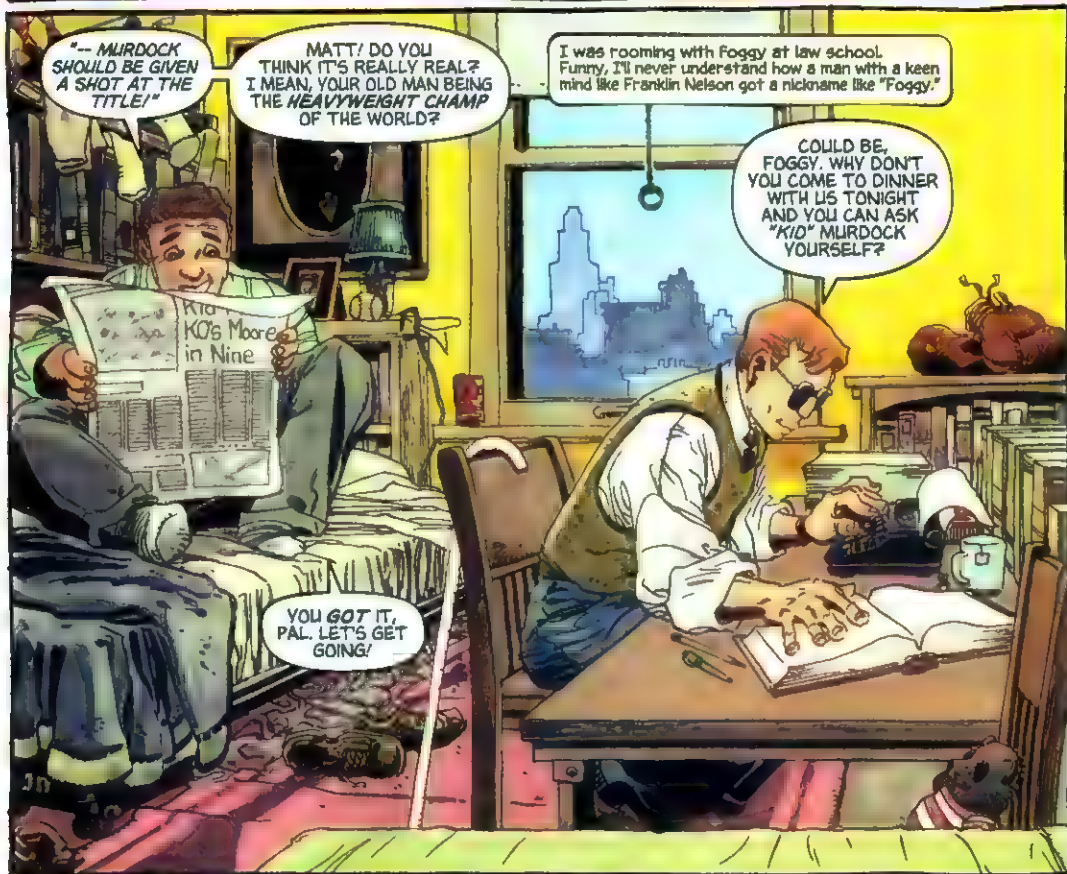






"AND AS THE ASTONISHED CROWD CAME TO ITS FEET, KID MURDOCK DELIVERED A DEVASTATING ONE-TWO COMBINATION AND MOORE WENT DOWN LIKE A CHEST OF DRAWERS."

"IF THIS UNPRECEDENTED RUN OF KNOCKOUTS CONTINUES, THIS REPORTER WANTS EVERYONE TO KNOW --"



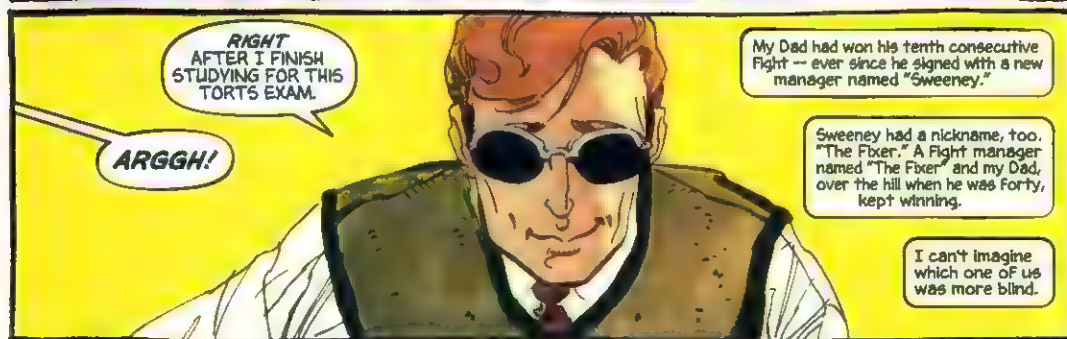
"-- MURDOCK SHOULD BE GIVEN A SHOT AT THE TITLE!"

MATT: DO YOU THINK IT'S REALLY REAL? I MEAN, YOUR OLD MAN BEING THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP OF THE WORLD?

I was rooming with Foggy at law school. Funny, I'll never understand how a man with a keen mind like Franklin Nelson got a nickname like "Foggy."

COULD BE, FOGGY. WHY DON'T YOU COME TO DINNER WITH US TONIGHT AND YOU CAN ASK "KID" MURDOCK YOURSELF?

YOU GOT IT, PAL. LET'S GET GOING!



RIGHT AFTER I FINISH STUDYING FOR THIS TORTS EXAM.

ARGGH!

My Dad had won his tenth consecutive fight -- ever since he signed with a new manager named "Sweeney."

Sweeney had a nickname, too. "The Fixer." A fight manager named "The Fixer" and my Dad, over the hill when he was forty, kept winning.

I can't imagine which one of us was more blind.



"Kid" Murdock. My Dad hated it, but the newspapers dubbed him that because of his age.

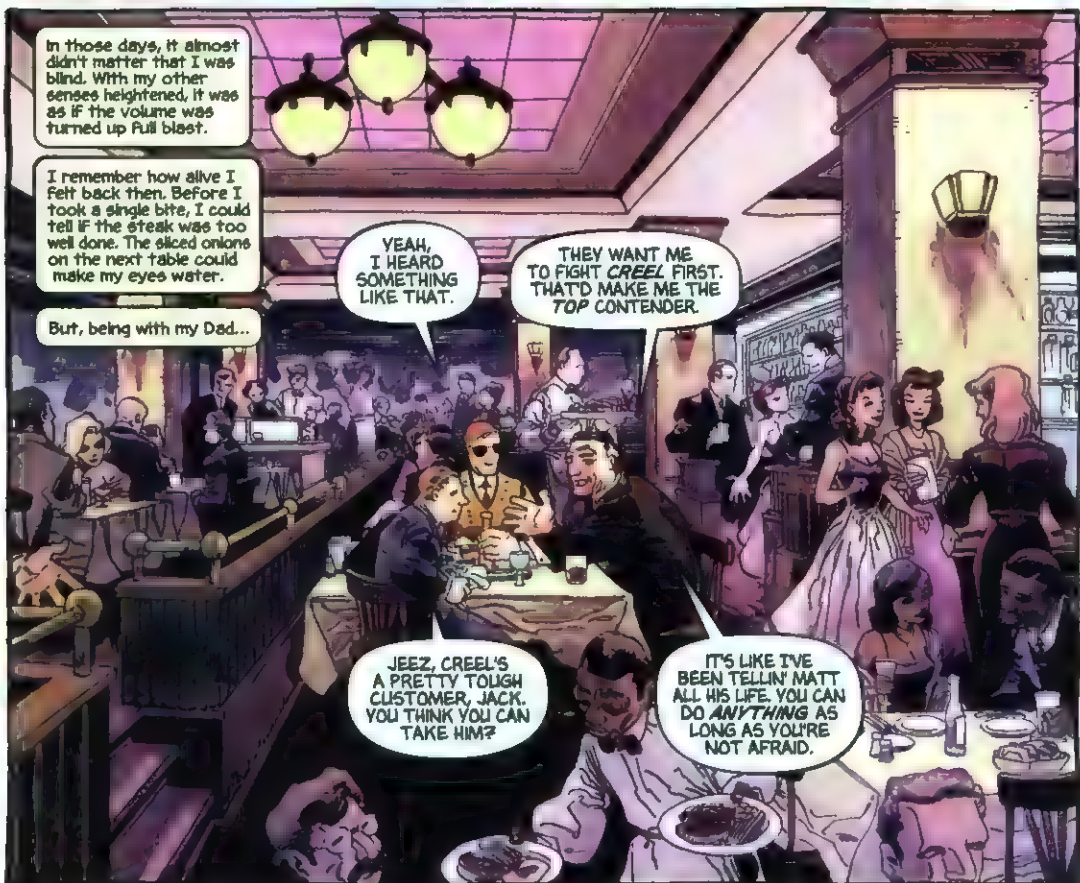
He wanted the world to know he was born "Battling Jack Murdock."

HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS TIE? MY LUCKY COLORS, Y'KNOW.

FOGGY, HOW'S THAT STEAK?

MATT, YOU KEEPIN' UP THE GRADES?

HEY, DID YOU HEAR? THEY'RE TALKIN' ABOUT GIVING ME A SHOT AT THE TITLE!



In those days, it almost didn't matter that I was blind. With my other senses heightened, it was as if the volume was turned up full blast.

I remember how alive I felt back then. Before I took a single bite, I could tell if the steak was too well done. The sliced onions on the next table could make my eyes water.

But, being with my Dad...

YEAH, I HEARD SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

THEY WANT ME TO FIGHT CREELE FIRST. THAT'D MAKE ME THE TOP CONTENDER.

JEEZ, CREELE'S A PRETTY TOUGH CUSTOMER, JACK. YOU THINK YOU CAN TAKE HIM?

IT'S LIKE I'VE BEEN TELLIN' MATT ALL HIS LIFE. YOU CAN DO ANYTHING AS LONG AS YOU'RE NOT AFRAID.



FOGGY, YOU'RE GONNA NEED SOME MORE KETCHUP FOR THE REST OF THOSE FRIES.

HEY, I KNOW BETTER THAN TO ARGUE WITH YOU, JACK!

...It was like his heart was pounding right inside of mine.

My Dad was a Southpaw. He fought lefty. In boxing, that's not a good thing. It throws you off balance.

I thought it threw his whole world off balance.

EEK!

OH, BOY.

POP!

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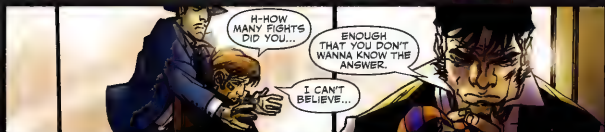
...SURE, **BATTLING** JACK MURDOCK, THAT'S ME...

Even from where I was sitting, I could smell Sweeney's cheap cigars on the money as my Dad offered to buy the women dinner...

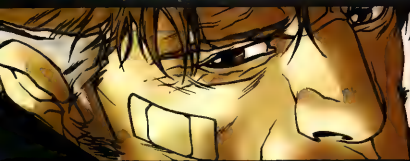
...SURE, **BATTLING** JACK MURDOCK, THAT'S ME...

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CENTRAL PARK. A
SPRING MORNING.

JACK MURDOCK
JOGS. A FIGHTER
HAS TO KEEP IN
SHAPE.

A FIGHTER... HE FEELS
LIKE A FIGHTER AGAIN

SIX VICTORIES IN A ROW.
SIX KNOCKOUTS. AT HIS
AGE, IT'S IMPOSSIBLE
BUT THERE IT IS --

--AND NOW
HE'S SET FOR
A BOUT AT
MADISON
SQUARE
GARDEN.



HE FEELS
YOUNG
AGAIN

LIFE IS
GOOD
AGAIN

AND BEST
OF ALL, HE
HASN'T GOT
TEN ORDERS
FROM THE
FIXER IN
MONTHS...



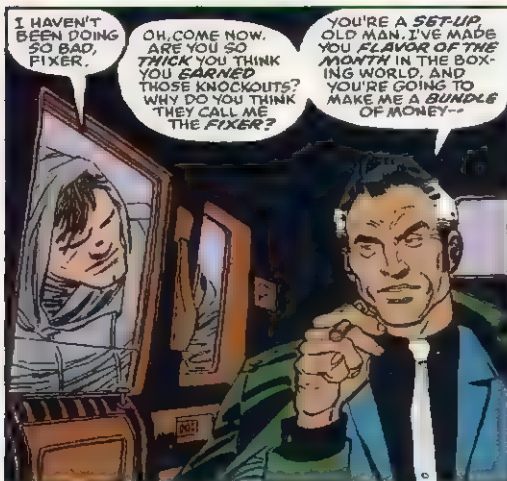
YOU'RE *PUSHING*
YOURSELF TOO
HARD, MURDOCK.
YOU'RE NOT A YOUNG
MAN ANYMORE



I HAVEN'T
BEEN DOING
SO BAD,
FIXER.

OH, COME NOW.
ARE YOU SO
THICK YOU THINK
YOU *EARNED*
THOSE KNOCKOUTS?
WHY DO YOU THINK
THEY CALL ME
THE *FIXER*?

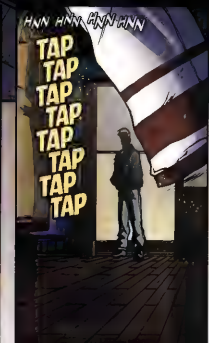
YOU'RE A *SET-UP*,
OLD MAN. I'VE MADE
YOU *FLAVOR OF THE*
MONTH IN THE BOX-
ING WORLD. AND
YOU'RE GOING TO
MAKE ME A *BUNDLE*
OF MONEY --



--WHEN YOU
THROW TO-
MORROW'S
FIGHT.

NO
ARGUMENTS,
MURDOCK.
THE USUAL
THREATS
APPLY.







WHAT
THE...



YOU'RE
NOT SUPPOSED
TO BE HERE,
MURDOCK...



FIXER TOLD
YOU TO STAY
AWAY FROM THE
GYM.

HE TOLD
ME TO THINK ABOUT
HIS OFFER. CAN'T
THINK NOWHERE BUT
THE GYM.



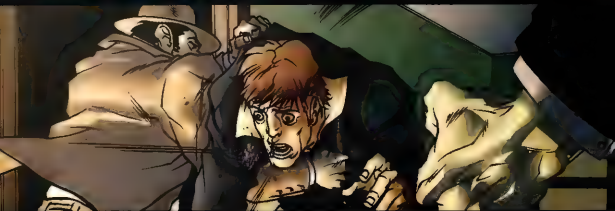
THAT'S TOO BAD, MURDOCK. 'CAUSE
YOU BEIN' HERE MAKES THE FIXER
NERVOUS. MAKES HIM THINK YOU
MIGHT NEED SOME...
CONVIN'.

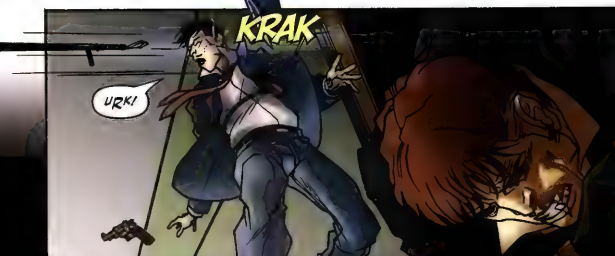
HEH.

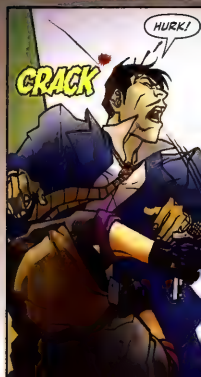


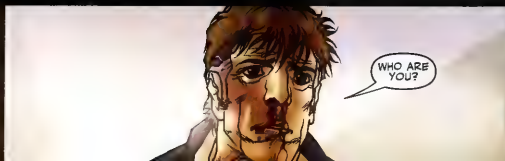
AND
LUCKY US,
WE GET TO
CONVINCE
YOU.

GET YOUR
HANDS UP.











THAT'S WHEN I KNEW I WAS GOING TO THROW THAT FIGHT. I WAS TOO OLD TO FIGHT OFF THOSE MEN THAT NIGHT...IF I WAS GONNA PROTECT MATT, I HAD TO BE SMART



THE BOY'S SO WEAK...HE CAN'T TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF...



EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE OKAY...

WE'RE ALL COUNTIN' ON YOU, JACK... WAY YOU LOOKED ON THE BAG TODAY, THAT BUM CREEL DON'T STAND A CHANCE.

Y-YEAH, SAL. THANKS.

DON'T GO FORGETTING US LITTLE PEOPLE WHEN YOU'RE CHAMP, EH?

WHAT DO YOU GOT THERE?

I DON'T KNOW. SOME GUY LEFT IT AFTER WE... SPARRED TOGETHER.

WAS HE A COP OR SOMETHIN'?

I DON'T THINK SO. IT LOOKS LIKE A BILLY CLUB, BUT THIS HANDLE IS MORE LIKE A--

--SWITCH?

SPRANG

WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?

IT ALMOST LOOKS LIKE--

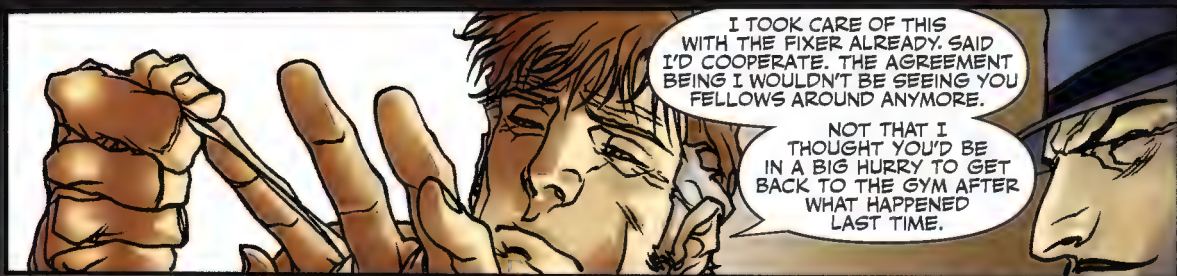
WE INTERRUPTING SOMETHING, MURDOCK?

'CUZ WE CAN COME BY YOUR HOUSE LATER, IF YOU WANT.

UH... GIVE ME A SECOND HERE, SAL.

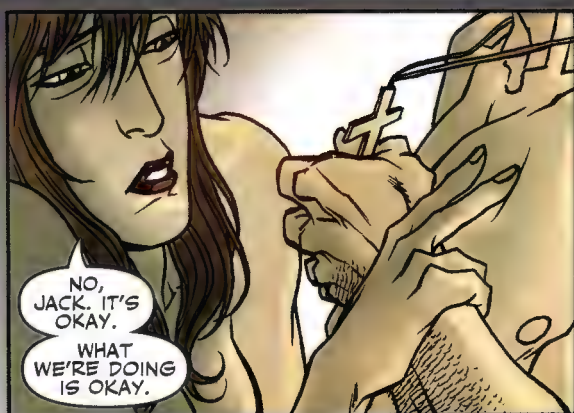
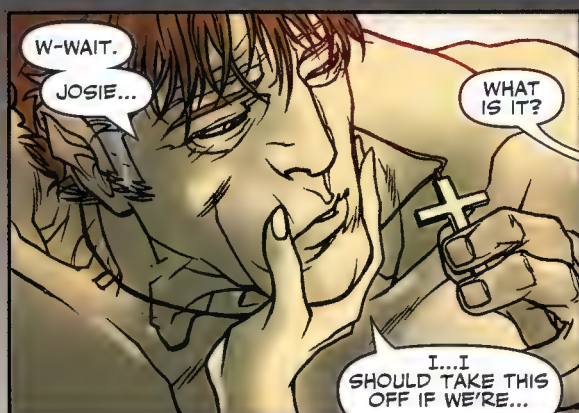
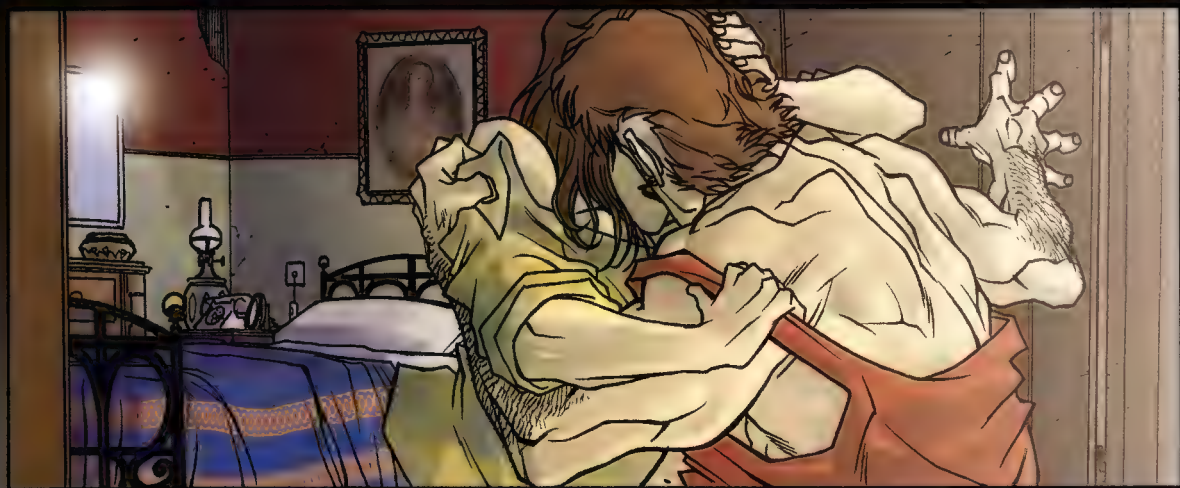
I GOT BUSINESS... YOU KNOW?

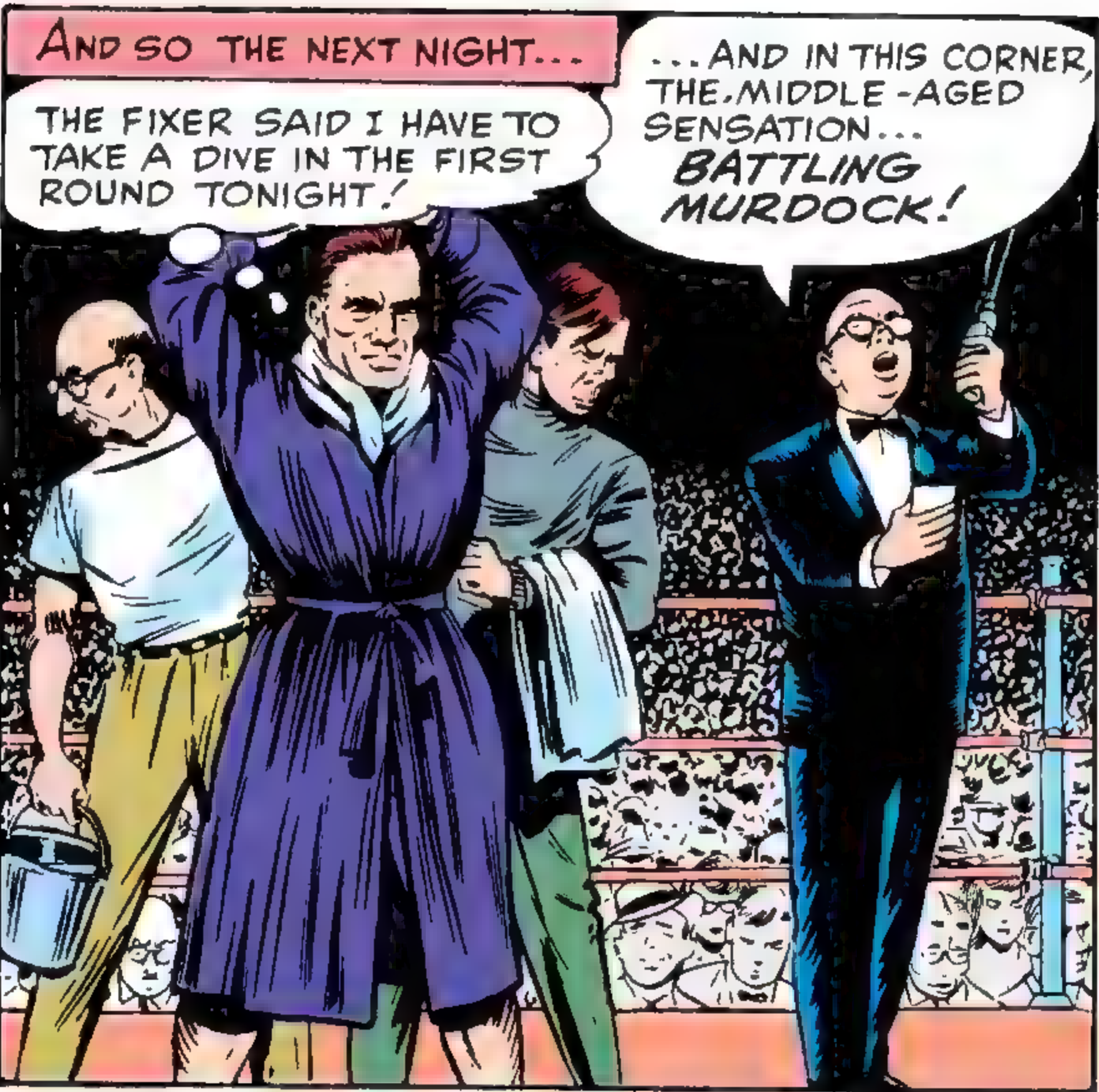
SURE THING, JACK. SURE THING.











ROUND 1

STORY BY
CARMINE DI
GIANDOMENICO
& ZEB WELLS

SCRIPT BY
ZEB WELLS

ART BY
CARMINE DI
GIANDOMENICO

LETTERS BY
ARTMONKEYS'
DAVE
LANPHEAR

COVER BY
CARMINE DI
GIANDOMENICO
& RICHARD
ISANOVE

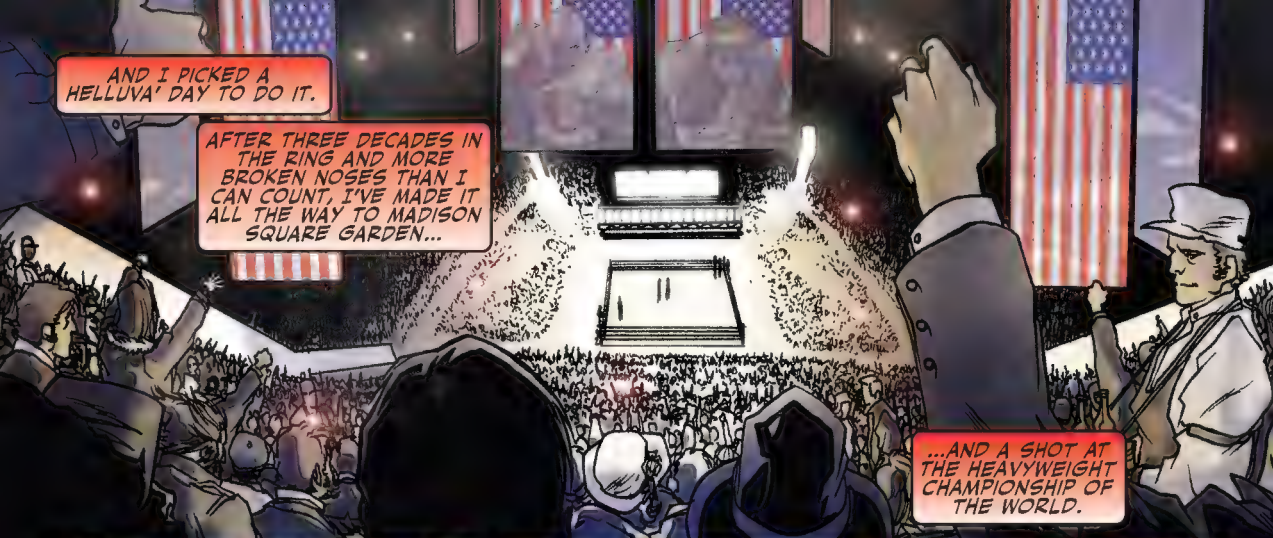
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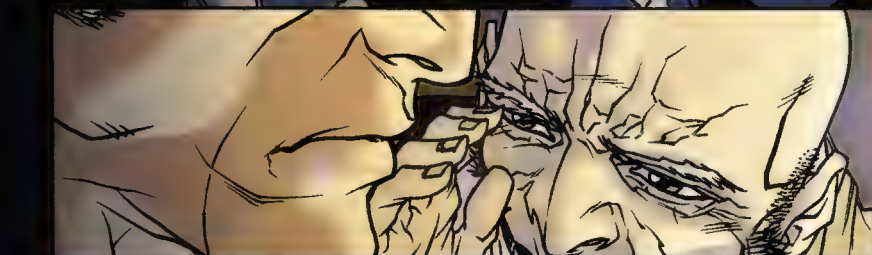
MY NAME IS
BATTLIN' JACK
MURDOCK, AND
I'M HERE TO
THROW A FIGHT.



AND I PICKED A
HELLUVA' DAY TO DO IT.

AFTER THREE DECADES IN
THE RING AND MORE
BROKEN NOSES THAN I
CAN COUNT, I'VE MADE IT
ALL THE WAY TO MADISON
SQUARE GARDEN...

...AND A SHOT AT
THE HEAVYWEIGHT
CHAMPIONSHIP OF
THE WORLD.



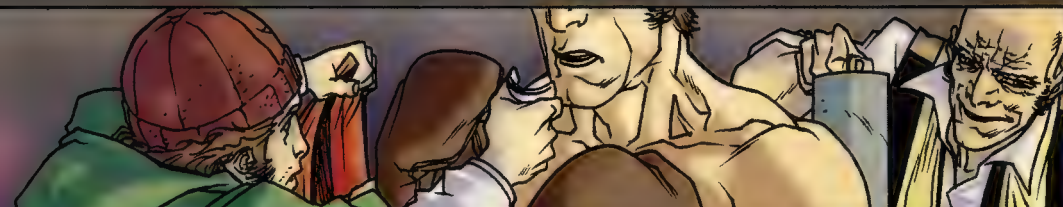
AND I FEEL GOOD.
I'M STRONG. I CAN
WIN THIS FIGHT.

BUT MY CUT MAN
SMILES AT ME
AND TELLS ME NOT
TO BE STRONG..
NOT TO BE STUPID.

AND I GOTTA
LISTEN, 'CUZ I
GOT A SON
WHO HAD AN
ACCIDENT.



I GOT A SON
THAT CAN'T
TAKE CARE
OF HIMSELF.

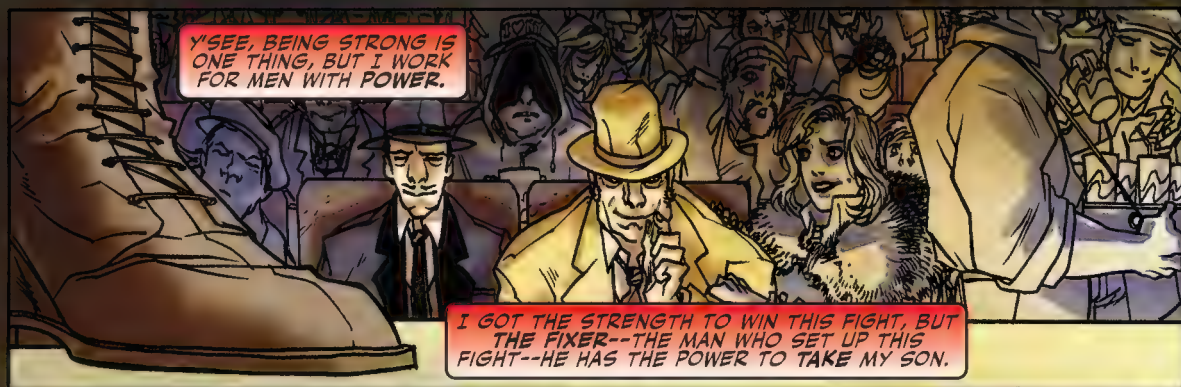


GOT A SON
THAT'S WEAK.



SO TONIGHT
I GOTTA BE
WEAK.

WEAK FOR
MY BOY.

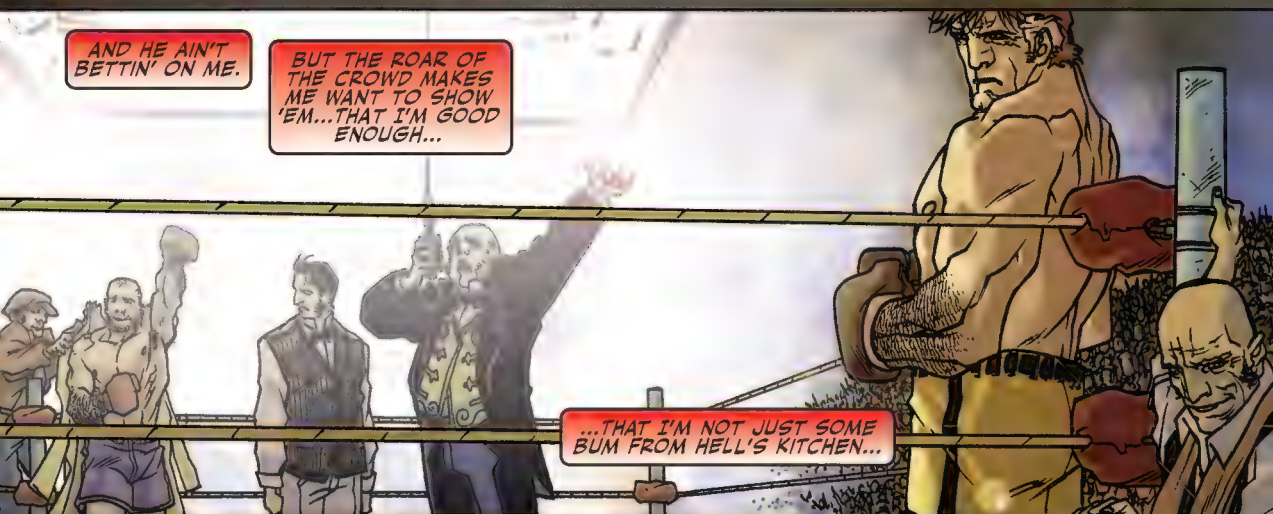


Y'SEE, BEING STRONG IS ONE THING, BUT I WORK FOR MEN WITH POWER.

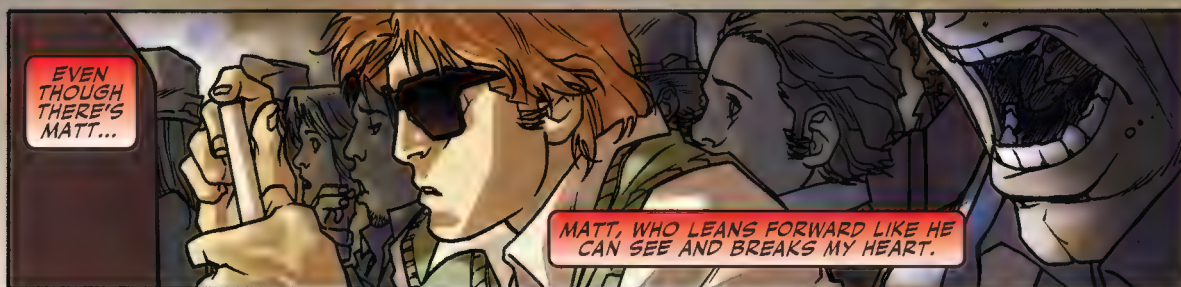
I GOT THE STRENGTH TO WIN THIS FIGHT, BUT THE FIXER--THE MAN WHO SET UP THIS FIGHT--HE HAS THE POWER TO TAKE MY SON.

AND HE AIN'T BETTIN' ON ME.

BUT THE ROAR OF THE CROWD MAKES ME WANT TO SHOW 'EM...THAT I'M GOOD ENOUGH...

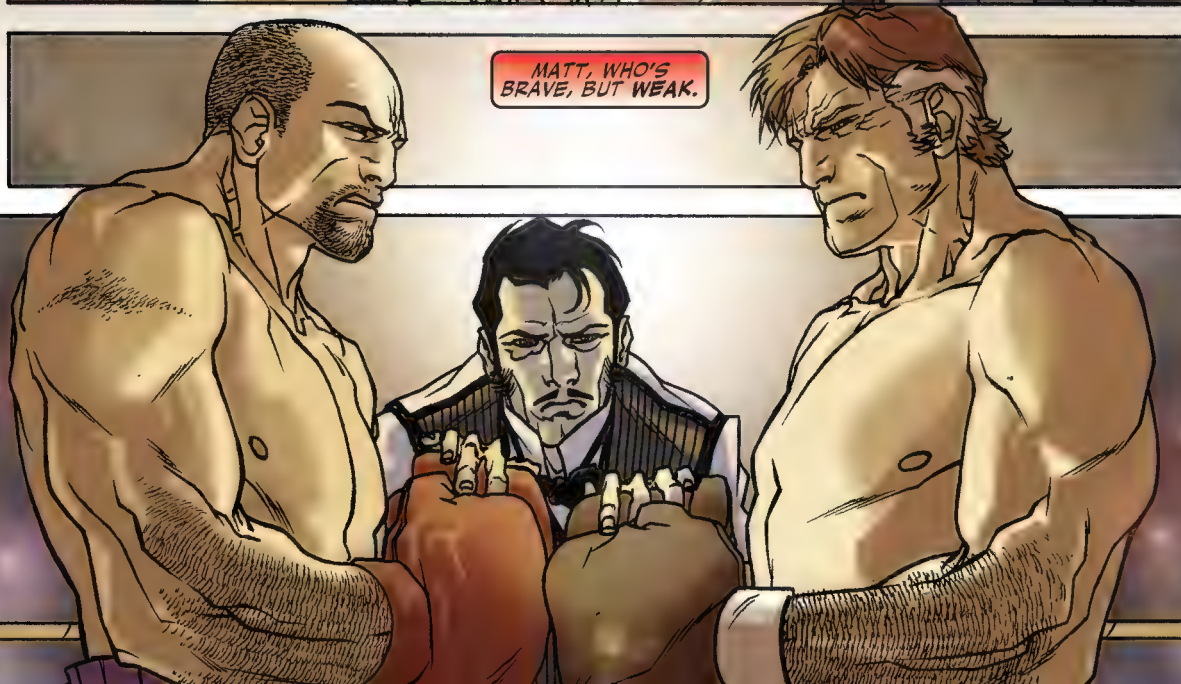


...THAT I'M NOT JUST SOME BUM FROM HELL'S KITCHEN...

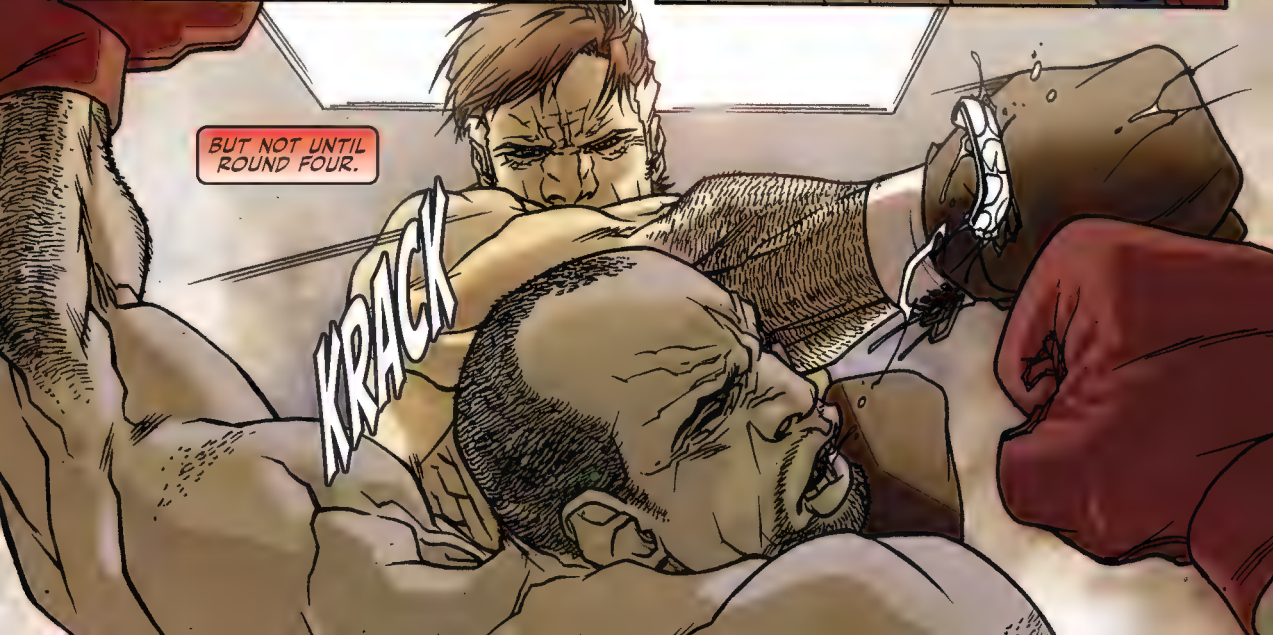
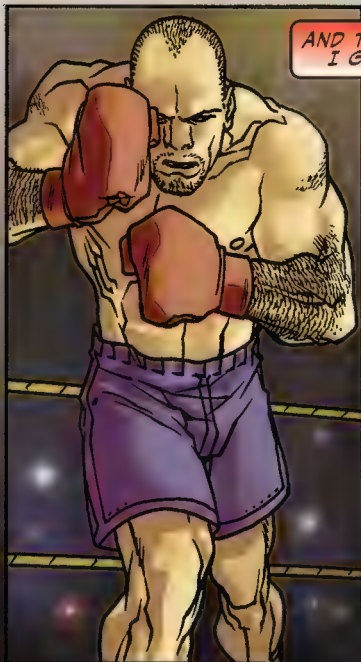
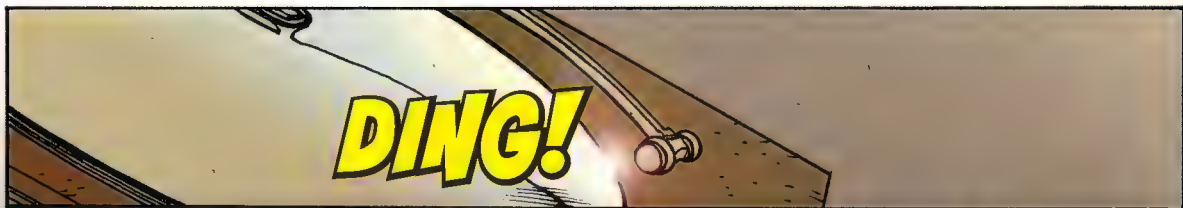


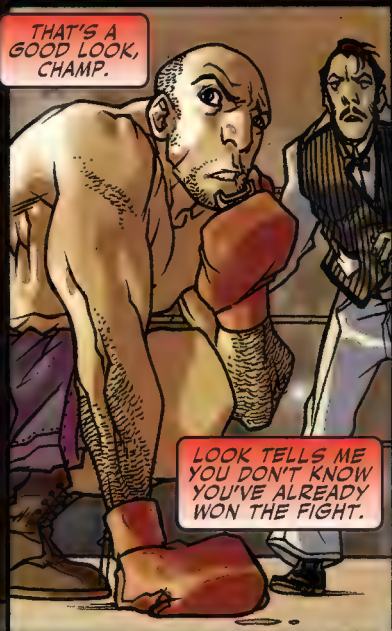
EVEN THOUGH THERE'S MATT...

MATT, WHO LEANS FORWARD LIKE HE CAN SEE AND BREAKS MY HEART.



MATT, WHO'S BRAVE, BUT WEAK.





THAT'S A
GOOD LOOK,
CHAMP.

LOOK TELLS ME
YOU DON'T KNOW
YOU'VE ALREADY
WON THE FIGHT.



IF YOU KNEW,
YOU'D BE SMILIN'
LIKE THE FIXER.



THE FIXER,
HE KNOWS
EVERYTHING.

TAUGHT ME
HOW THE
WORLD WORKS.



THAT'S WHY I
MAKE MATT STAY
INSIDE. I WANT
HIM TO LEARN
FROM BOOKS...

NOT FROM MEN
LIKE THE FIXER.



YOU GOTTA BE CAREFUL
WHO TEACHES YOU
ABOUT THE WORLD.

AIN'T NO FEELING
LIKE IT IN THE
WORLD. LOSING
SOMETHING YOU
THINK IS YOURS...

SOMETHING THAT
SHOULD BE YOURS.

NEVER WANTED
MATT TO FEEL
THAT. NEVER
WANTED HIM TO
KNOW WHAT WE
LOST WHEN
MAGGIE WALKED
OUT ON US.

SO I TOLD HIM
SHE WAS DEAD.
AFTER ALL, YOU
CAN'T LOSE WHAT
YOU NEVER HAD...

BUT THIS FIGHT...
I HAD THIS FIGHT.

BUT IF I TAKE IT,
THEY'LL GO AFTER
MATT...AND MATT
IS WEAK.

SO TONIGHT I
HAVE TO BE WEAK.

DING!



TONIGHT I HAVE TO GO
DOWN IN THE FOURTH.

AIN'T NO
FEELING LIKE IT
IN THE WORLD...

LOSING
SOMETHING THAT
SHOULD BE YOURS.

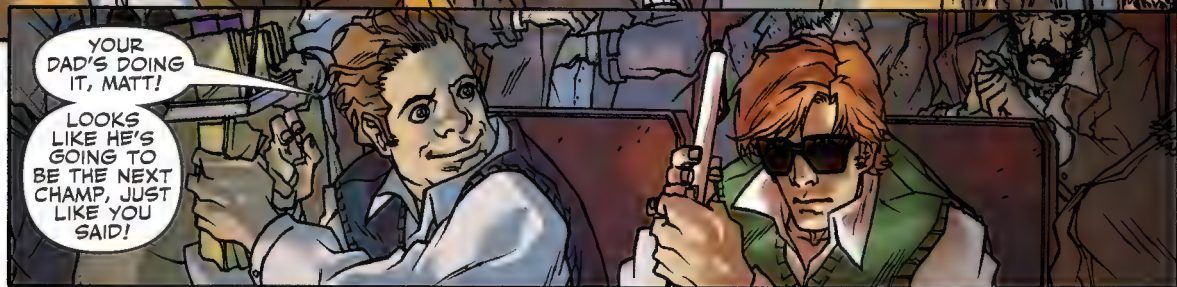


END ROUND ONE.



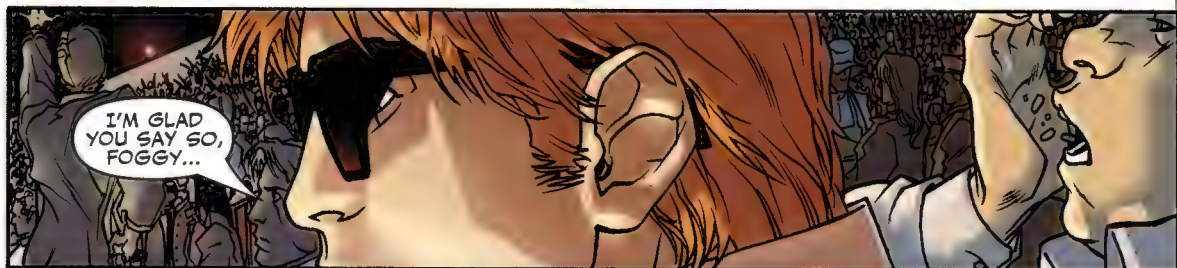
PEANUTS, GET
YOUR FRESH, HOT
PEANUTS!

HEY, RIGHT
HERE!

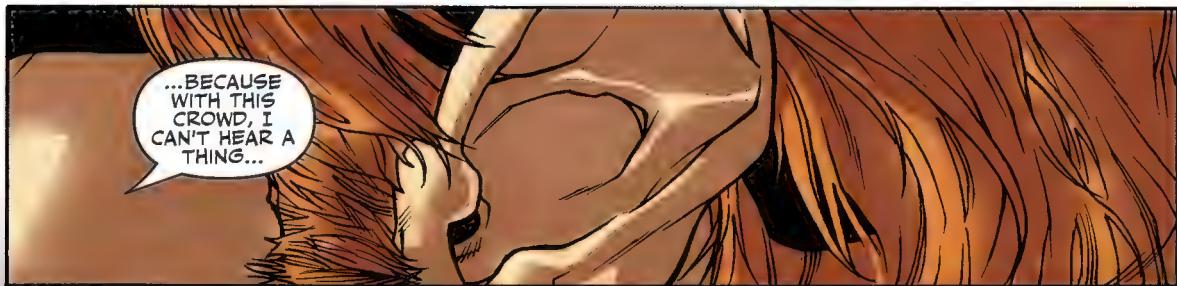


YOUR
DAD'S DOING
IT, MATT!

LOOKS
LIKE HE'S
GOING TO
BE THE NEXT
CHAMP, JUST
LIKE YOU
SAID!



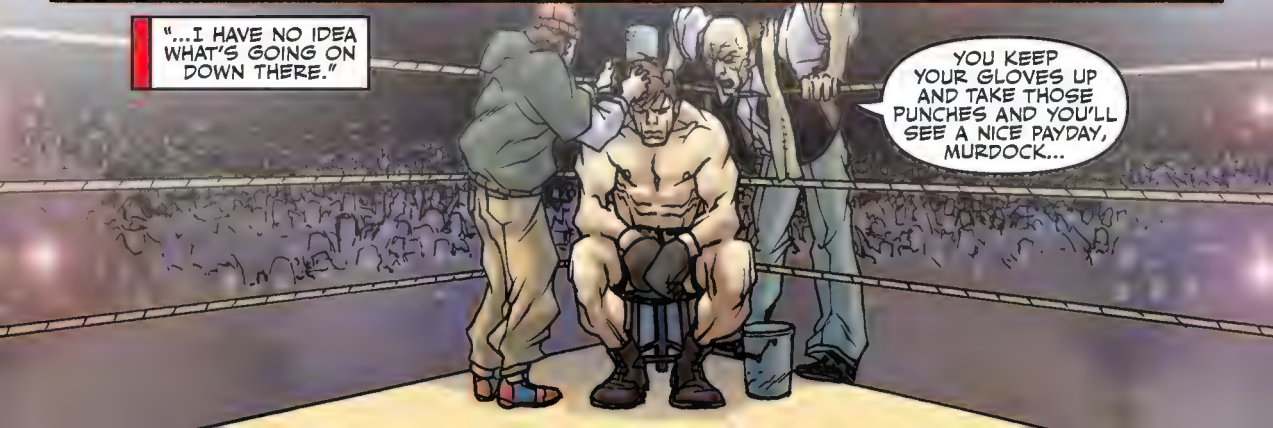
I'M GLAD
YOU SAY SO,
FOGGY...

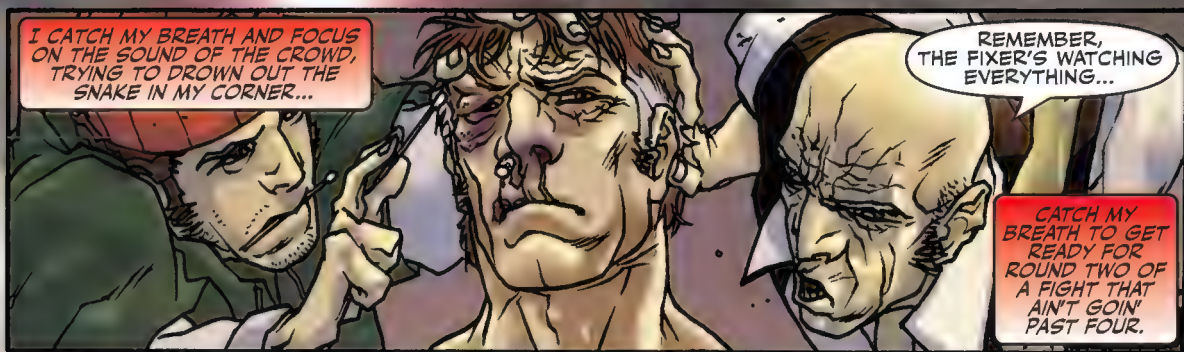


...BECAUSE
WITH THIS
CROWD, I
CAN'T HEAR A
THING...

"...I HAVE NO IDEA
WHAT'S GOING ON
DOWN THERE."

YOU KEEP
YOUR GLOVES UP
AND TAKE THOSE
PUNCHES AND YOU'LL
SEE A NICE PAYDAY,
MURDOCK...





I CATCH MY BREATH AND FOCUS ON THE SOUND OF THE CROWD, TRYING TO DROWN OUT THE SNAKE IN MY CORNER...

REMEMBER, THE FIXER'S WATCHING EVERYTHING...

CATCH MY BREATH TO GET READY FOR ROUND TWO OF A FIGHT THAT AIN'T GOIN' PAST FOUR.



I KNOW THIS BECAUSE IT'S MY JOB TO SEE THAT IT DOESN'T.

YOU LISTENIN' TO ME?

AND NOT BY KNOCKING THE OTHER GUY OUT.

ROUND 2

STORY BY CARMINE DI GIANDOMENICO & ZEB WELLS
SCRIPT BY ZEB WELLS ART BY CARMINE DI GIANDOMENICO

ASSISTANT EDITOR
ALEJANDRO ARBONA

EDITOR
WARREN SIMONS

LETTERS BY
ARTMONKEYS
DAVE LANPHEAR

EDITOR IN CHIEF
JOE QUESADA

COVER BY CARMINE DI GIANDOMENICO & RICHARD ISANOVE

PUBLISHER
DAN BUCKLEY



SO I GOT A PROBLEM I CAN'T SOLVE BY HITTIN' SOMETHING...

DING!

AND THAT'S THE THING...

I NEVER BEEN GOOD WITH PROBLEMS YOU CAN'T HIT...

IT'S SCARY HOW
WORKED UP I
GET WHEN I
THINK ABOUT IT.

MAKES IT HARD TO
THINK STRAIGHT.

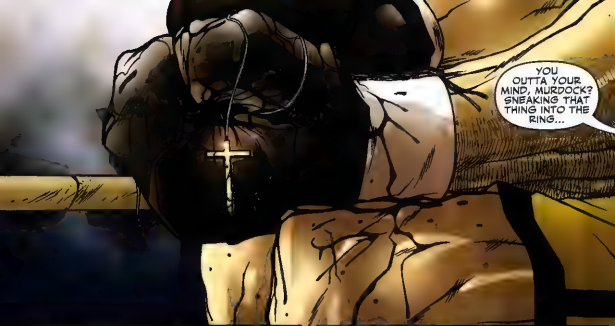
HARD TO
REMEMBER THIS IS
A FIGHT I LOSE.

**DING!
DING!
DING!**

REMEMBER
THAT IT'S
MY TURN TO
BE WEAK.

CUZ THAT'S WHAT
I DESERVE.

END ROUND TWO.



YOU
OUTTA YOUR
MIND, MURDOCK?
SNEAKING THAT
THING INTO THE
RING...

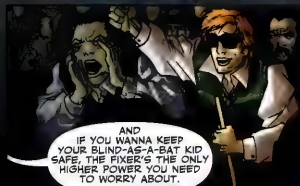


...YOU AIN'T
TRYIN' TA GET
DISQUALIFIED,
ARE YA?

NO.



WELL,
I HOPE YOU
AIN'T ASKIN' THE
HOLY MOTHER FOR
ADVICE. HAVE A
FEELING HER AND
THE FIXER MIGHT
NOT SEE EYE-
TO-EYE.



AND
IF YOU WANNA KEEP
YOUR BLIND-AS-A-BAT KID
SAFE, THE FIXER'S THE ONLY
HIGHER POWER YOU NEED
TO WORRY ABOUT.



SO TAP-DANCE
THROUGH THE
THIRD.

GO
DOWN IN THE
FOURTH.



DING!



AND I'LL GIVE
THE HOLY MOTHER
YOUR REGARDS.



ROUND 3

STORY BY CARMINE DI GIANDOMENICO & ZEB WELLS

SCRIPT BY ART BY CARMINE
ZEB WELLS DI GIANDOMENICO

LETTERS BY
ARTMONKEYS' DAVE LANPHEAR

COVER BY CARMINE
DI GIANDOMENICO
& RICHARD ISANOVE

ASSISTANT EDITOR
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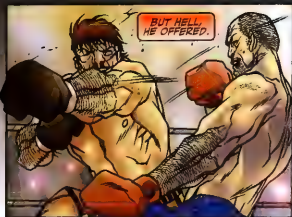
PUBLISHER
DAN BUCKLEY

CRUSHER COMES IN COCKY...
ARMS DOWN, PRACTICALLY
OFFERING ME HIS CHIN...

TIMES LIKE THESE
I WANT TO TAKE
MY SHOT... SEE IF
I GOT WHAT IT
TAKES TO PUT HIM
DOWN. I KNOW I
SHOULDN'T...



BUT HELL,
HE OFFERED.



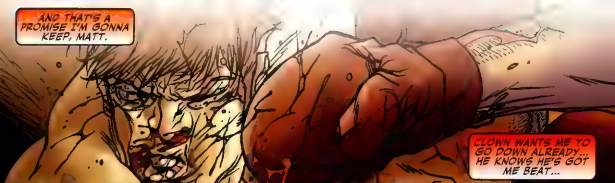
STUPID... HE WAS LURING
ME INTO A TRAP...



...AND I FELL FOR IT
LIKE AN AMATEUR...



BUT THAT'S LIFE. JUST
'CUZ SOMEONE OFFERS
SOMETHIN' DOESN'T MEAN
YOU SHOULD TAKE IT.



AND THAT'S A
PROMISE I'M GONNA
KEEP, MATT.



CLOWN WANTS ME TO
GO DOWN ALREADY...
HE KNOWS HE'S GOT
ME BEAT...

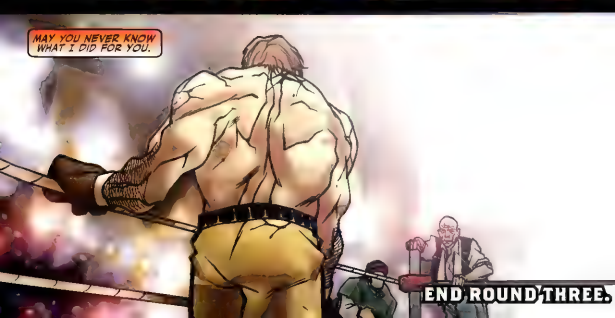


I'LL COME
HURY IN MY ARMS
AND WILL IT TO
MY KNEES.



I DO IT FOR
YOU, MATT.

DING!



MAY YOU NEVER KNOW
WHAT I DID FOR YOU.

END ROUND THREE.



MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, THE NEXT NIGHT.

ROUND FOUR

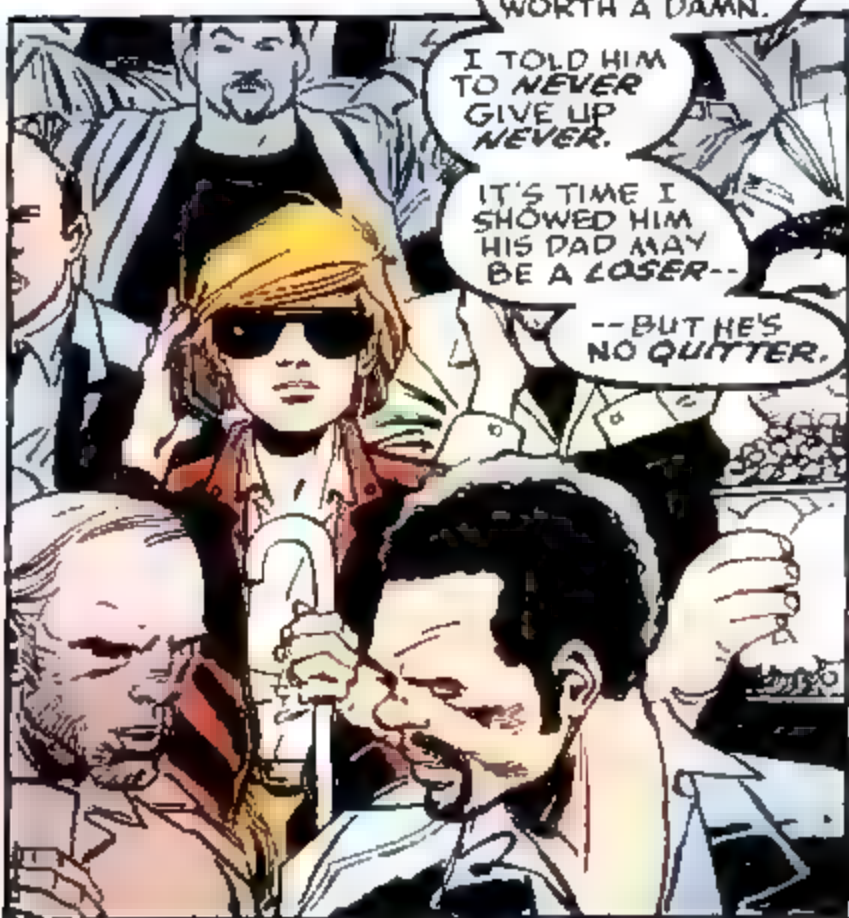
THIS IS IT, MURDOCK. JUST GIVE HIM AN OPENING AND FALL DOWN LIKE YOU SHOULD. THINK ABOUT THAT *BOY* OF YOURS.



THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M THINKING ABOUT, YOU *BUM*.

I'M THINKING MY *BOY* IS OUT THERE-- IN THE AUDIENCE--

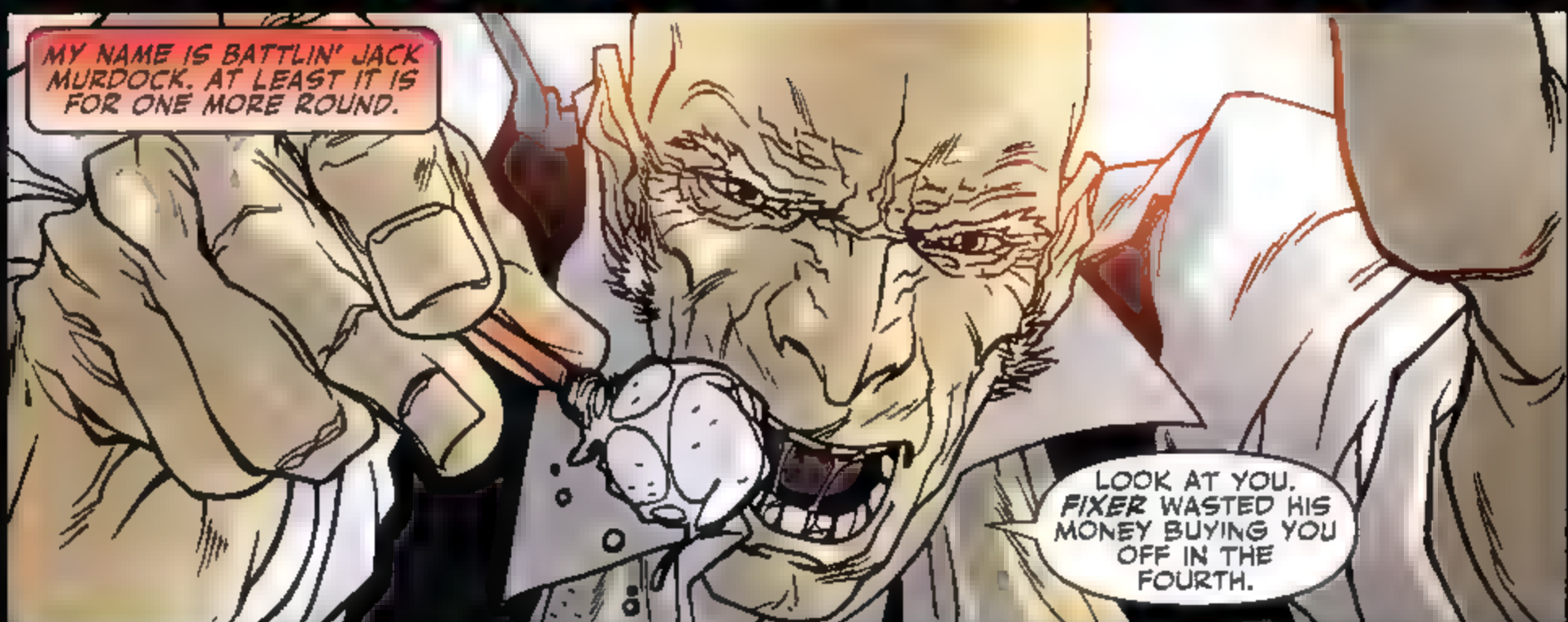
--AND I'M THINKING ABOUT HOW I TOLD HIM ONE THING WORTH A DAMN.



I TOLD HIM TO NEVER GIVE UP NEVER.

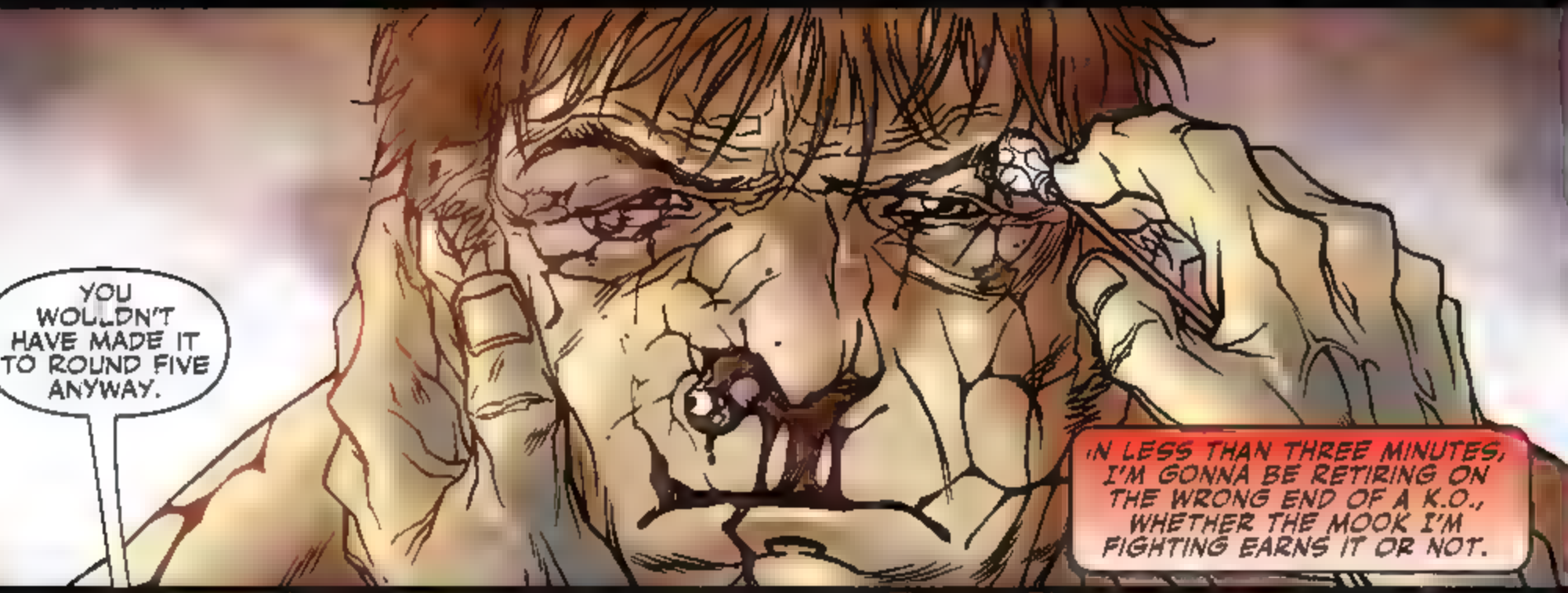
IT'S TIME I SHOWED HIM HIS DAD MAY BE A LOSER--

--BUT HE'S NO QUITTER.



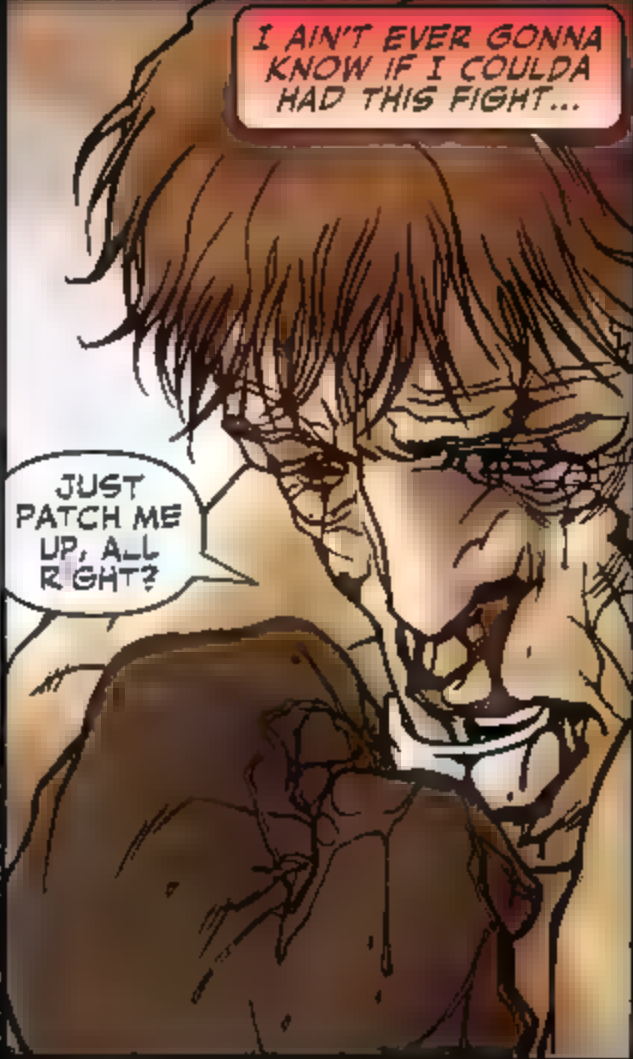
MY NAME IS BATTLIN' JACK MURDOCK. AT LEAST IT IS FOR ONE MORE ROUND.

LOOK AT YOU. FIXER WASTED HIS MONEY BUYING YOU OFF IN THE FOURTH.



YOU WOULDN'T HAVE MADE IT TO ROUND FIVE ANYWAY.

IN LESS THAN THREE MINUTES, I'M GONNA BE RETIRING ON THE WRONG END OF A K.O., WHETHER THE MOOK I'M FIGHTING EARNS IT OR NOT.



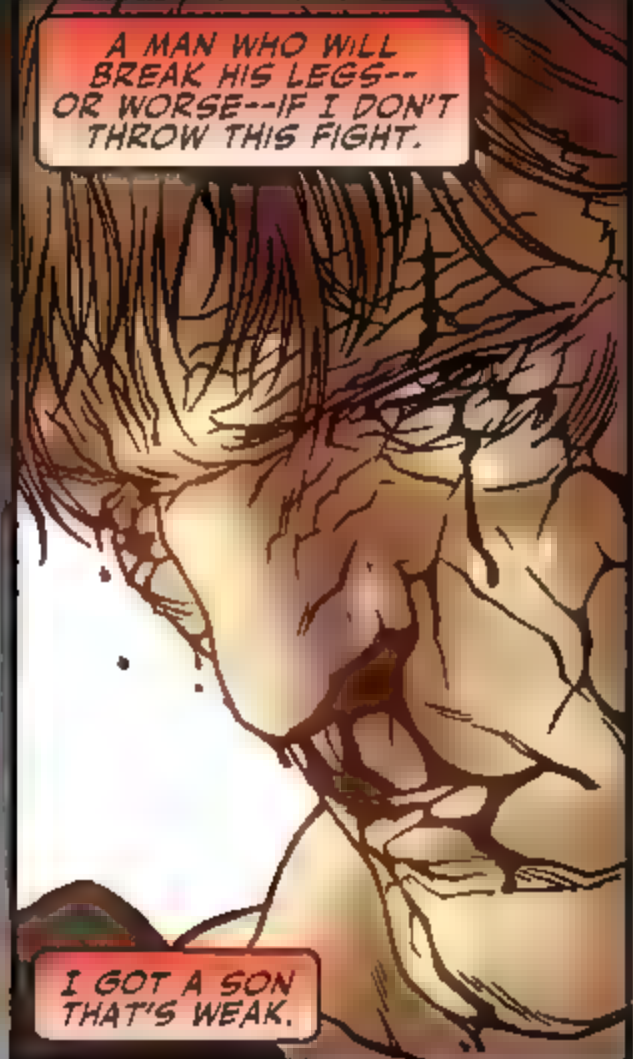
I AIN'T EVER GONNA KNOW IF I COULDA HAD THIS FIGHT...

JUST PATCH ME UP, ALL RIGHT?



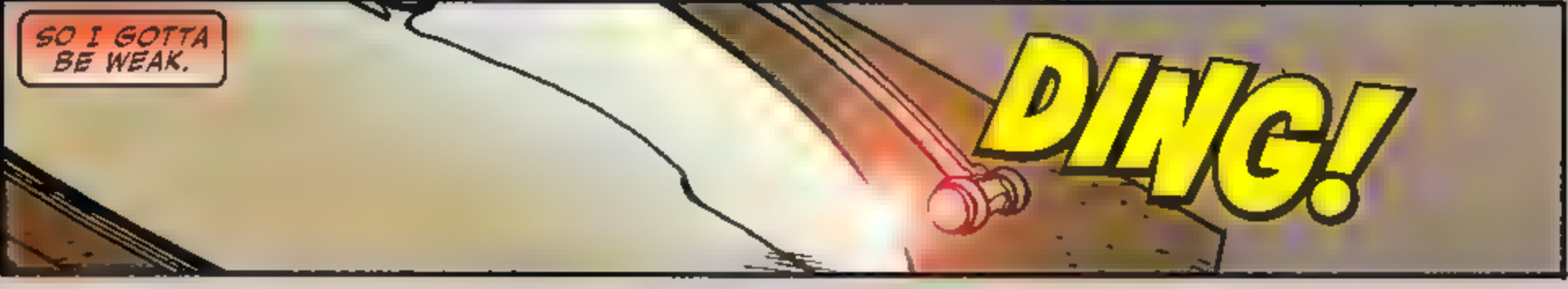
...CUZ I GOT A SON WHO CAN'T SEE.

WHO AIN'T EVER GONNA BE ABLE TO PROTECT HIMSELF FROM MEN LIKE THE FIXER.



A MAN WHO WILL BREAK HIS LEGS-- OR WORSE--IF I DON'T THROW THIS FIGHT.

I GOT A SON THAT'S WEAK.



SO I GOTTA BE WEAK.

DING!

ROUND 4

STORY BY CARMINE DI
GIANDOMENICO & ZED WELLS

SCRIPT BY ART BY CARMINE
ZED WELLS DI GIANDOMENICO

LETTERING BY
ARTMONKEYS
STUDIOS

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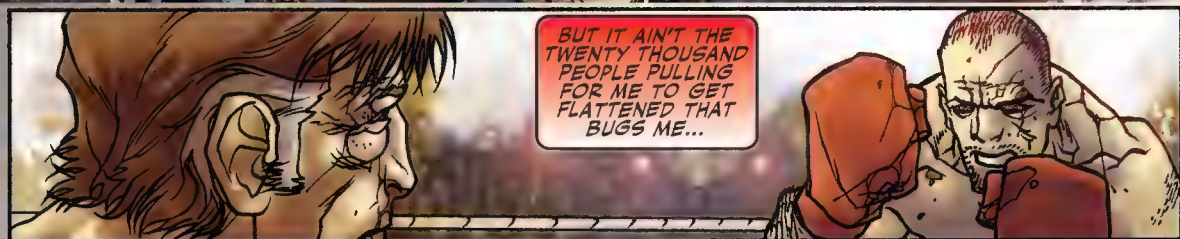
EDITOR
WARREN SIMONS

EDITOR IN CHIEF
JOE QUESADA

PUBLISHER
DAN BUCKLEY

I STUMBLE TOWARD CREEL
AND THE CROWD CHEERS,
SMELLING BLOOD.

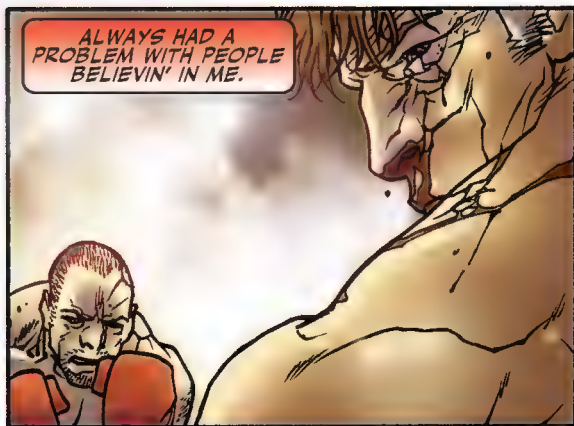
MY DEAD ARMS START TO
TINGLE, BEGGING FOR A CHANCE
TO PROVE THEM WRONG.



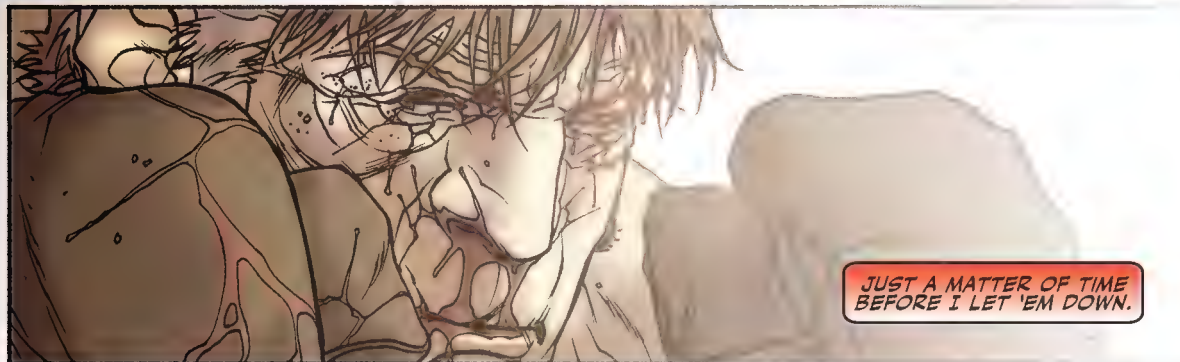
BUT IT AIN'T THE
TWENTY THOUSAND
PEOPLE PULLING
FOR ME TO GET
FLATTENED THAT
BUGS ME...



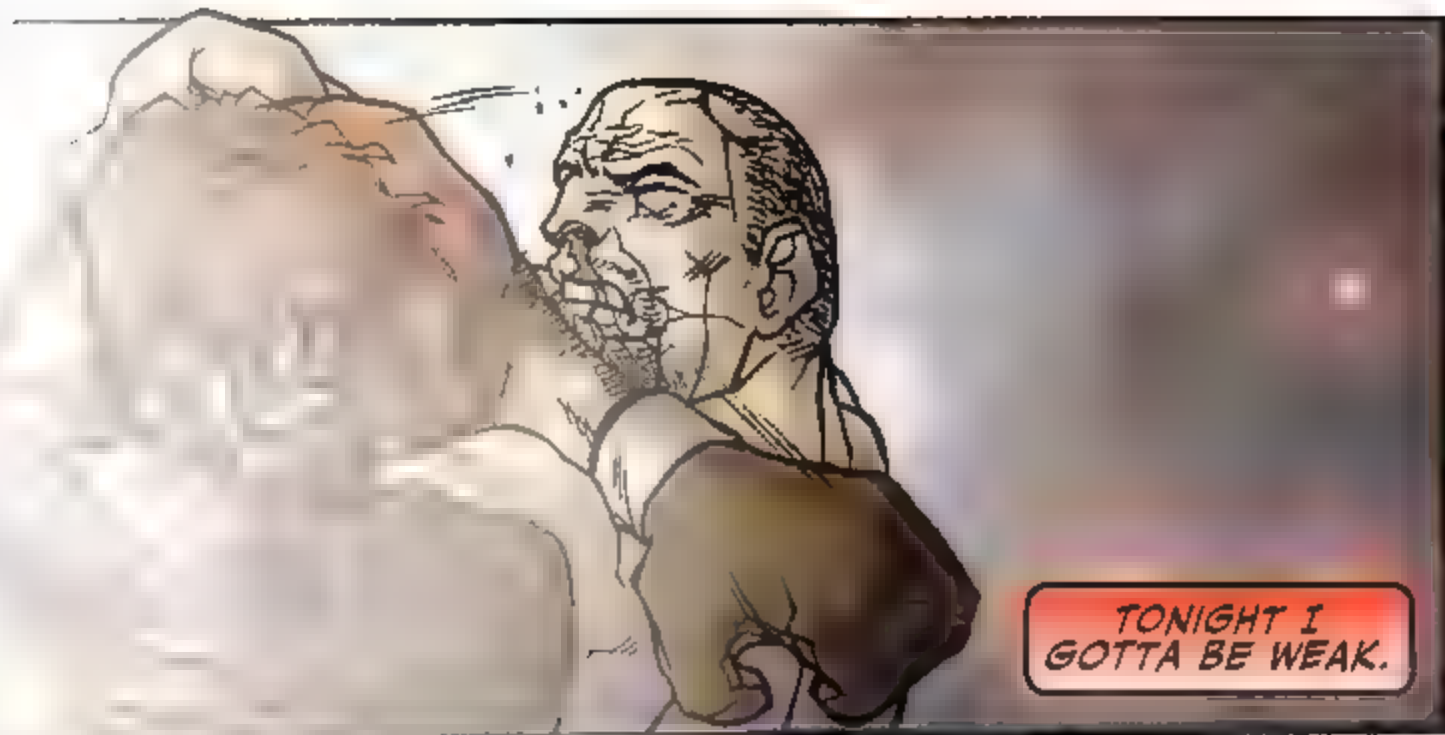
IT'S THE KID WHO THINKS
I'M GONNA WIN IT.



ALWAYS HAD A
PROBLEM WITH PEOPLE
BELIEVIN' IN ME.

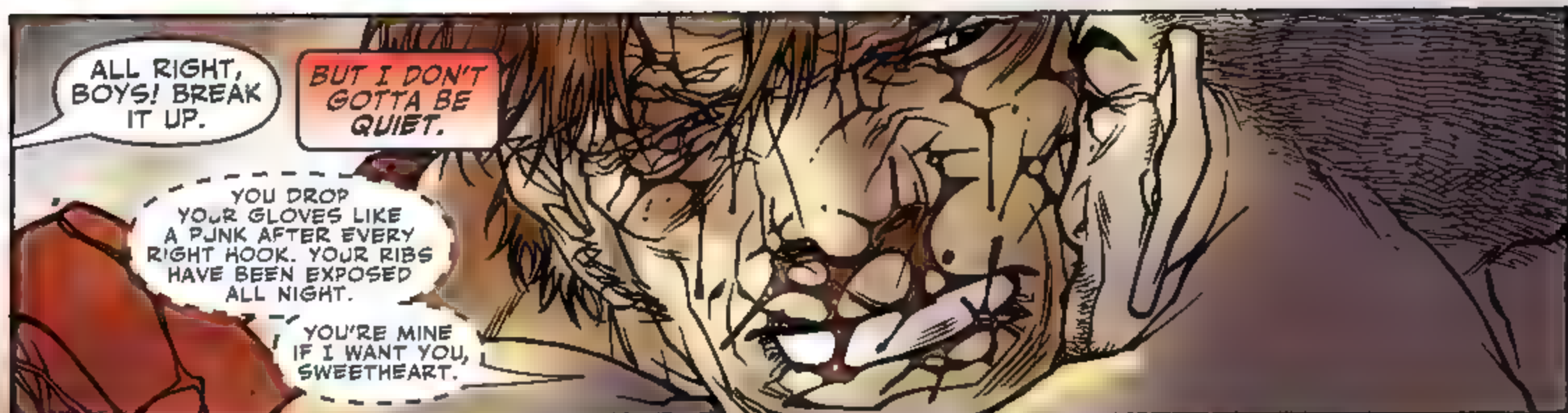


JUST A MATTER OF TIME
BEFORE I LET 'EM DOWN.



BUT I MADE HER
PROMISE TO STAY AWAY
FROM THE FIGHT. HER
JACK MURDOCK AIN'T
FIGHTIN' TONIGHT.

TONIGHT I
GOTTA BE WEAK.

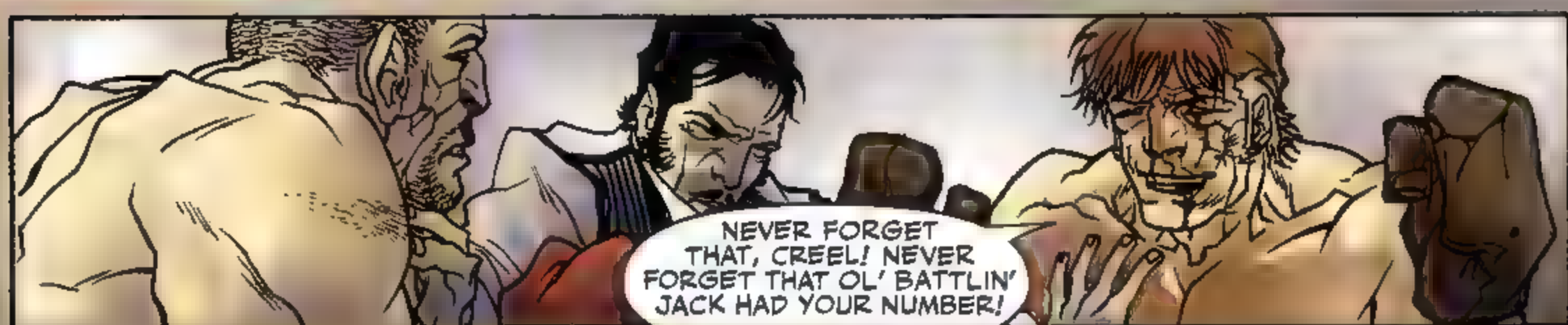


ALL RIGHT,
BOYS! BREAK
IT UP.

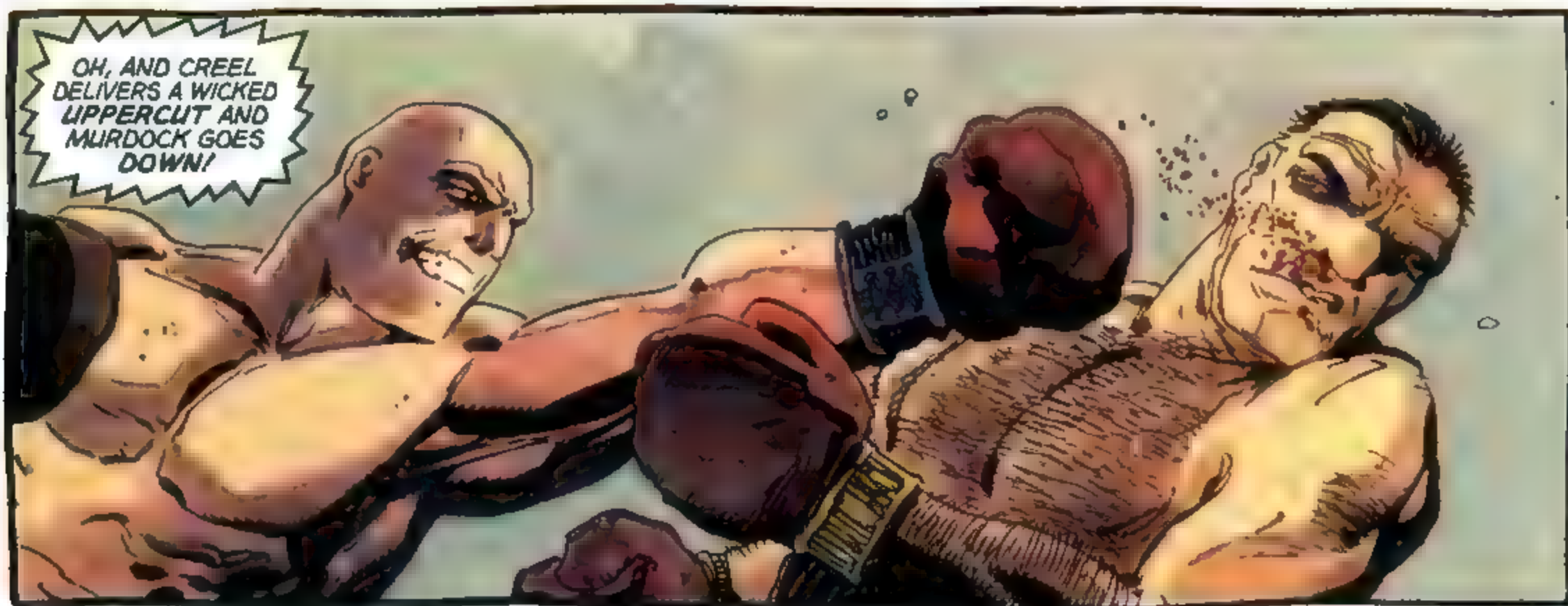
BUT I DON'T
GOTTA BE
QUIET.

YOU DROP
YOUR GLOVES LIKE
A PUNK AFTER EVERY
RIGHT HOOK. YOUR RIBS
HAVE BEEN EXPOSED
ALL NIGHT.

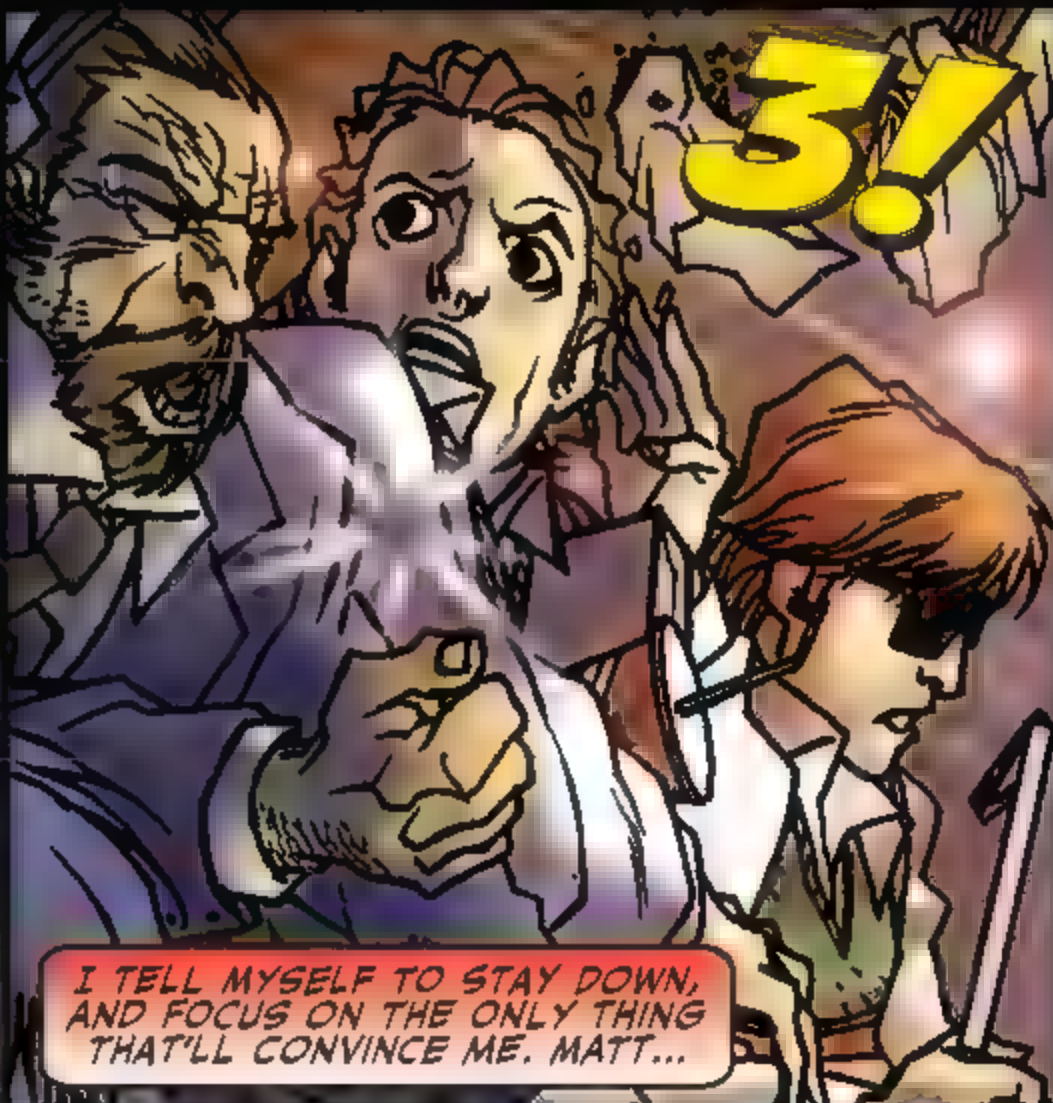
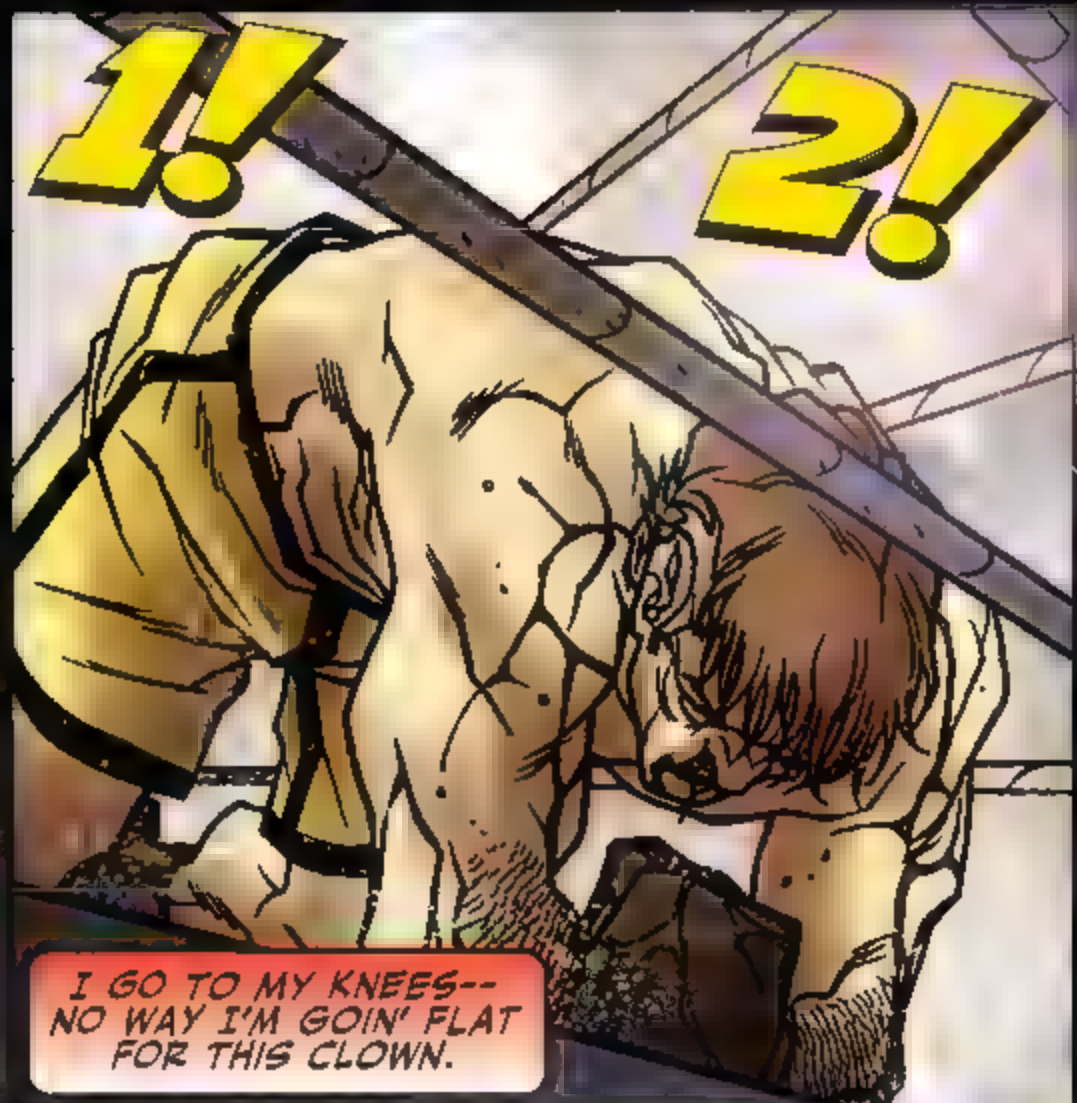
YOU'RE MINE
IF I WANT YOU,
SWEETHEART.



NEVER FORGET
THAT, CREEL! NEVER
FORGET THAT OL' BATTLIN'
JACK HAD YOUR NUMBER!



OH, AND CREEL
DELIVERS A WICKED
UPPERCUT AND
MURDOCK GOES
DOWN!



I GO TO MY KNEES--
NO WAY I'M GOIN' FLAT
FOR THIS CLOWN.

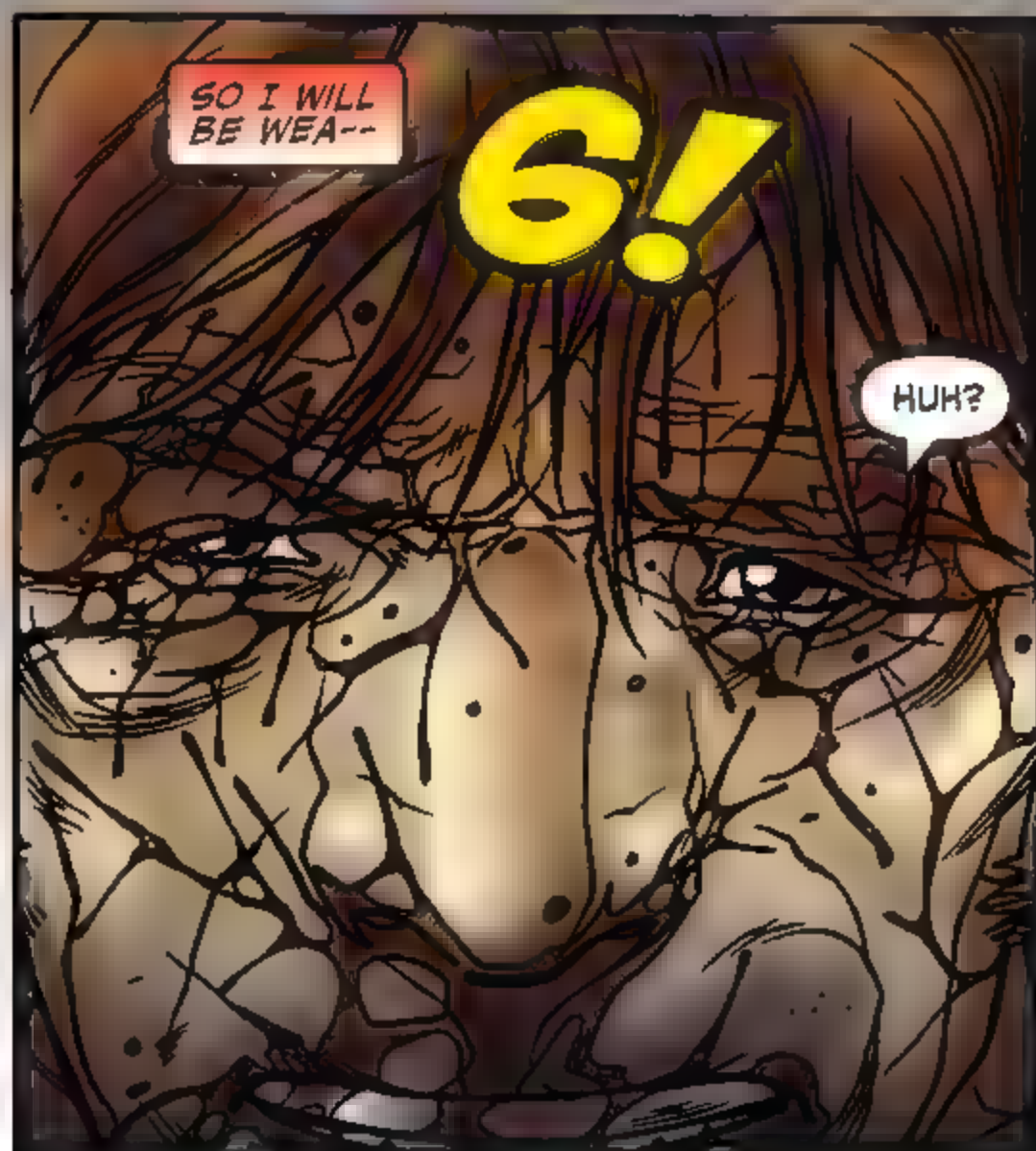
I TELL MYSELF TO STAY DOWN,
AND FOCUS ON THE ONLY THING
THAT'LL CONVINCE ME. MATT...



MY BOY, WHO I CAN'T
LEAVE TO THE FIXER'S MEN.
MY BOY WHO IS BLIND.



MY BOY WHO
IS WEAK.



SO I WILL
BE WEA--

HUH?



HOW DID MATT GET
A BLACK--MY GOD...

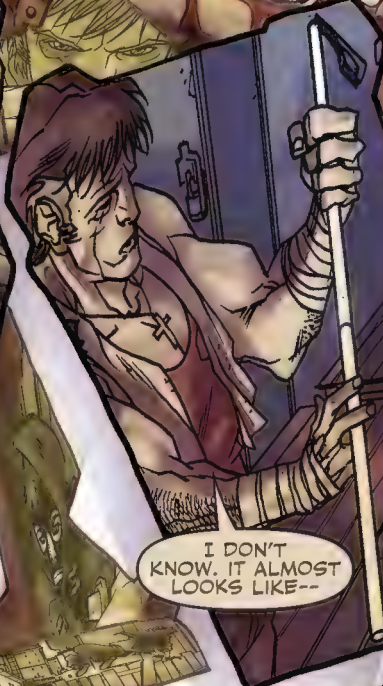


Foggy didn't know it then but...
I didn't need to have eyesight
to know my Dad was looking
right at me.

A chaotic comic book panel. In the center, a character's face is shown in a state of extreme agony, with a shattered, cracked appearance. To the right, another character is shown from the chest up, holding a long, thin stick or pole. The background is a mess of broken glass and debris. Two speech bubbles are present: one at the top left and one in the middle right.

H-HE GOT YOU
PRETTY GOOD. YOUR EYE'S
GONNA GO BLACK FROM
IT...COULD TELL BY THE
SOUND IT MADE...

I FIGURED IF
I'M GOING TO BE A
LAWYER, I'D NEED
A BIG STICK.

A character with a cross on their chest is shown from the waist up, holding a long stick. They are looking down at the stick. The character has a serious expression. The background is a dark, industrial setting with pipes and machinery.

I DON'T
KNOW. IT ALMOST
LOOKS LIKE--



Whatever deal
my Dad had made,
they didn't know
him like I did.



He might've thought of himself
as an "uneducated pug" --
but he lived by one rule.



MATT'S
WALKING
STICK.

HOW COULD I
BE SO BLIND?

SO TONIGHT, I
CAN BE STRONG.

YOU
OKAY?

YES.

YOU
SURE?

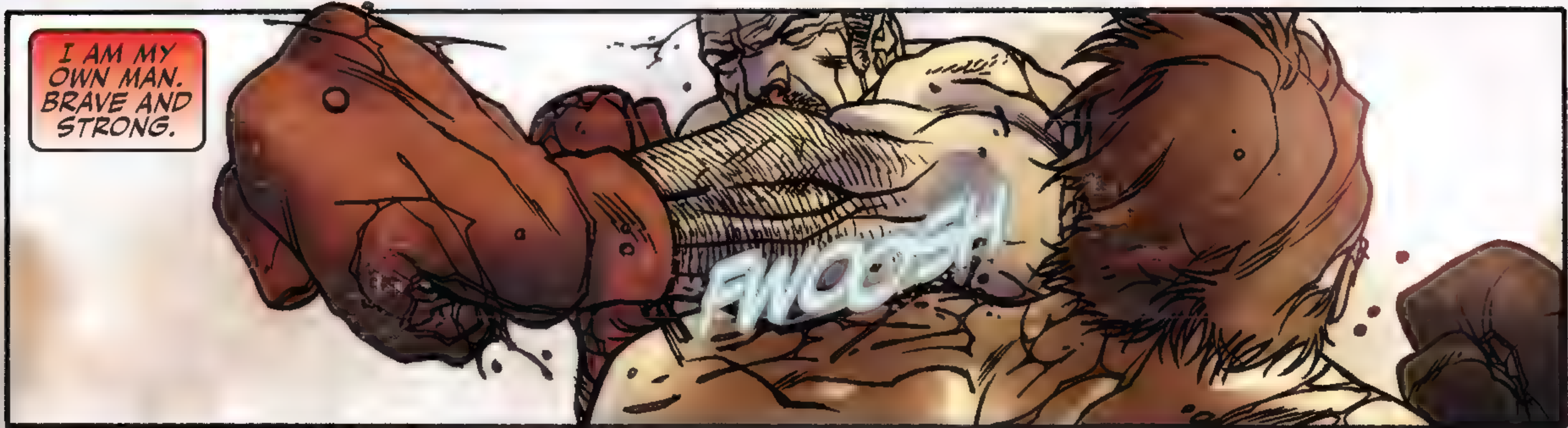
LET'S
DO THIS.

MY BOY
ISN'T WEAK.

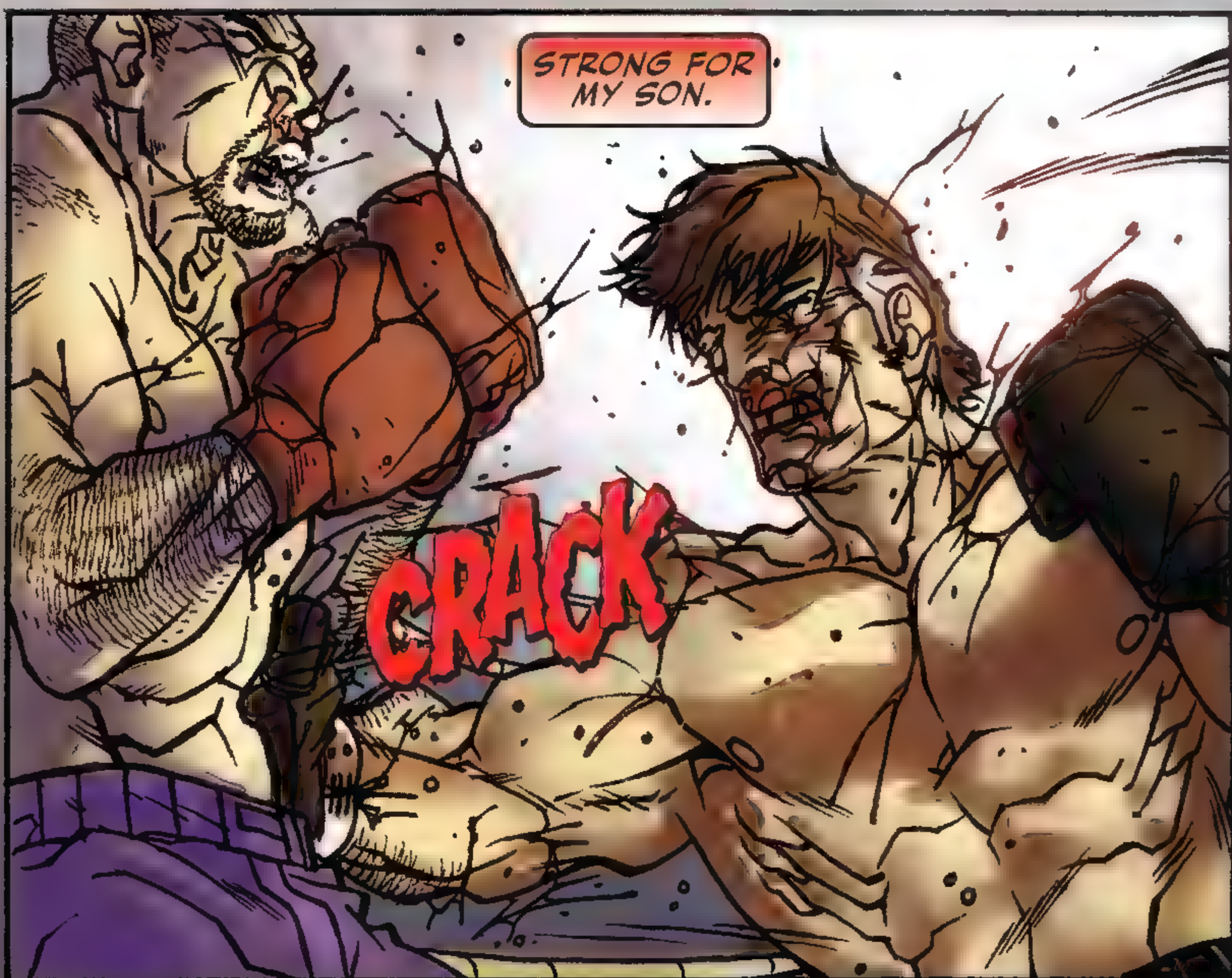
MY BOY IS
STRONG.

WHAT IS HE
DOING?!

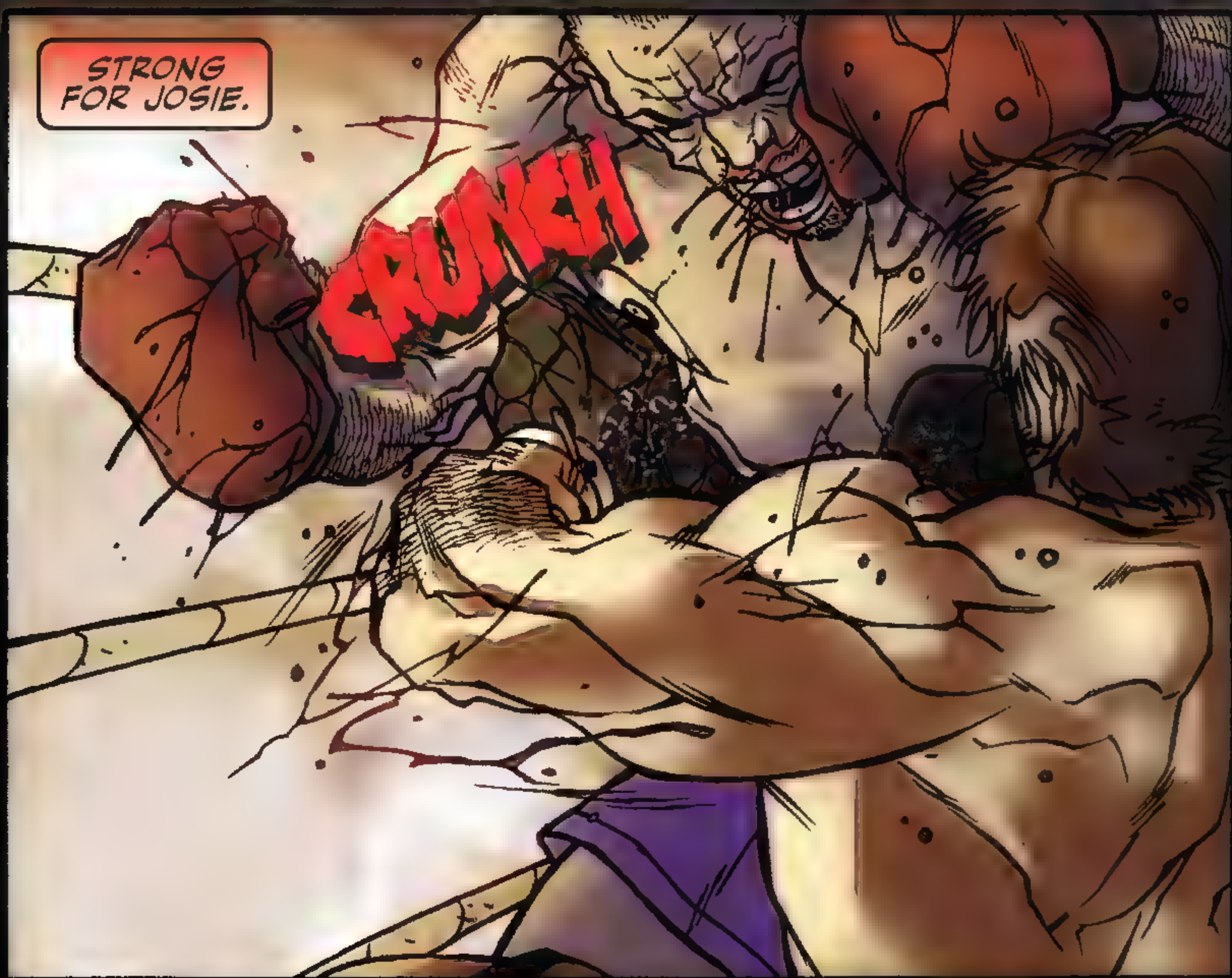
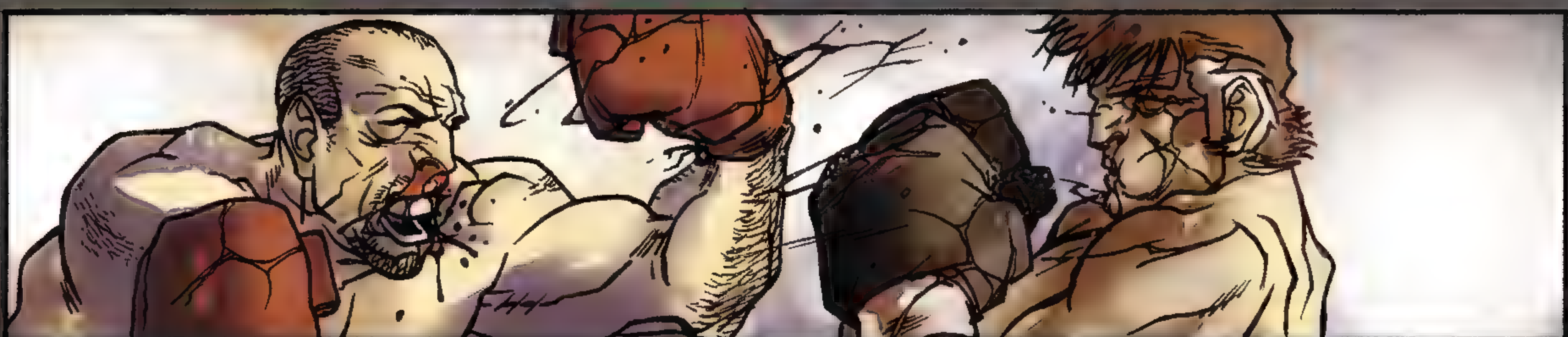
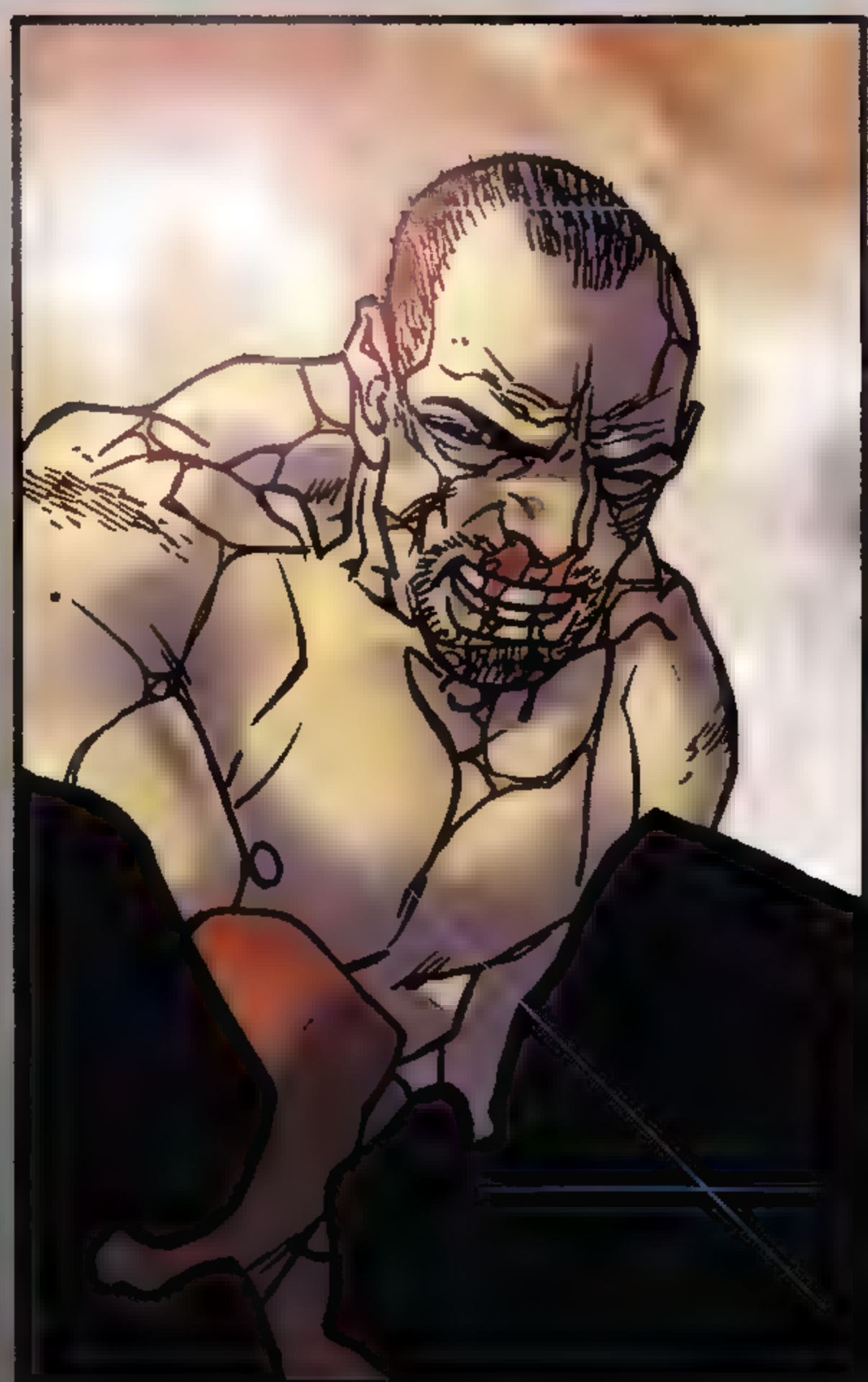
FIGHT!



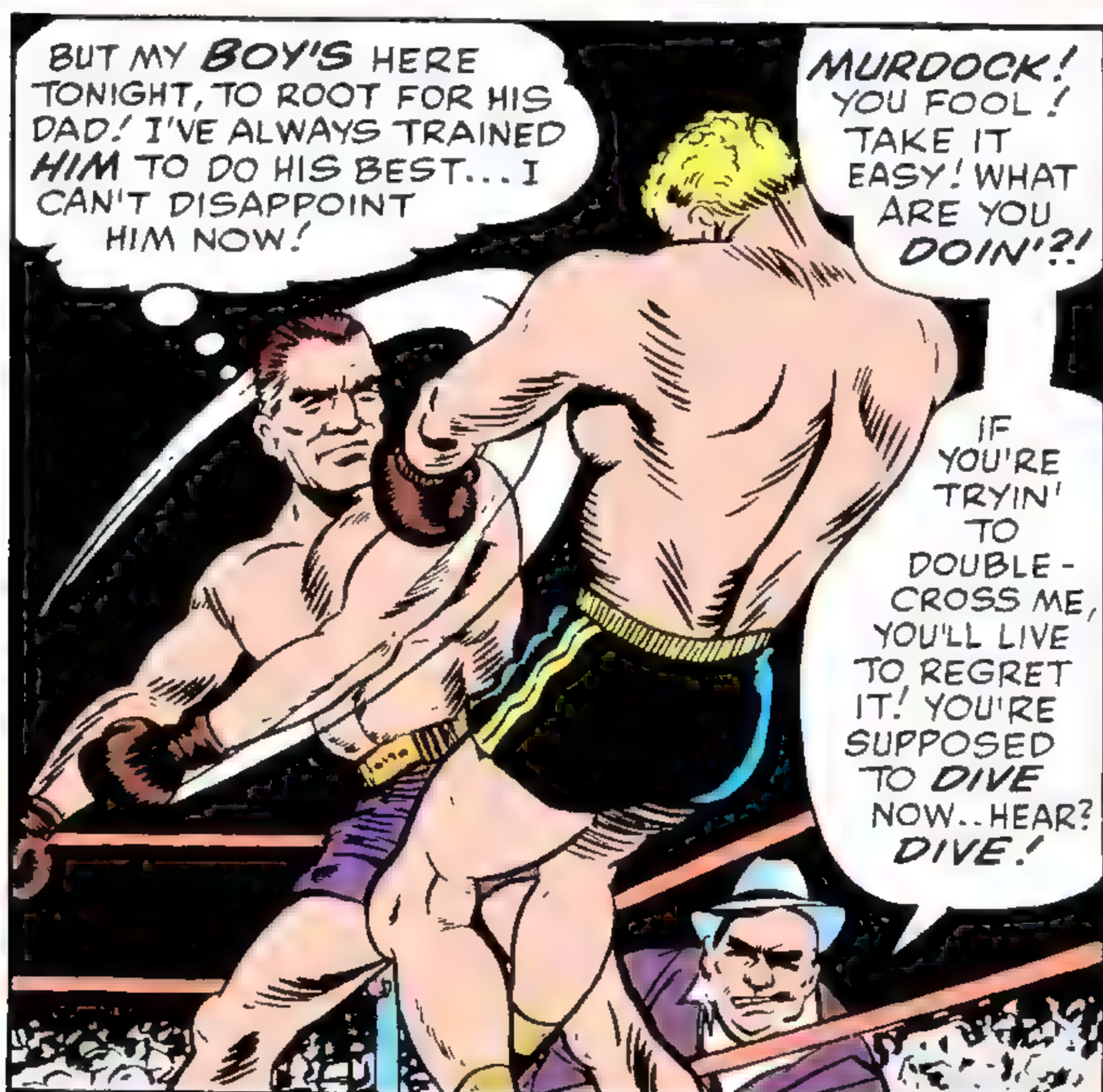
I AM MY OWN MAN. BRAVE AND STRONG.



STRONG FOR MY SON.



STRONG FOR JOSIE.



BUT MY **BOY'S** HERE TONIGHT, TO ROOT FOR HIS DAD! I'VE ALWAYS TRAINED **HIM** TO DO HIS BEST... I CAN'T DISAPPOINT HIM NOW!

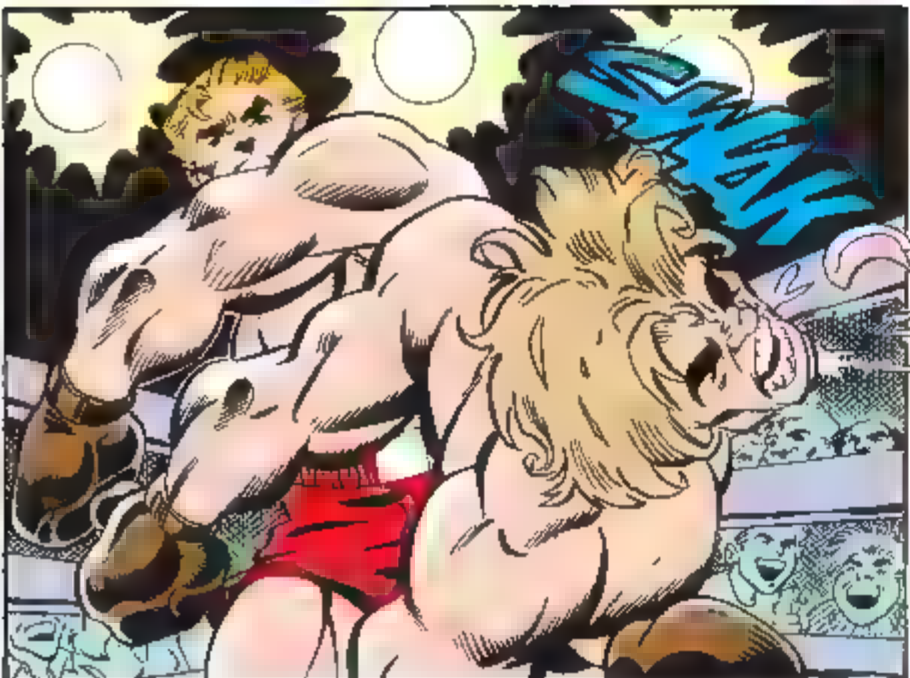
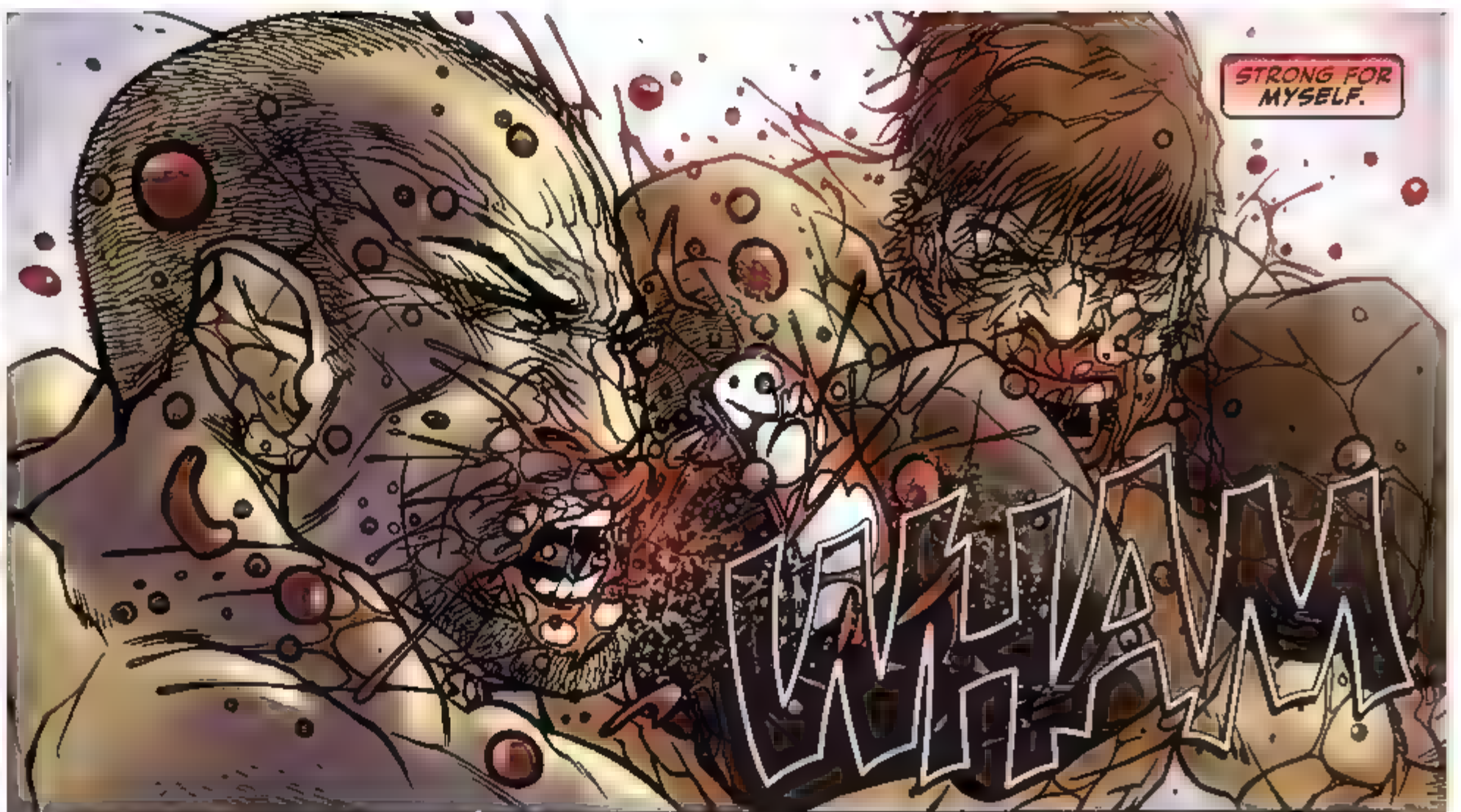
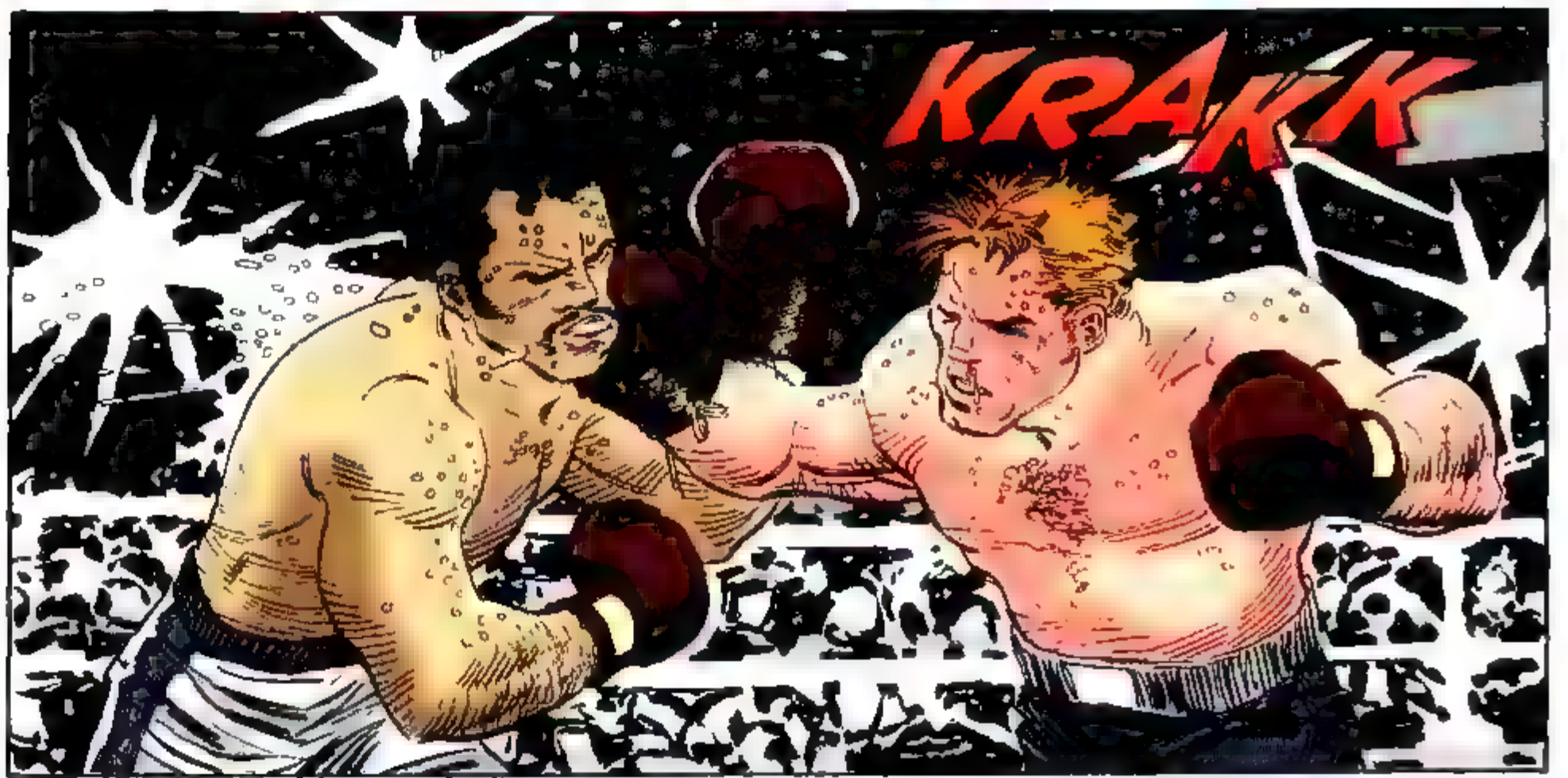
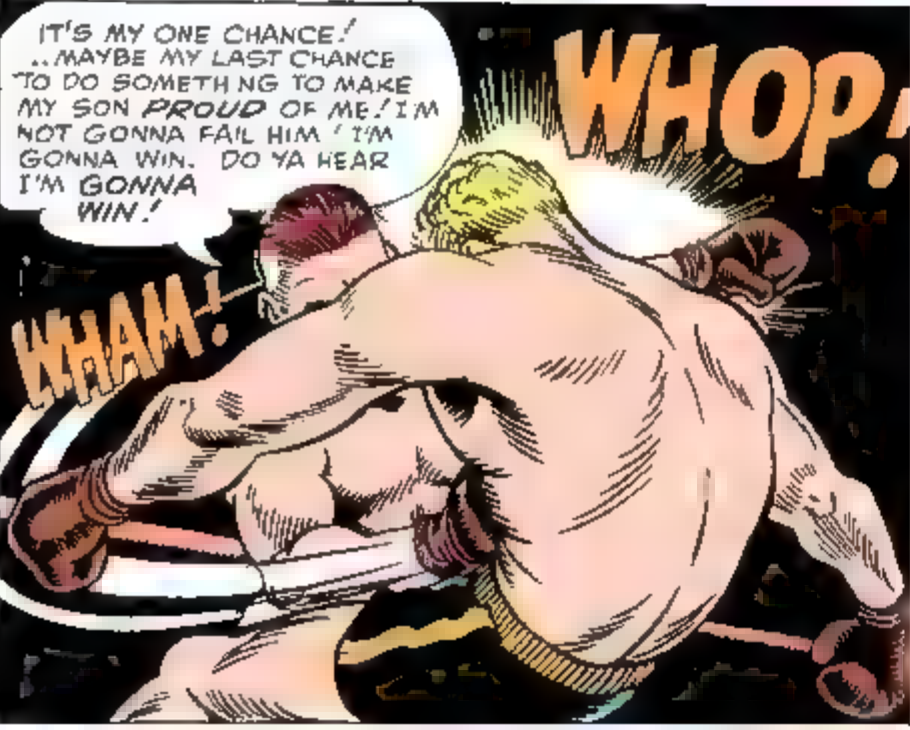
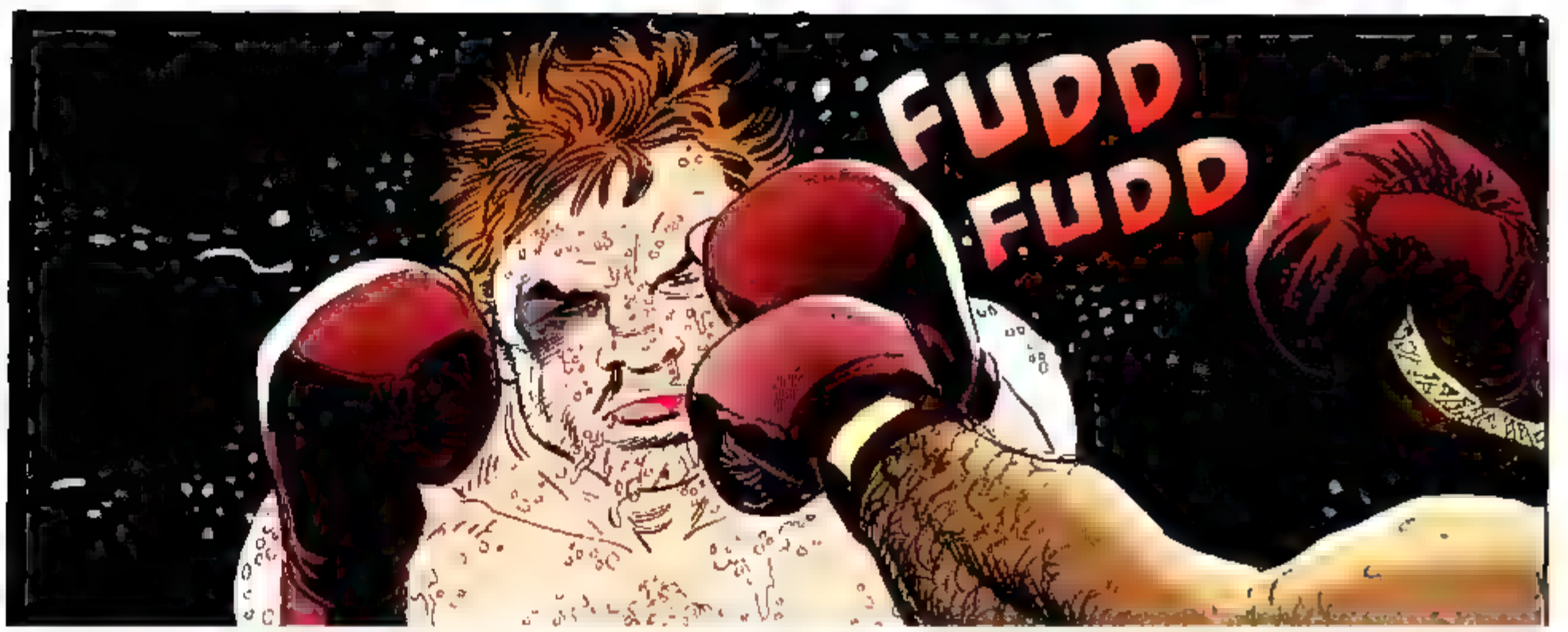
MURDOCK! YOU FOOL! TAKE IT EASY! WHAT ARE YOU **DOIN'?**!

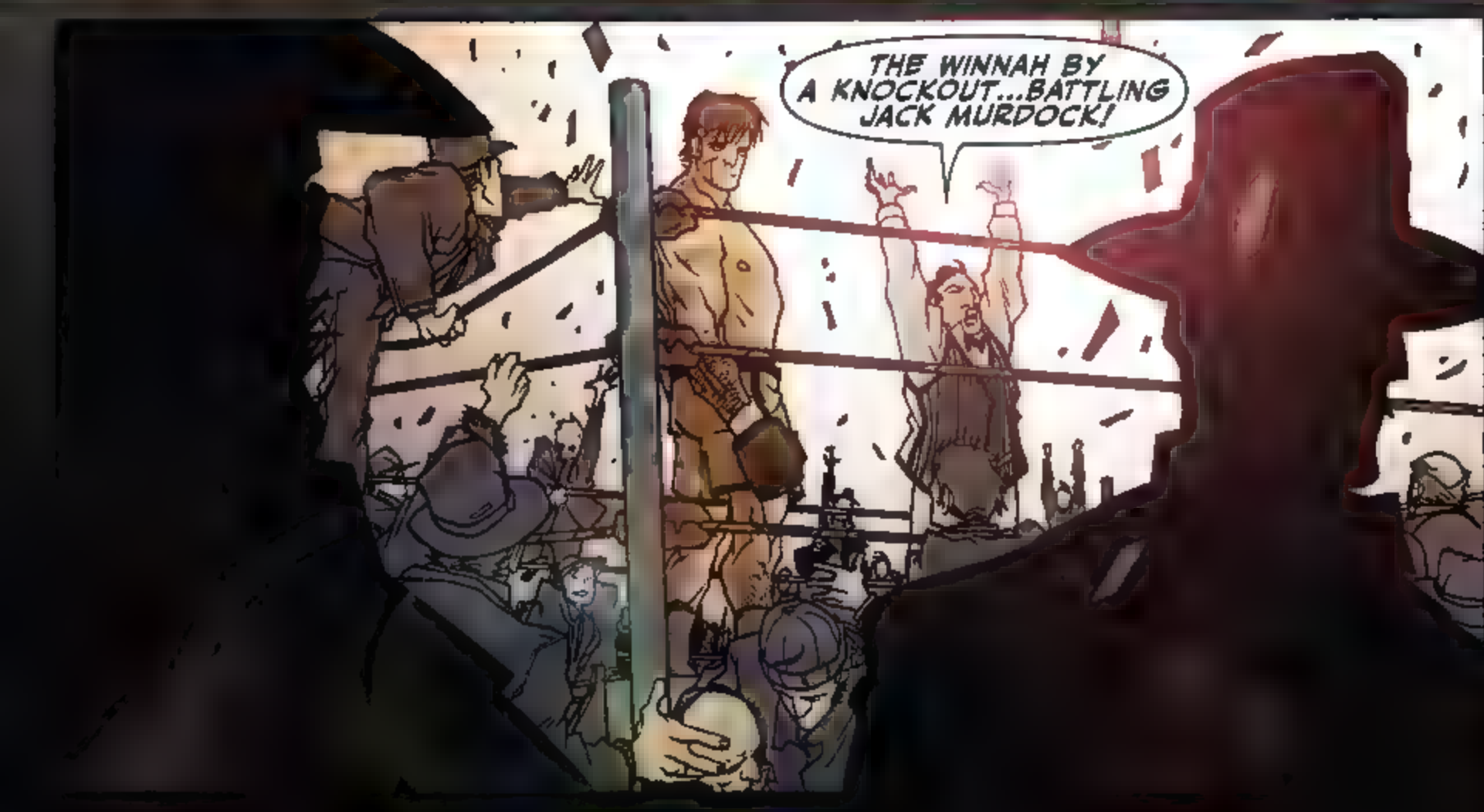
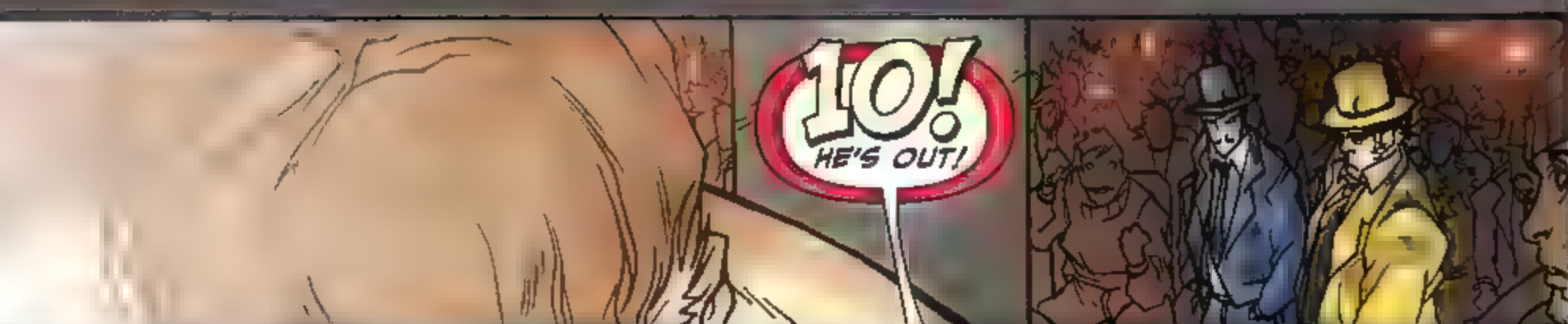
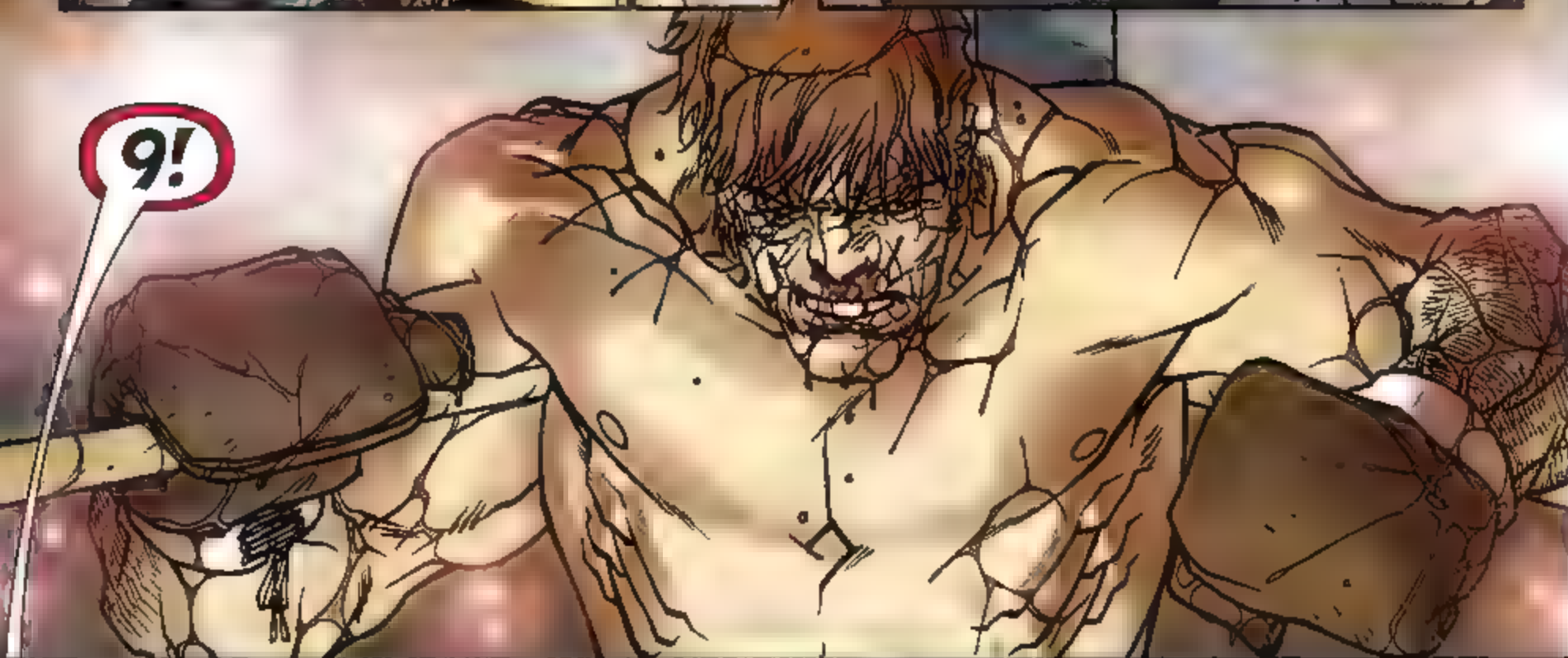
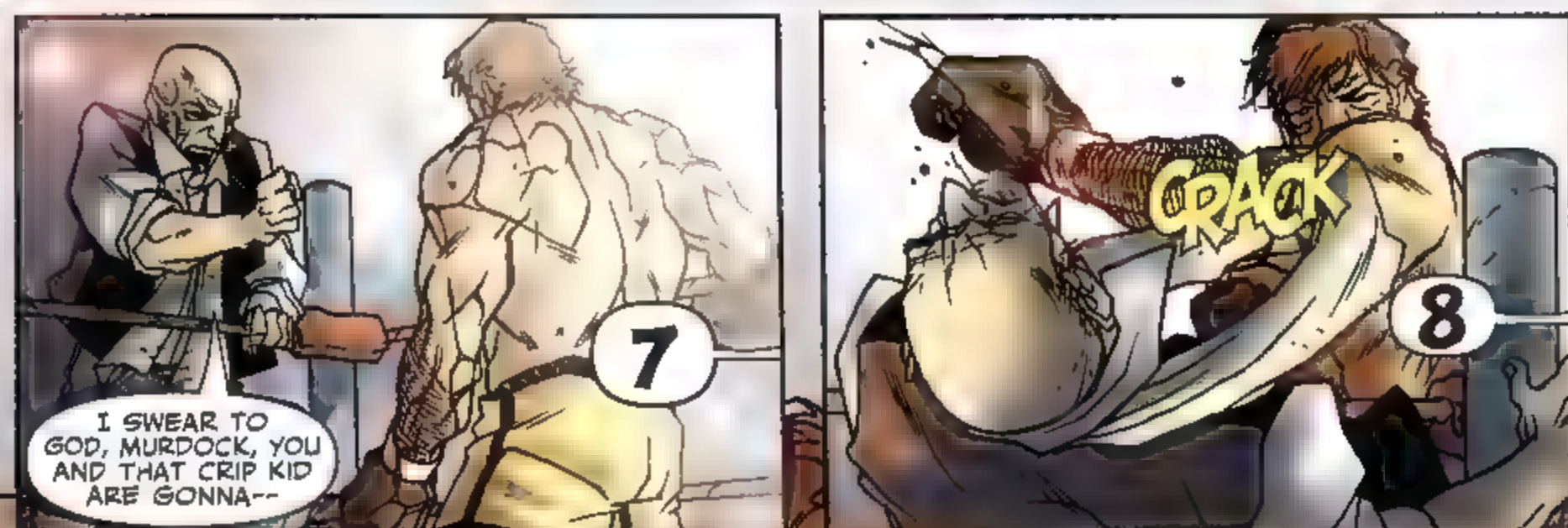
IF YOU'RE TRYIN' TO DOUBLE-CROSS ME, YOU'LL LIVE TO REGRET IT! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO **DIVE** NOW... HEAR? **DIVE!**



HE'S **WINNIN'**, MATT! YOUR DAD'S **PULVERIZING** HIM!

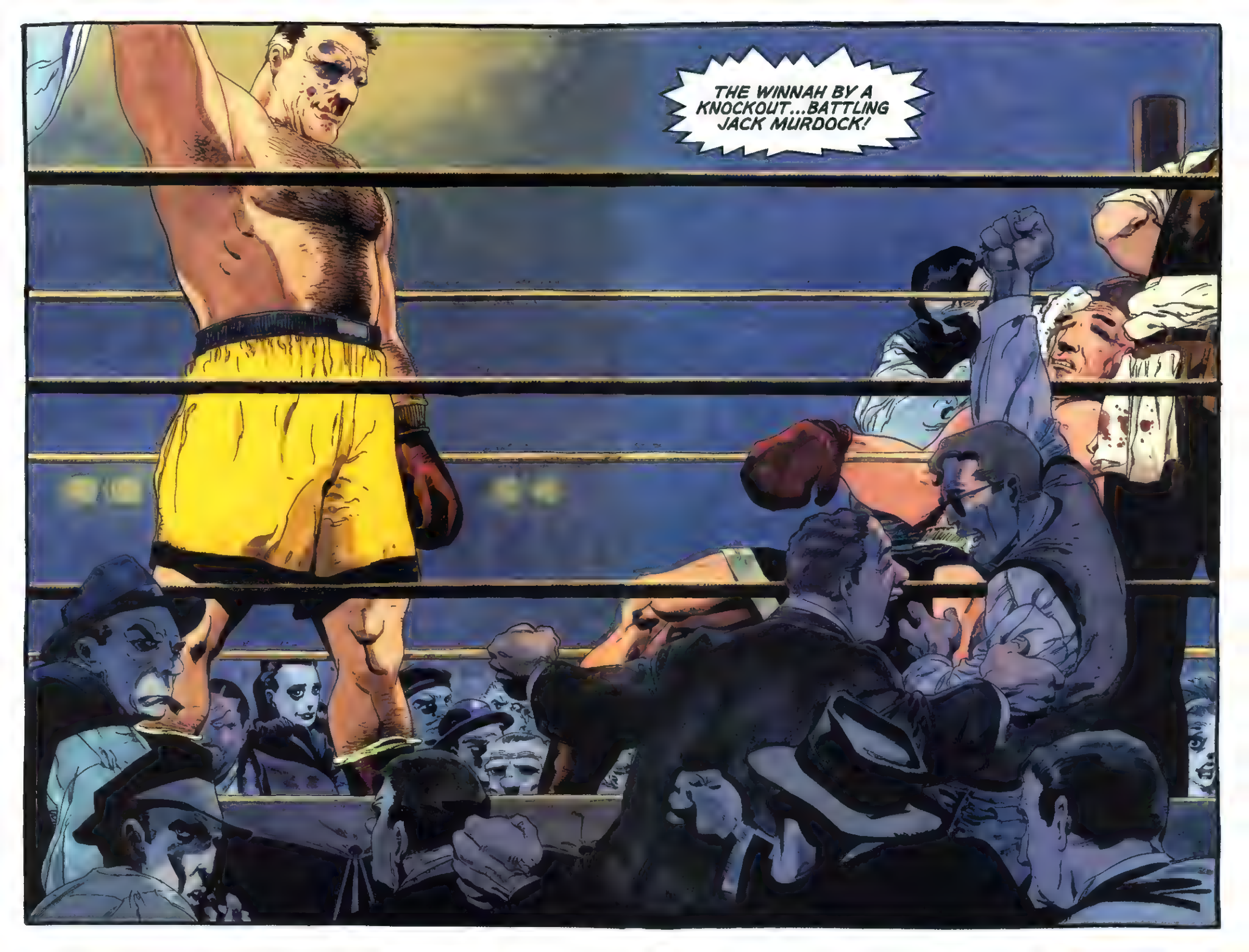
I **KNOW** IT! I CAN FOLLOW THE FIGHT PERFECTLY, BY HEARING THE SOUND OF EACH BLOW, EACH FOOT-STEP!





CALL IT A MIRACLE / CALL IT PURE WILL POWER ... SHEER DETERMINATION / CALL IT WHAT YOU WILL, BUT A FEW SECONDS LATER





THE WINNAH BY A
KNOCKOUT...BATTLING
JACK MURDOCK!



BACK OFF!

ATHLETES ONLY!

JACK!



YOU DID IT!!

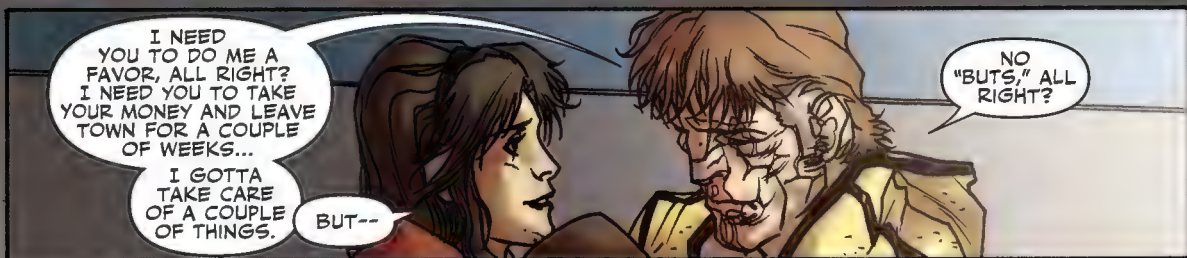


WE'RE RICH, JACK!

JOSIE...

I COULD INVEST IN THE BAR, I COULD--

JOSIE!



I NEED YOU TO DO ME A FAVOR, ALL RIGHT? I NEED YOU TO TAKE YOUR MONEY AND LEAVE TOWN FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS... I GOTTA TAKE CARE OF A COUPLE OF THINGS.

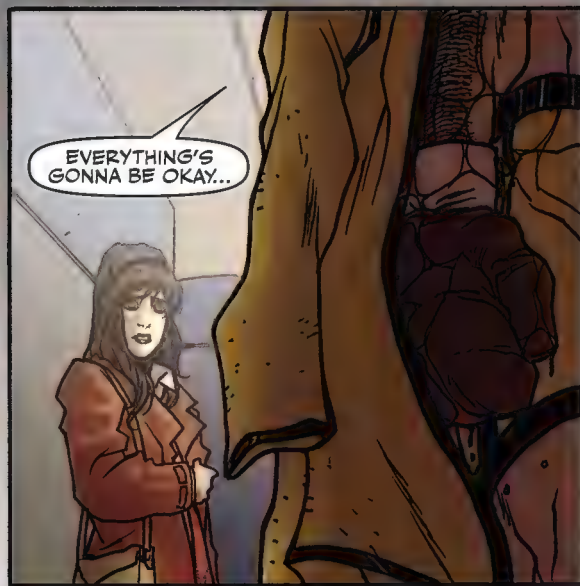
BUT--

NO "BUTS," ALL RIGHT?



EVERYTHING'S OKAY, RIGHT, JACK?

YEAH, JOSIE...



EVERYTHING'S GONNA BE OKAY...



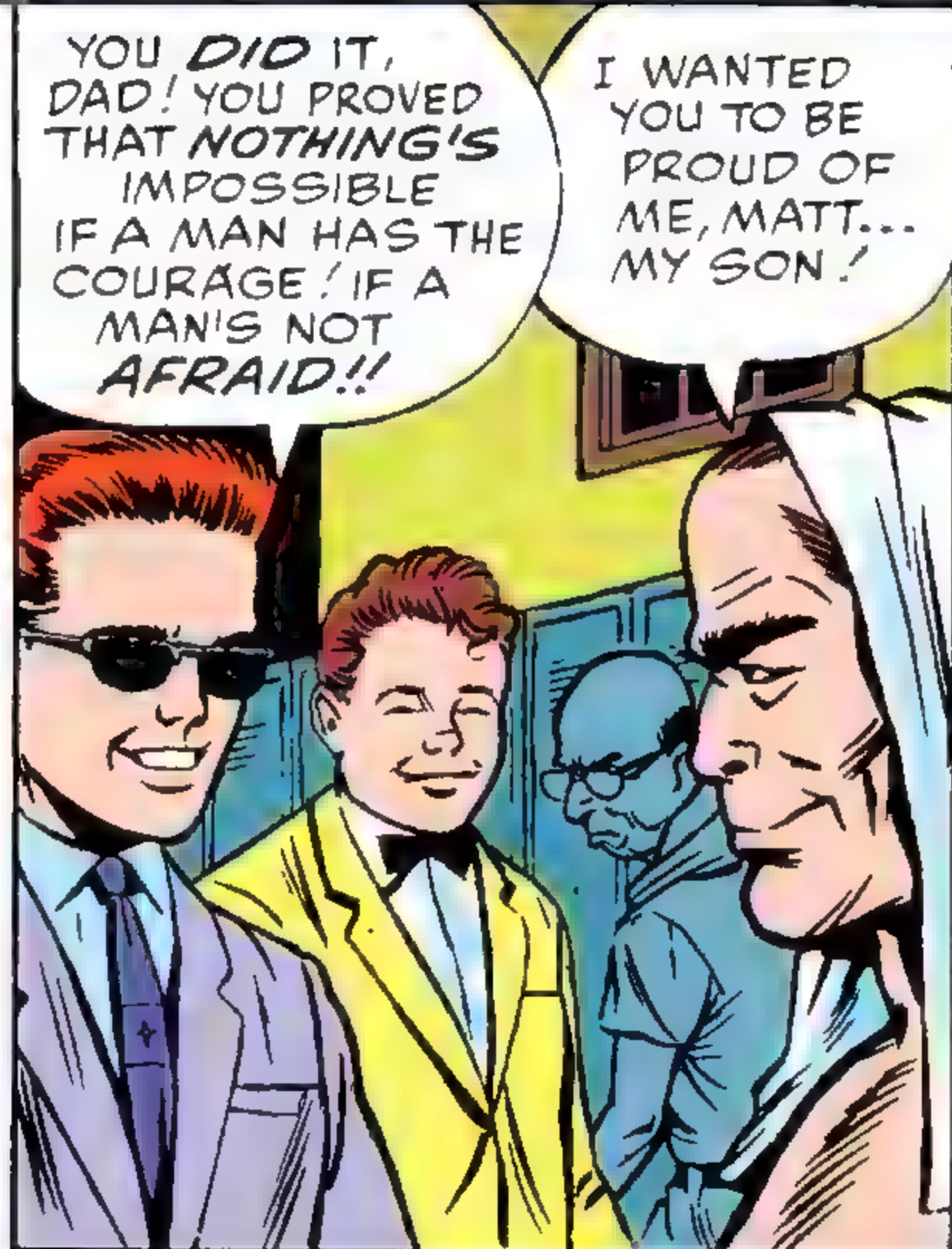
SO,
DID YOU
HEAR?



I DID
ALL RIGHT OUT
THERE.



YEAH, I
HEARD SOMETHING
LIKE THAT.



YOU *DID* IT,
DAD! YOU PROVED
THAT *NOTHING'S*
IMPOSSIBLE
IF A MAN HAS THE
COURAGE! IF A
MAN'S NOT
AFRAID!!

I WANTED
YOU TO BE
PROUD OF
ME, MATT...
MY SON!



SO
WHAT'S NEXT,
DAD?

I DON'T
KNOW.

THINK I'M
GETTING A
LITTLE OLD
FOR THIS
GAME.

FIGURE
I MIGHT TRY
SOMETHING
ELSE...SEEING
AS HOW YOU CAN
TAKE CARE OF
YOURSELF...

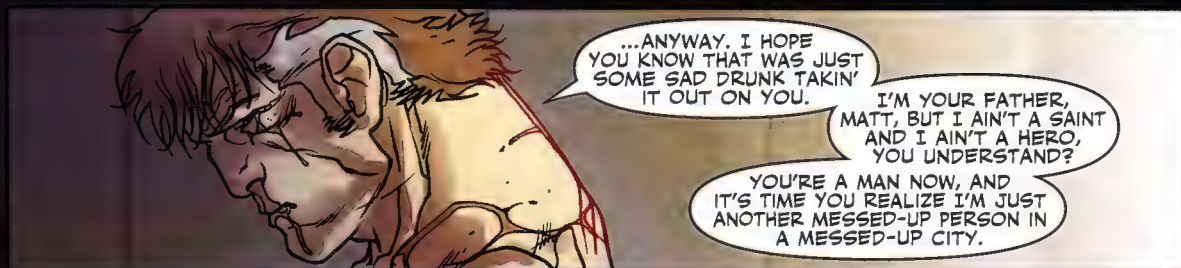


SEEING
AS HOW YOU'RE
A MAN.



I REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME YOU STOOD UP TO ME. I TOLD YOU YOU WOULDN'T BE A MAN 'TIL YOU COULD WHIP YOUR OLD MAN.

THAT WAS THE NIGHT I...I...



...ANYWAY. I HOPE YOU KNOW THAT WAS JUST SOME SAD DRUNK TAKIN' IT OUT ON YOU.

I'M YOUR FATHER, MATT, BUT I AIN'T A SAINT AND I AIN'T A HERO, YOU UNDERSTAND?

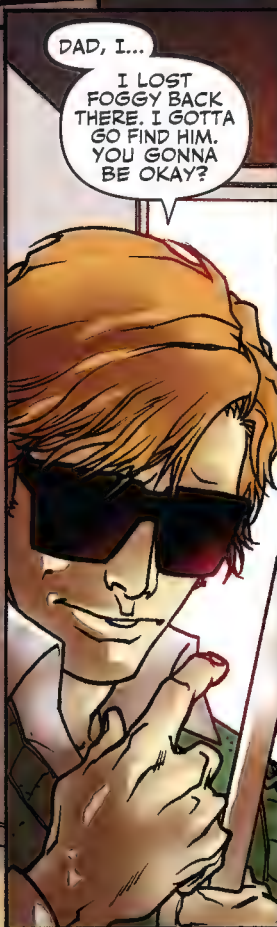
YOU'RE A MAN NOW, AND IT'S TIME YOU REALIZE I'M JUST ANOTHER MESSED-UP PERSON IN A MESSED-UP CITY.



YOU GOTTA FOLLOW YOUR OWN GUT NOW, MATT. YOU'RE A MAN...



AND I'M SO DAMN PROUD OF YOU.



DAD, I...

I LOST FOGGY BACK THERE. I GOTTA GO FIND HIM. YOU GONNA BE OKAY?



YEAH, MATT. YEAH, I AM.



I don't think a son has ever been prouder of his father.

LISTEN, BOYS, I GOTTA TAKE CARE OF SOME BUSINESS.



WHAT? I THOUGHT WE'D GO OUT AND CELEBRATE!

AND WE WILL, SON, WE WILL. BUT I STILL GOTTA SHOWER AND Y'KNOW...

YOU GUYS MEET ME BACK AT THE APARTMENT AND WE'LL TAKE IT FROM THERE.



MATT, I WANT YOU TO HAVE THIS.

DAD, IT'S YOUR ROBE. YOU'RE GOING TO NEED IT FOR THE TITLE FIGHT!

NAW, I'M *THROUGH*. IT'S NEVER GOING TO GET ANY BETTER THAN THIS.

I'M TELLING SWEENEY TONIGHT WE'RE *DONE*.

A MAN SHOULD LEAVE A PARTY WHEN IT'S *ROARING*.



That was the last thing my Dad ever said to me.

Then, everything changed. My Dad's heartbeat started to race as Sweeney and another man, Slade, came in.

Even over the smell of Sweeney's cheap cigar, I could hear and smell the pistachio nuts Slade was working on.

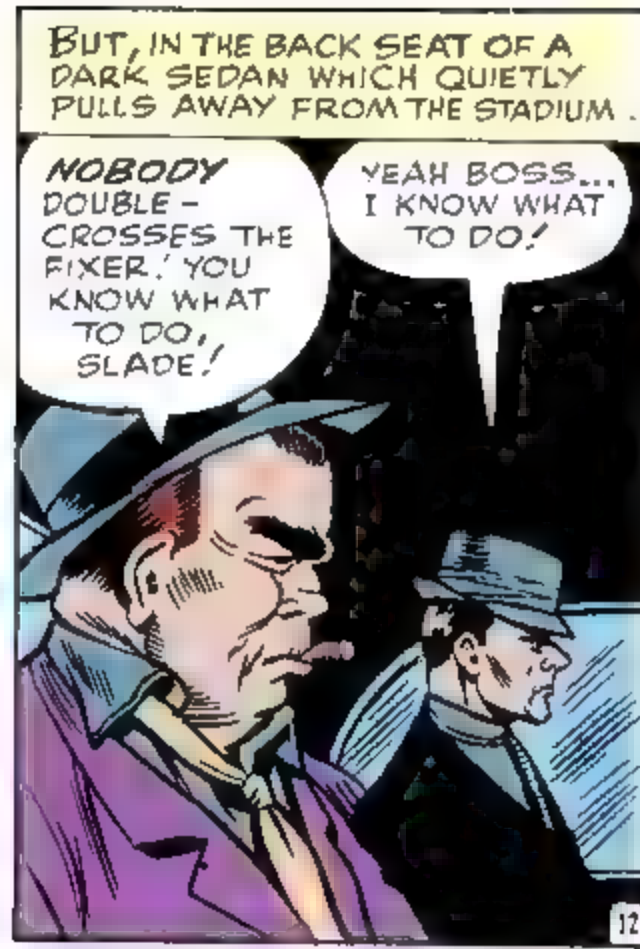


JACK.

BUT, IN THE BACK SEAT OF A DARK SEDAN WHICH QUIETLY PULLS AWAY FROM THE STADIUM...

NOBODY DOUBLE-CROSSES THE FIXER, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO, SLADE!

YEAH BOSS... I KNOW WHAT TO DO!



12

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AS MATT'S HAPPY FATHER LEAVES THE GYM...

NO MATTER WHAT THE FIXER DOES, I WON'T CARE! MY SON IS PROUD OF ME! NOTHING CAN EVER CHANGE THAT NOW!

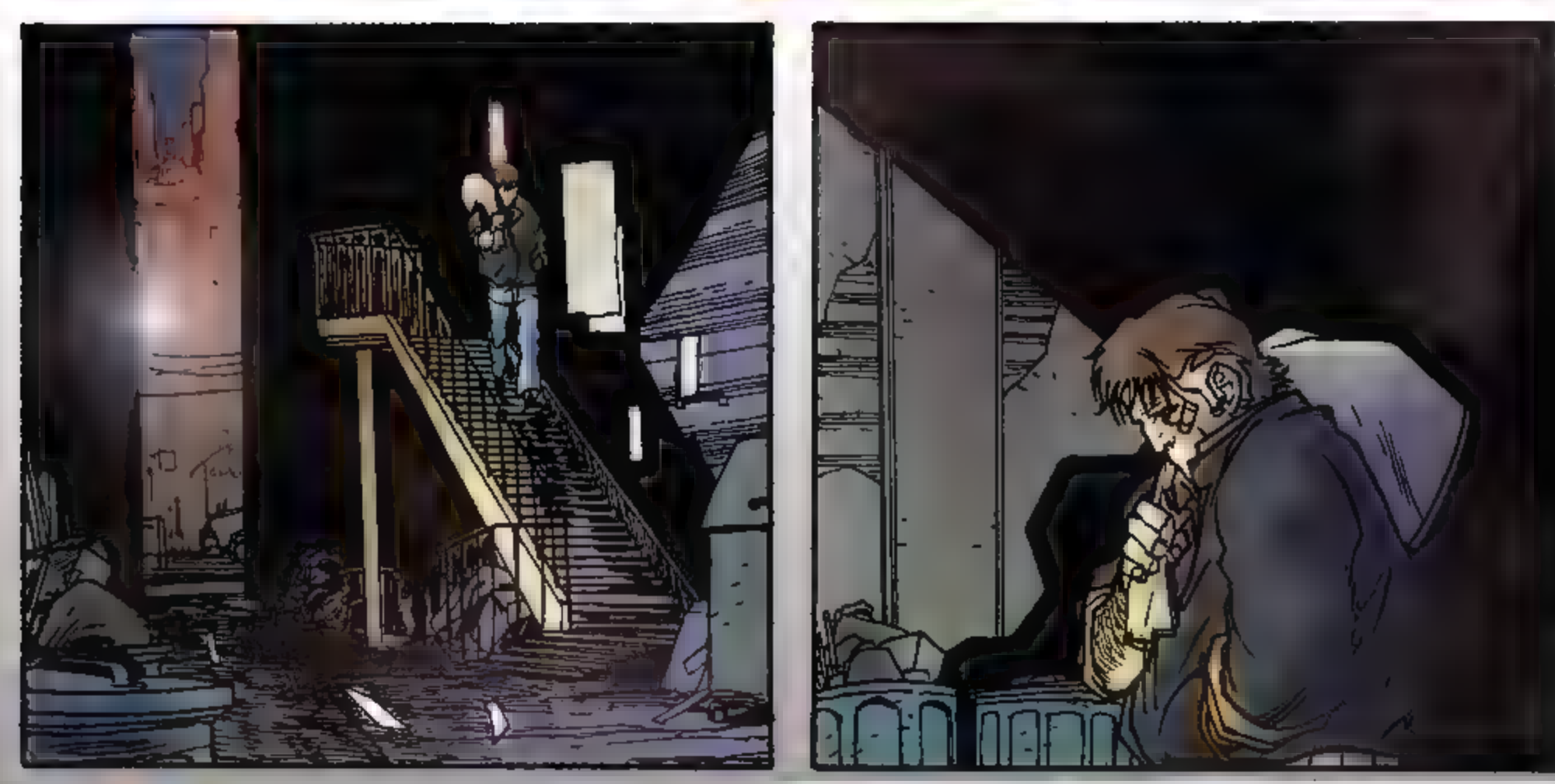


LATER

JACK MURDOCK EXITS THE STADIUM.

STRANGELY CALM.

READY FOR WHAT'S COMING.

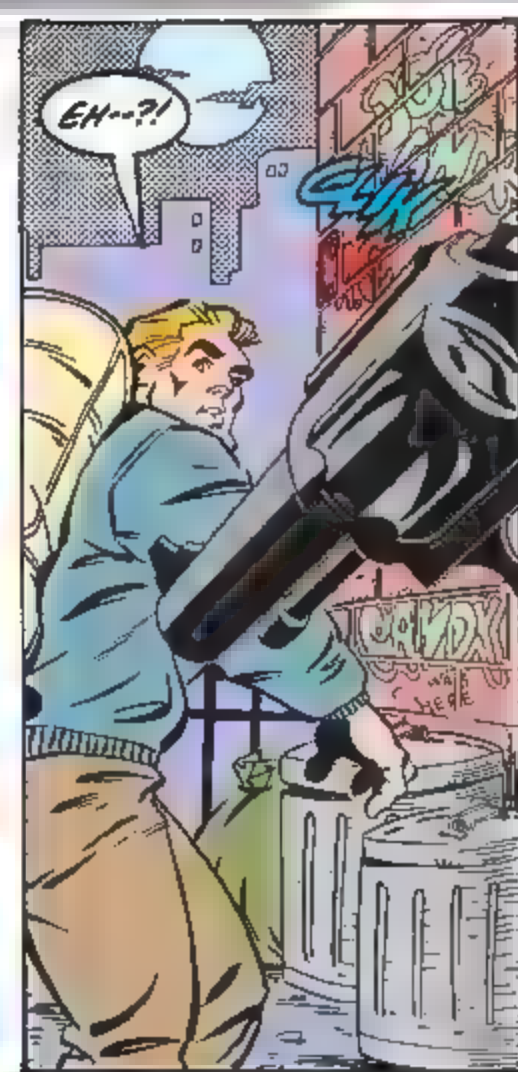


THERE HE IS, SLADE. SHOW MURDOCK WHAT HAPPENS TO PEOPLE WHO DOUBLE-CROSS THE FIXER!

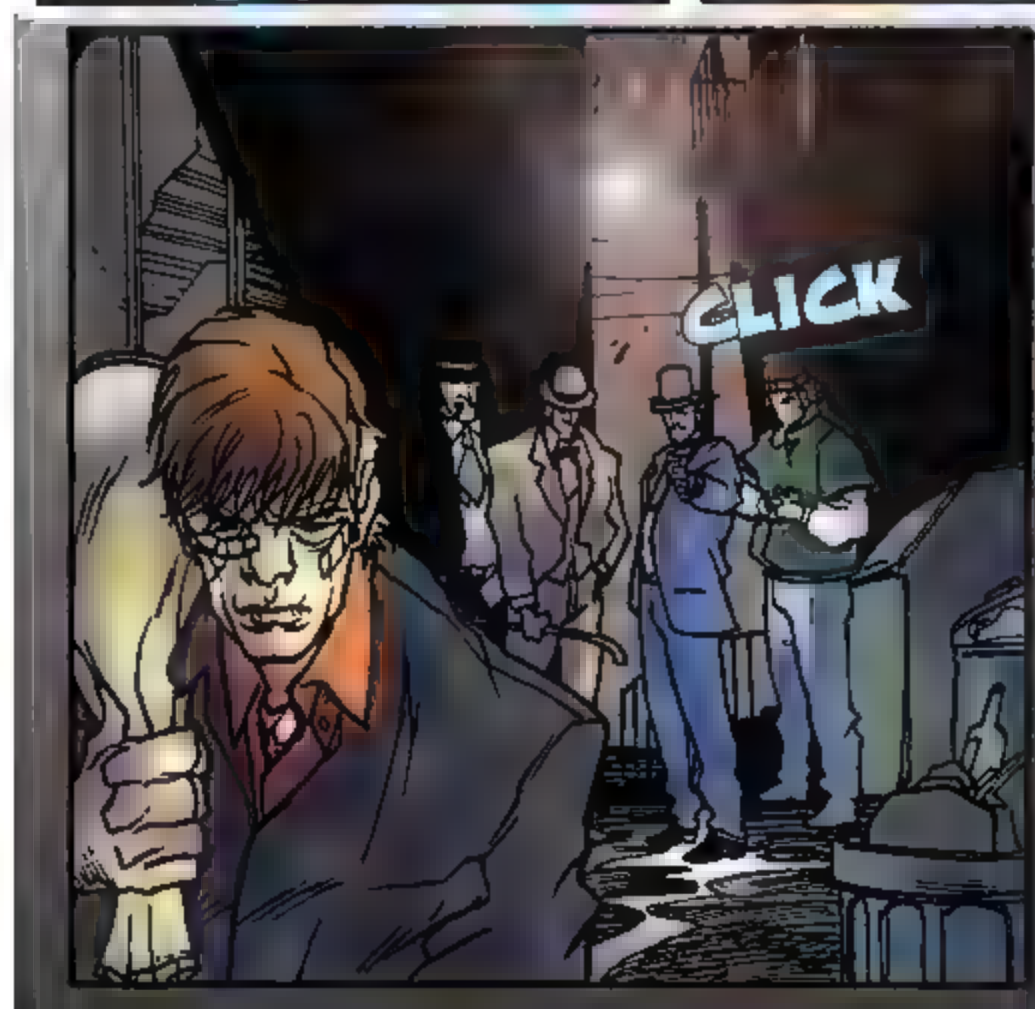
YOU GOT IT, BOSS.



EH...?!



CLICK



I KNOW YOU'RE THERE. GET IT OVER WITH.

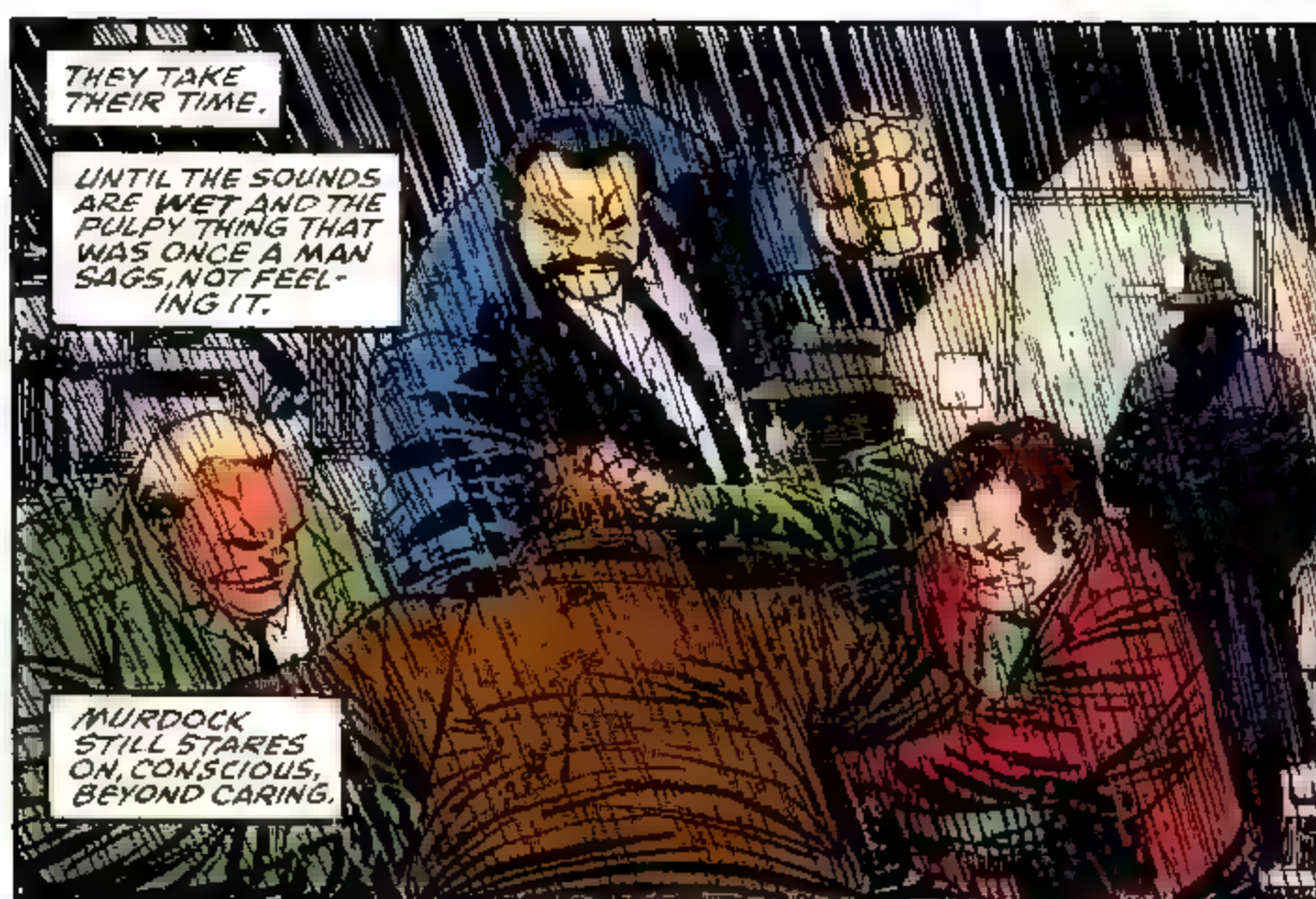


I'M READY WHEN YOU ARE.



THE ALLEY. OVER THERE.





THEY TAKE THEIR TIME.

UNTIL THE SOUNDS ARE WET AND THE PULPY THING THAT WAS ONCE A MAN SAGS, NOT FEELING IT.

MURDOCK STILL STARES ON, CONSCIOUS, BEYOND CARING.



UMPH!



YOU COST ME A LOTTA MONEY TONIGHT, MURDOCK. MORE MONEY THAN YOU'VE EVER MADE ME. MORE MONEY THAN YOU COULD EVER PAY BACK.

HUMMP!



URGH!

SO BEFORE I WIPE YOU OFF THE FACE OF THIS EARTH, I WANNA HEAR YOU SCREAM.

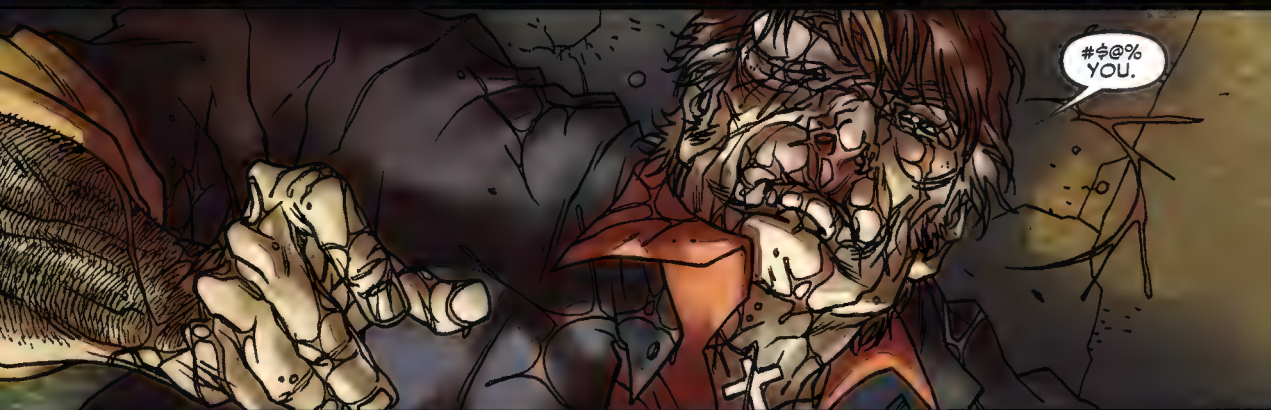


THAT'S IT...CRAWL OVER HERE AND SCREAM FOR ME.

I...I'M JUST ABOUT DONE TAP-DANCING FOR YOU, YOU FAT @##\$%.



SO SHOOT ME OR SHUT THE #@\$\$% UP.

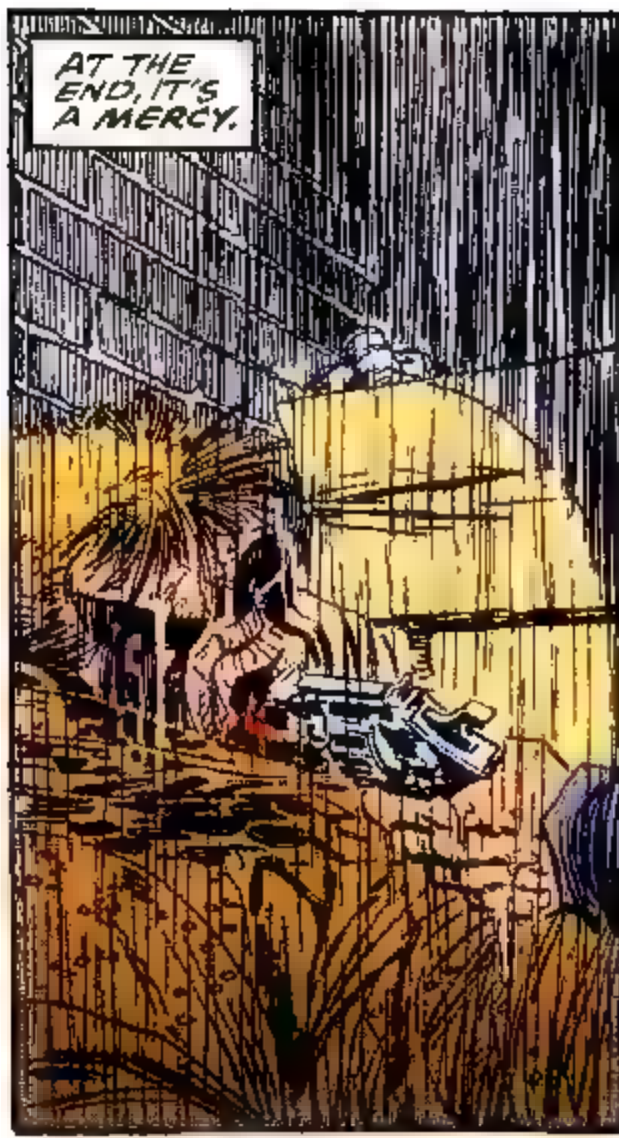


WHADDAYA THINK ABOUT THAT, MURDOCK? YOU THINK WE SHOULD GO SEE YOUR BOY?

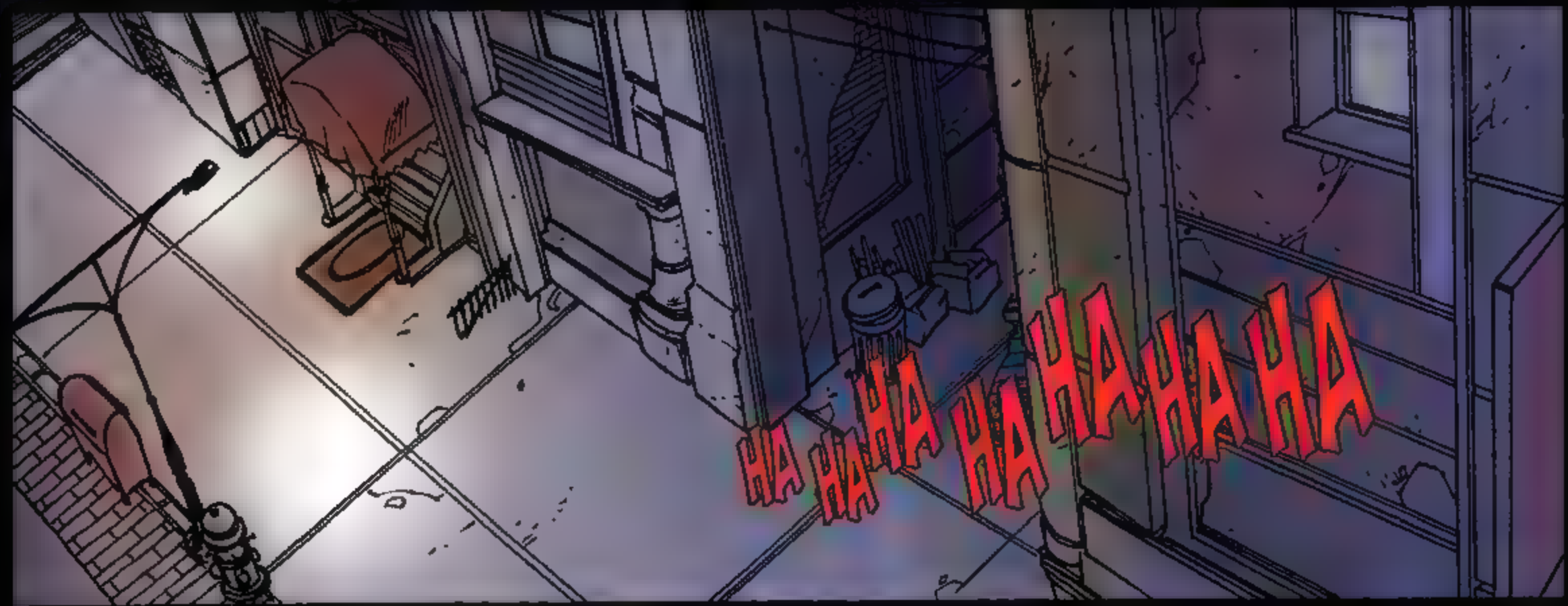




AT THE END, THROUGH THE BLOOD, TOOTHLESS, HE THROWS THE FIXER A YOUNG MAN'S GRIN.



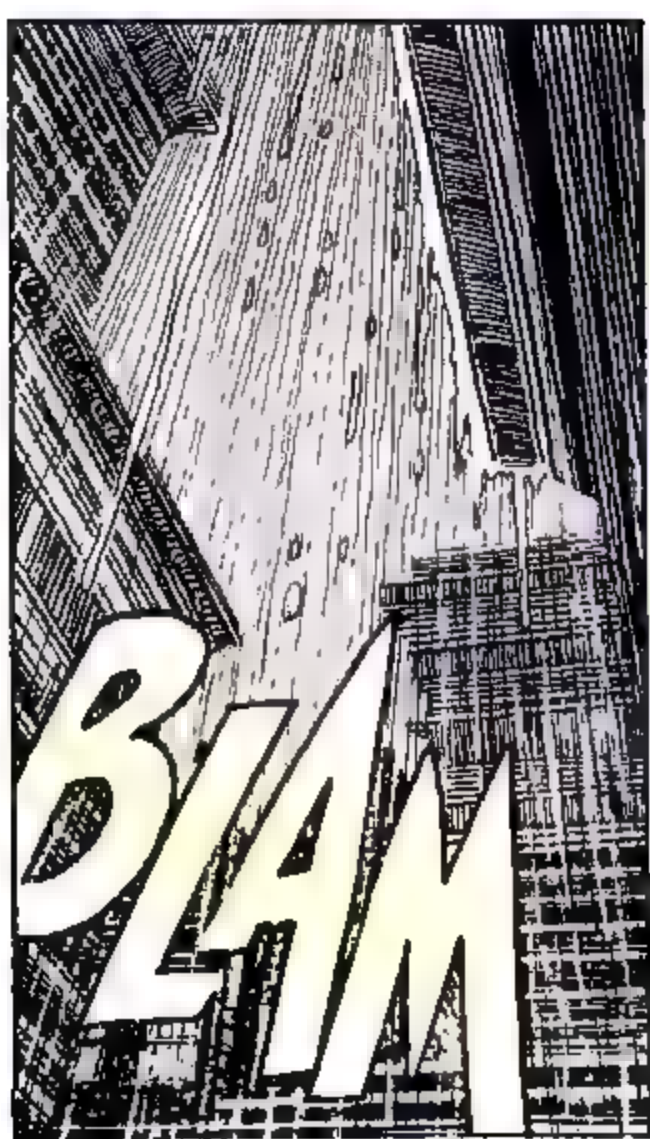
AT THE END, IT'S A MERCY.



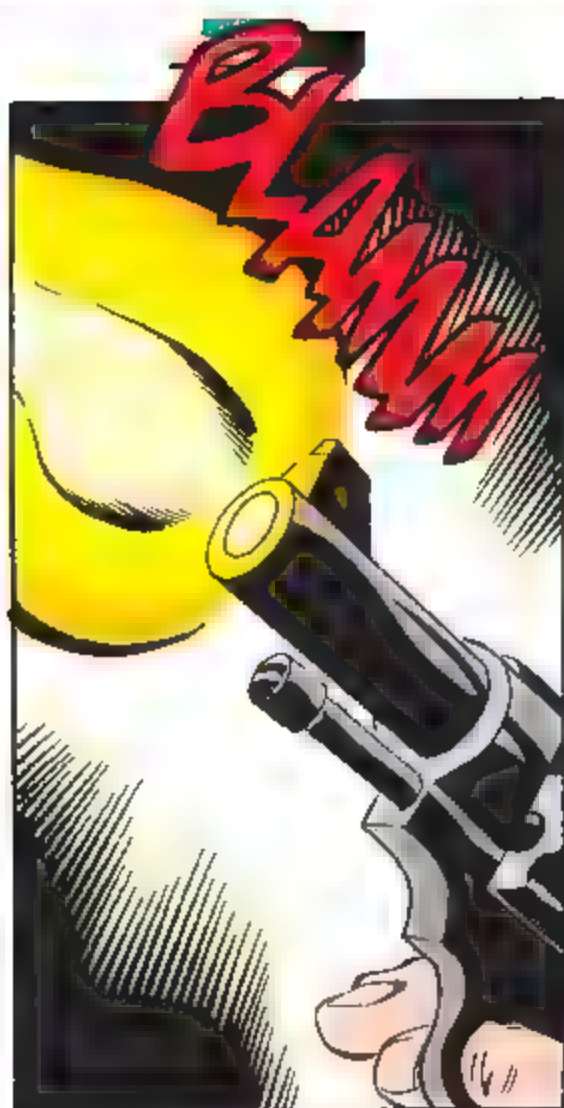
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA



HA HA HA HA-POP!



BLAM

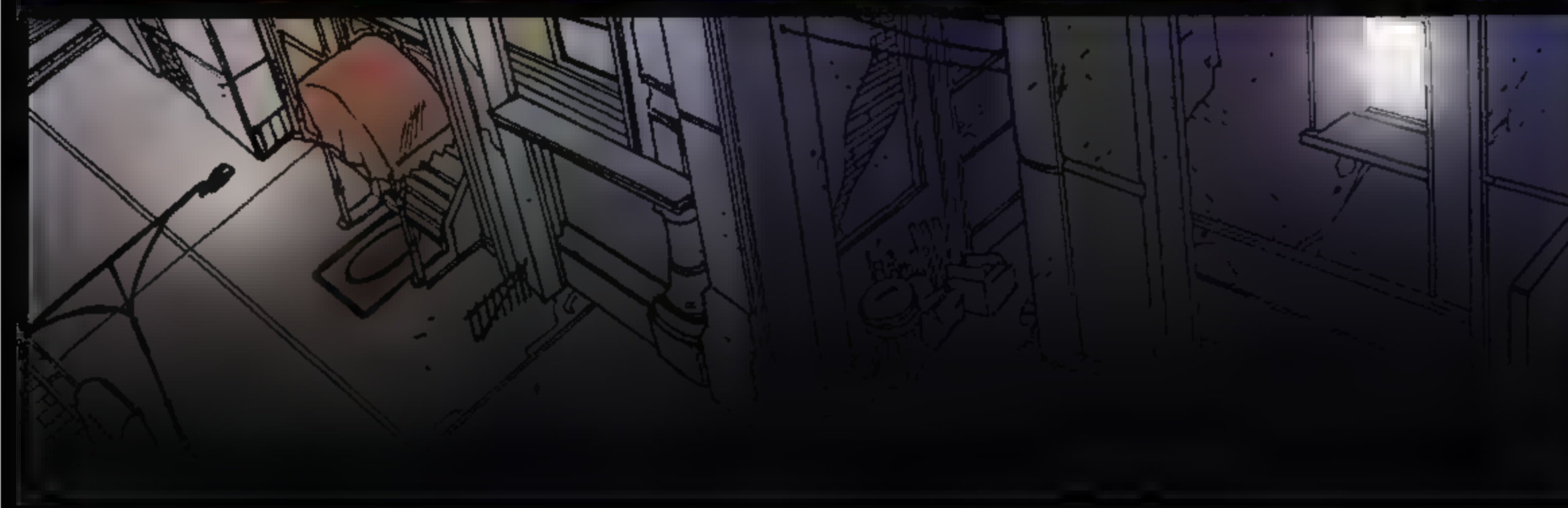
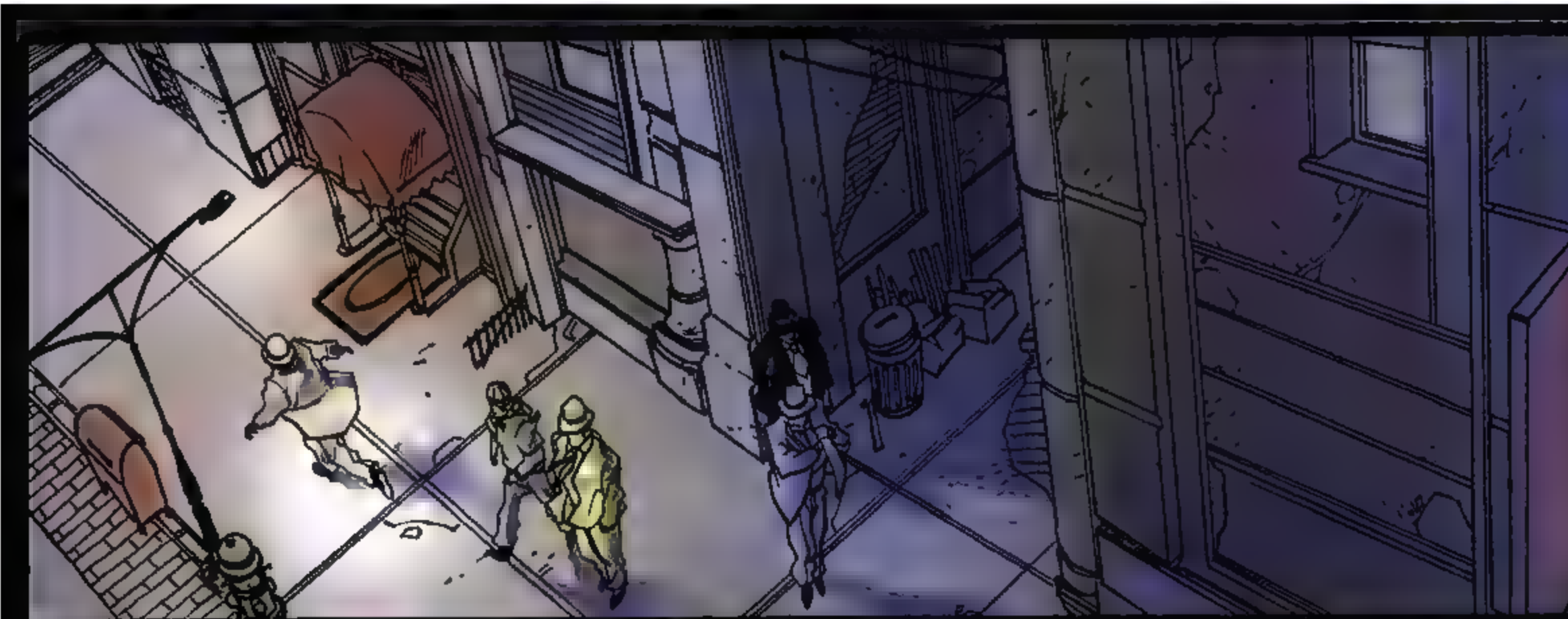


BLAM



SUDDENLY, THE SHARP, EXPLOSIVE SOUND OF A GUN SHOT DESTROYS THE SILENCE OF NIGHT, AND ENDS ONE MAN'S REVERIE, FOREVER!

CRACK



I wish... I wish I
told my Dad how
much I loved him.



BLAM



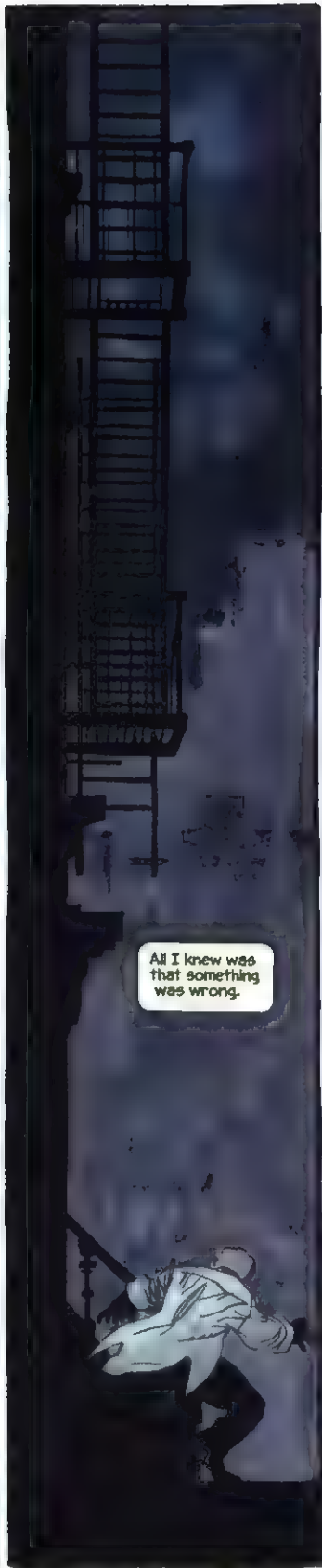
WHEOO WHEOO WHEOO



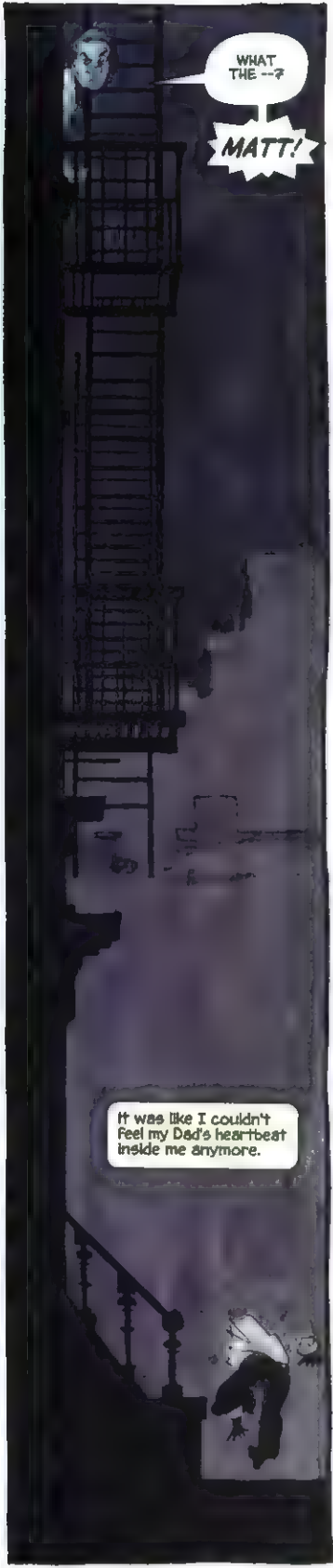
MATT..?



I don't know
if I actually
heard the shot.
Maybe I
dreamt it.



All I knew was
that something
was wrong.

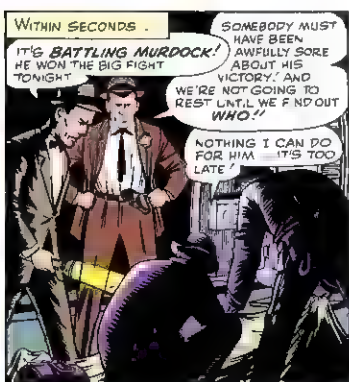


It was like I couldn't
feel my Dad's heartbeat
inside me anymore.



WHAT
THE --?

MATT!





It's so unimportant now, but later, I made a point to tell Foggy how I ran in the direction of the sirens just to keep my "secret."

He never pushed it further, and I never really thanked him for being there that night...

DAD...

All I really remember is the smell of Old Spice, my Dad's blood...

...and pistachio nuts...



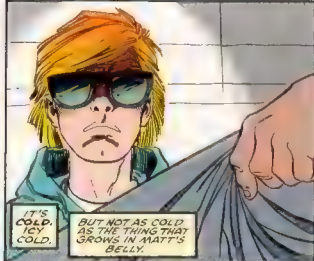
I LOVE YOU, DAD.

DID YOU HEAR?

I LOVE YOU...

AT THE MORGUE, AFTER
MATT IS FINISHED PLAY-
ING DUMB TO THE COPS,
PRETENDING HE DOESN'T
KNOW THE WHO OR WHY
OF HIS FATHER'S DEATH...

THE CORONER
LETS MATT
TOUCH THE
CORPSE



IT'S
COLD.
ICY
COLD.

BUT NOT AS COLD
AS THE THING THAT
GROWS IN MATT'S
BELLY.

And people each came
with their own distinct
scent, whether they
realized it or not.

like my dad

AW
MATT

He smelled like a fighter...
even when he was on a slab
in the morgue.

And in our old apartment
after that, his smell was
inescapable.

It seemed like he
was everywhere,
from the cupboards
to the pillowcases...



That first night, I
slept in his closet.



And when I awoke, the
sense of him was so strong,
it was like he was still there...
just for a few moments.

That was when I
realized how cruel my
senses could be...



Because scent triggers things in
the brain that you can't control...



Feelings and
memories...of
better times.

We did it all by the book. The police weren't all that surprised that Sweeney and Slade were involved and it wasn't long before they were arrested.

But, on the day of the bail hearing, suddenly, they had some Park Avenue attorney.

His hair gel cost more than what Foggy and I were wearing.

...GIVEN THE SEVERITY OF THE CRIME, THE PEOPLE REQUEST ONE MILLION DOLLARS BAIL FOR EACH OF THE DEFENDANTS.

YOUR HONOR, I MOVE THAT THE CHARGES BE DROPPED AND THE CASE DISMISSED.

AS THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE IS AWARE, THE CASE AGAINST MY CLIENTS IS TOTALLY CIRCUMSTANTIAL.

NO MURDER WEAPON WAS EVER RECOVERED.

BOTH MR. SWEENEY AND MR. SLADE HAVE ALIBIS FOR THEIR WHEREABOUTS ON THE EVENING IN QUESTION.

TO SAY NOTHING OF THE HIGHLY ILLOGICAL MOTIVE THAT THEY WOULD MURDER THE SAME MAN WHO MR. SWEENEY HAD INVESTED HUGE SUMS OF MONEY IN --

-- FOR THE EXPRESS PURPOSE OF MAKING HIM HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD!

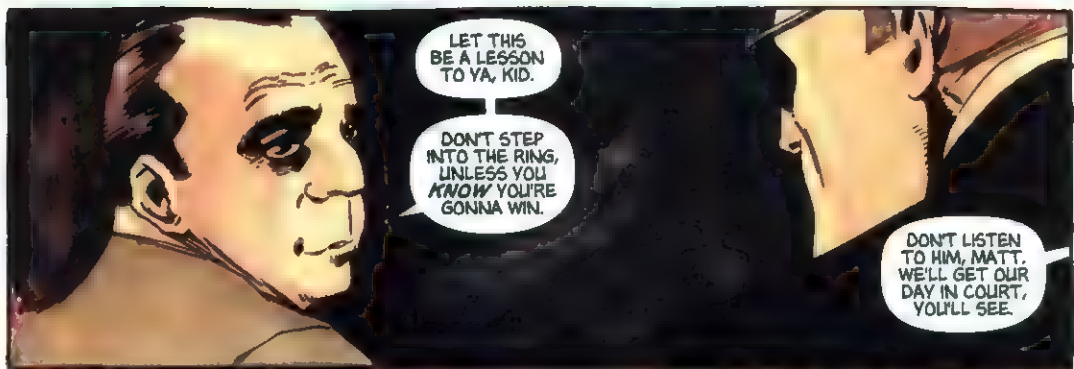
IN OTHER WORDS, THEIR CASE ISN'T WORTH PEANUTS, YOUR HONOR.

OR, AS IT PERTAINS, PISTACHIO NUTS.

I, TOO, HAVE LOOKED OVER THE PARTICULARS, AS WELL AS YOUR BRIEF, COUNSELOR, AND I CONCUR.

CASE DISMISSED.

BAM



COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.
ONE YEAR LATER.

HONK
HONK

HUFF
HUFF

HONK

MOVE
IT,
FATSO!

HUFF

THIS IS FRANKLIN
NELSON, FRESHMAN
STUDENT OF LAW
HIS FRIENDS CALL
HIM FOGGY!

STEP IT UP
YOU TUB OF
LARD!

HA HA
HA HA

HONK

THESE BOYS
ARE NOT HIS
FRIENDS.

LATER, AT THE
DORMITORY,
FOGGY CONFRS
WITH HIS ROOM-
MATE...

IT WAS
BRAD
AGAIN,
MATT.

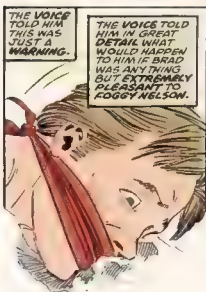
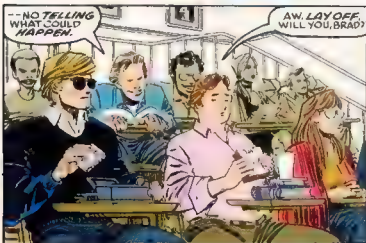
...FELLOW FRESHMAN
MATT MURDOCK.

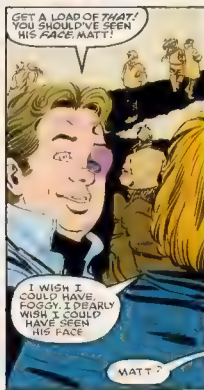
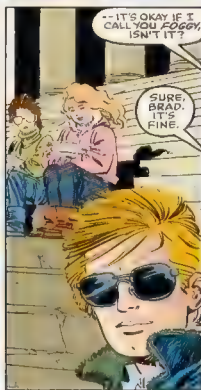
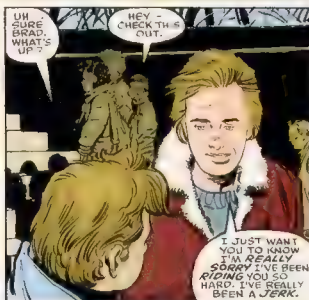
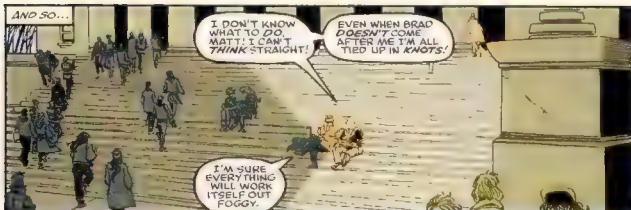
I'VE
NEVER
DONE
ANYTHING
TO HIM!

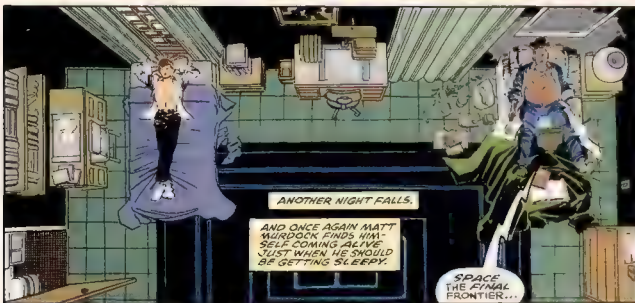
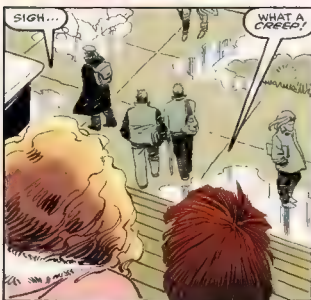
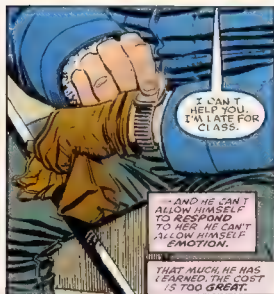
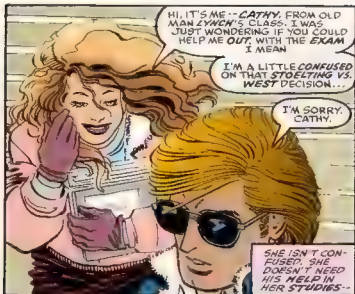
I'M
SURE YOU
HAVEN'T,
FOGGY.

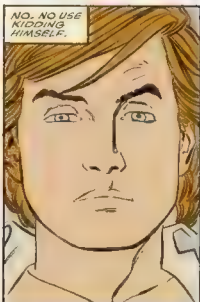
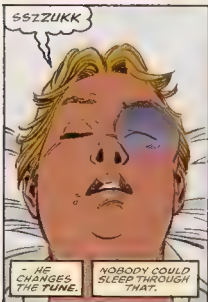
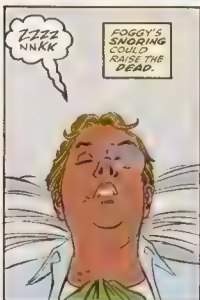
I'M SURE
THERE'S NO
REASON
FOR IT.

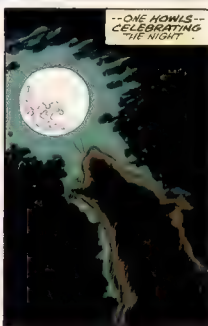
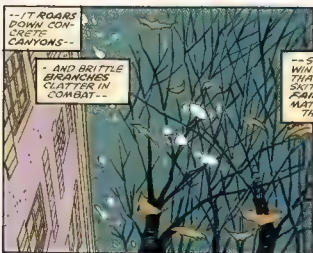
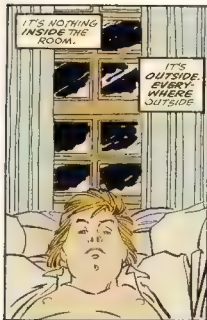
BULLIES
NEVER NEED
A REASON









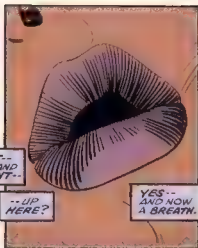


--AND BEFORE
HE CAN EVEN
GIVE IT A
THOUGHT--

--MATT JOINS
THE CELEBRATION





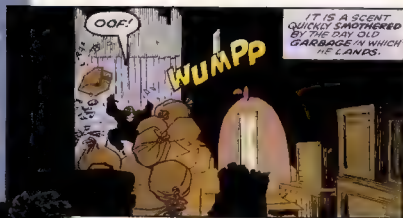




-- CRAZY. SHE'S CRAZY. WHOEVER SHE IS, JUMPING LIKE THAT.

AND HE'S JUST AS CRAZY TO FOLLOW HER.

BUT THAT SCENT OF HERS.



OOF!

WUMPP

IT IS A SCENT QUICKLY SMOOTHERED BY THE DAY OLD GARBAGE IN WHICH HE LANDS.



SUDDEN MOVEMENT AT HIS SIDE--



HIS S

NOT HER.

HE'S LOST HER.

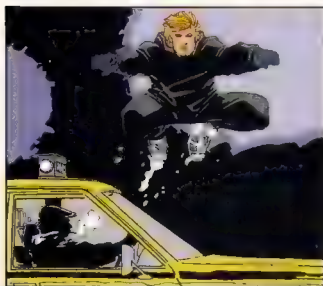
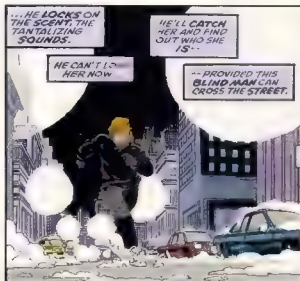


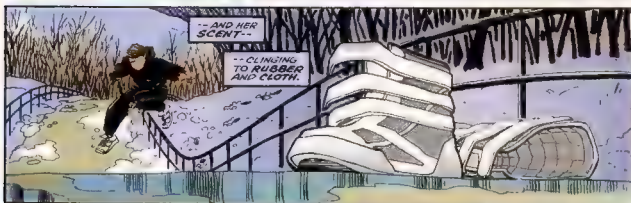
NO - FROM THE DISTANCE -- SHE TOSSES HIM A SOFT CHUCKLE -

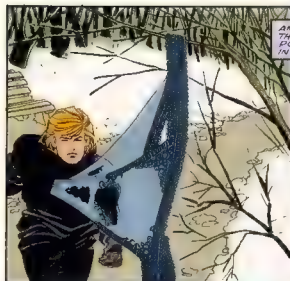


-- DRAWING HIM TO HER - TAUNTING HIM -

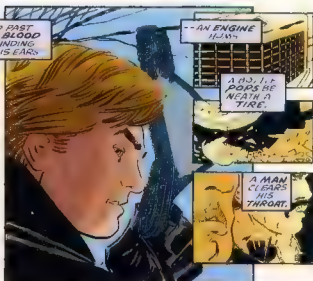
-- SHE'S HEADING FOR THE PARK...







AND FAST
THE BLOOD
POUNDING
IN HIS EARS



--AN ENGINE
HUMS

AND THE
DOORS BE
NEATH A
TIRE.

A MAN
CLEARS
HIS
THROAT.



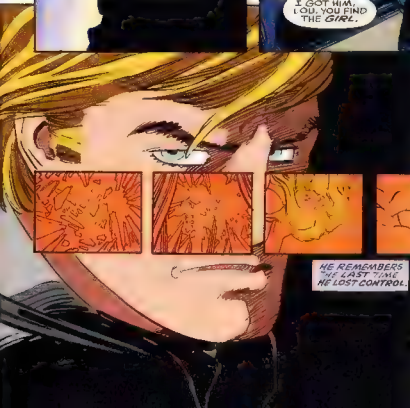
FREEZE
CREEP!



DON'T MOVE
A MUSCLE!

I GOT HIM,
LOU. YOU FIND
THE GIRL.

MATT
COULD
RUN.

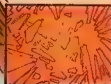


HE COULD FLATTEN
THE COPS.

IT WOULD BE EASY.

BUT THAT WOULD BE
BREAKING THE RULES.

THAT WOULD BE BREAKING THE LAW.



HE REMEMBERS
THE LAST TIME
HE LOST CONTROL.

HE REMEMBERS
SHATTERING
WINDOW GLASS.

HE REMEMBERS
A PATHETIC
PRAYER TO GOD...



I'M ALL
YOURS,
OFFICER



I DON'T
GET IT SOL.

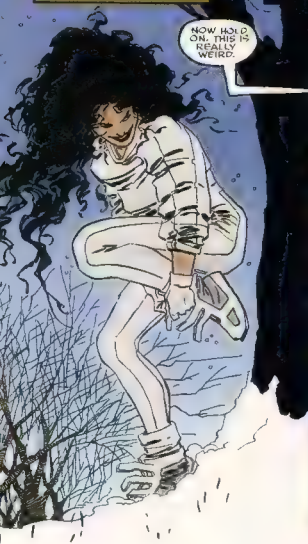


THERE'S
NO SIGN
OF ANY
GIRL!

SHE
MUST'VE
RUN OFF.

LET'S SEE
SOME I.D.
CREEP.

YES,
SIR.

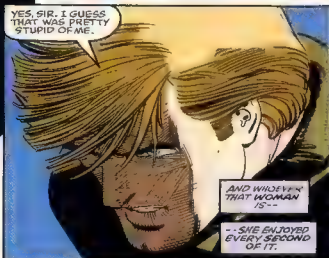


NOW HOLD
ON. THIS IS
REALLY
WEIRD.



THIS HERE I.D. SAYS
THE CREEP IS HANDI-
CAPPED, BLIND.

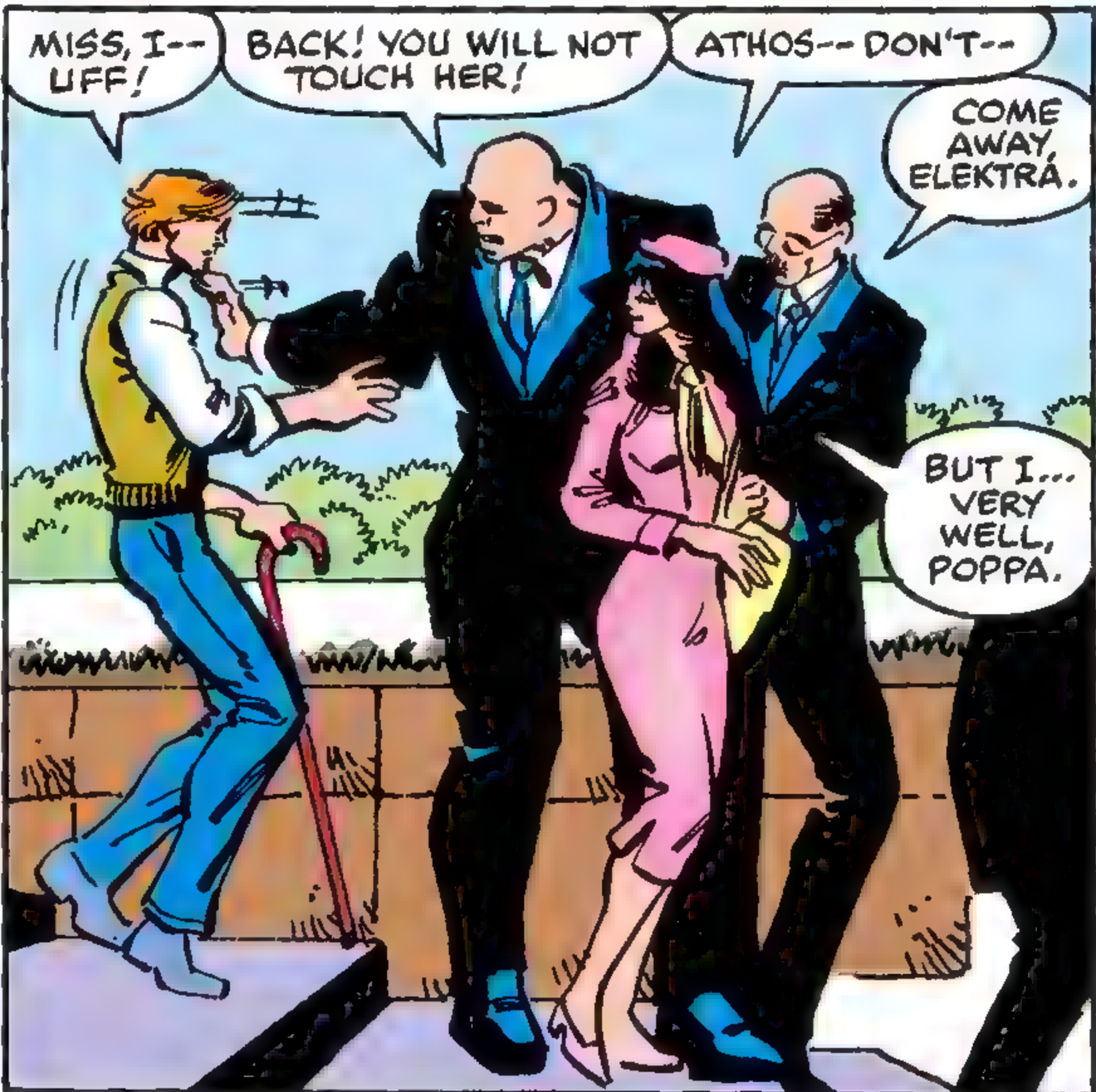
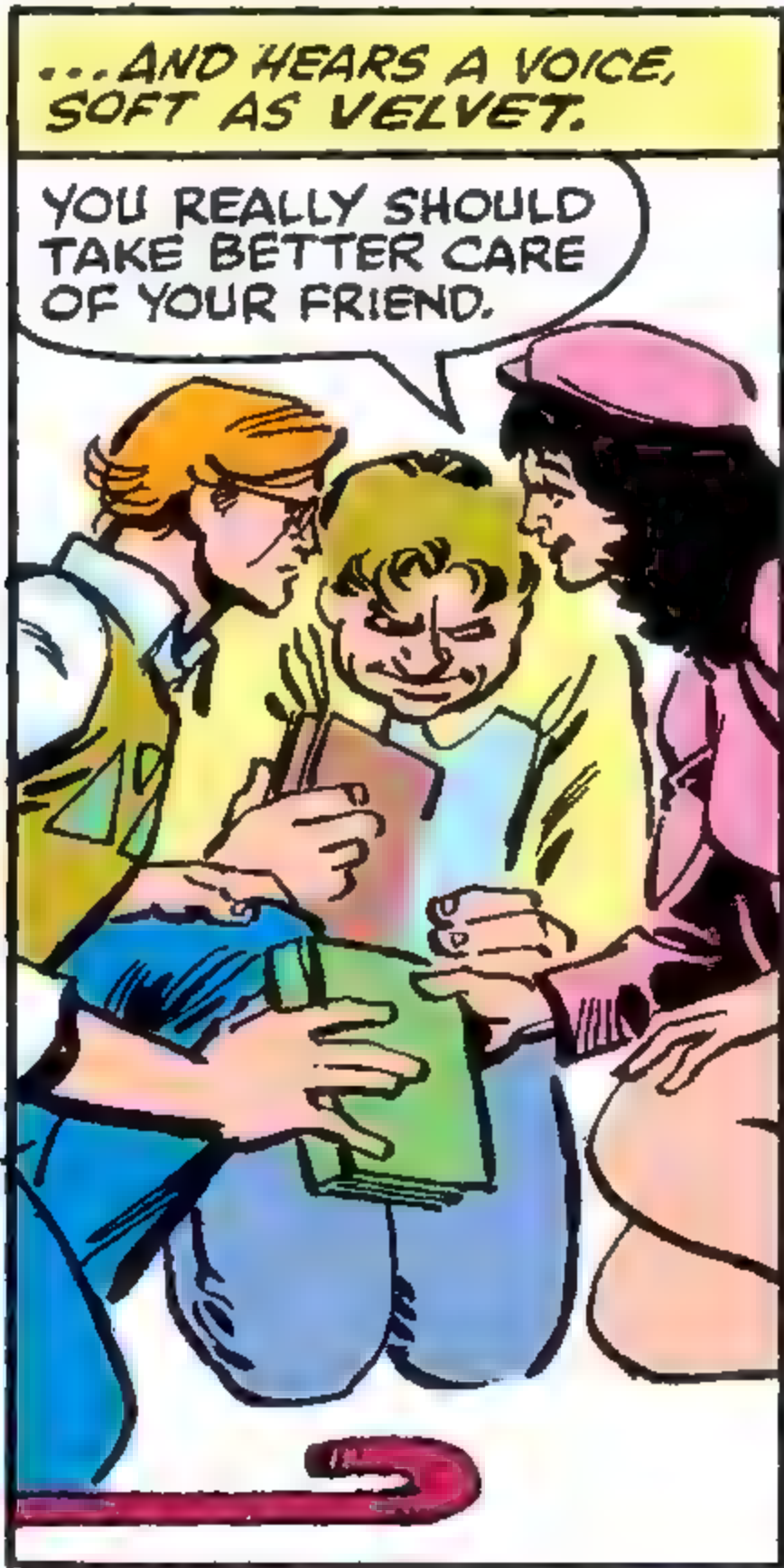
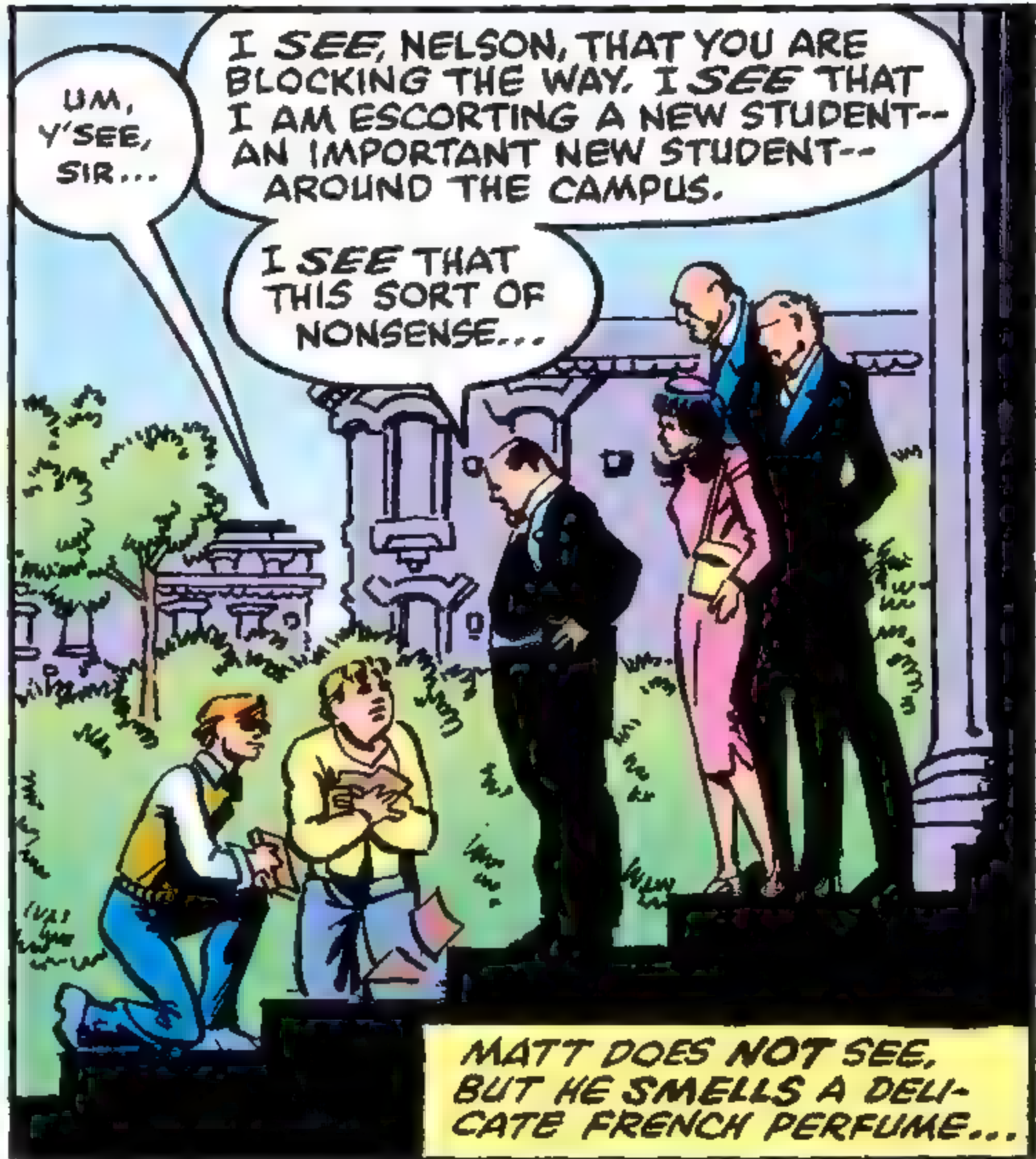
MUST BE CRAZY.
GOING TO THE
PARK AT NIGHT.

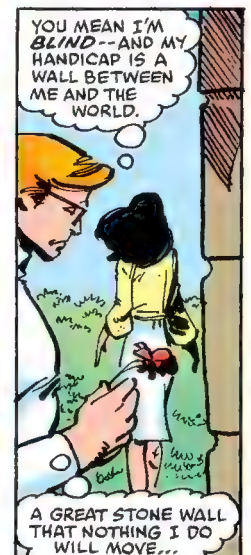
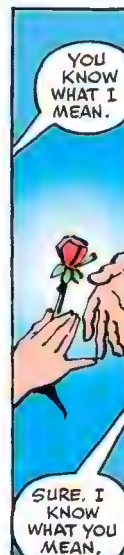
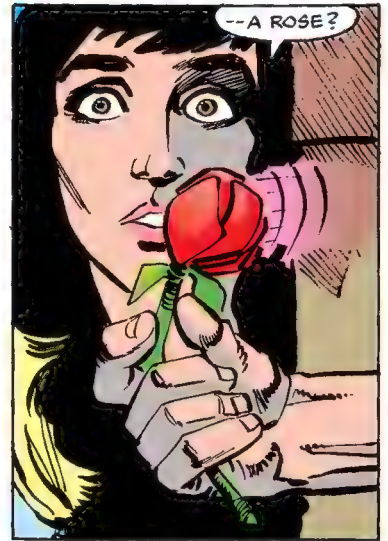
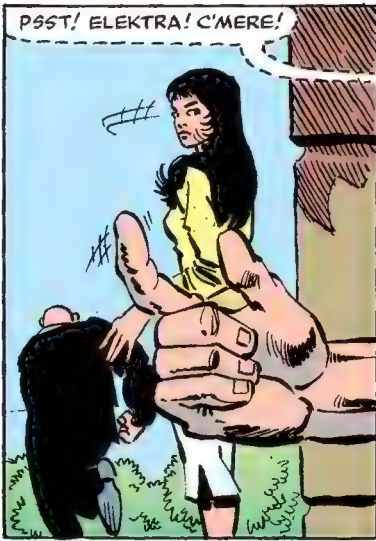
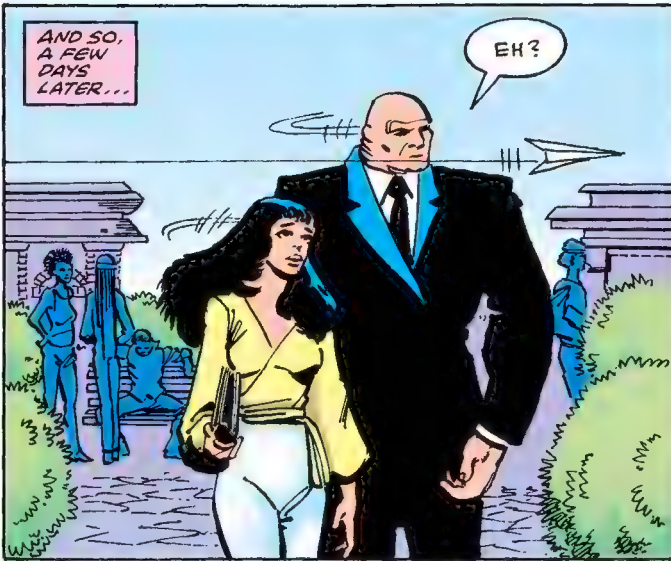


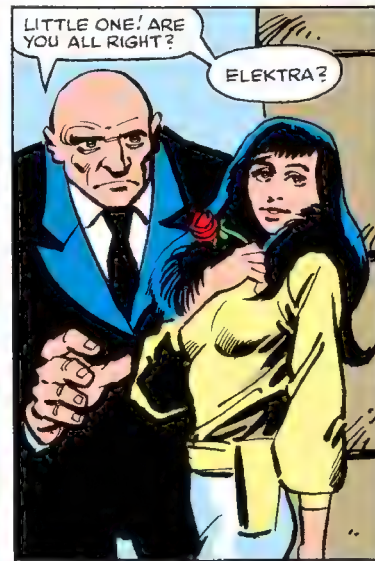
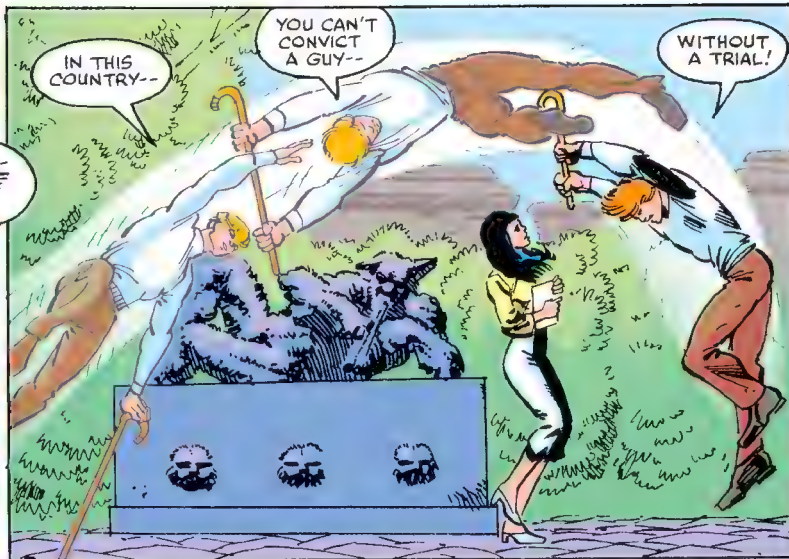
YES, SIR. I GUESS
THAT WAS PRETTY
STUPID OF ME.

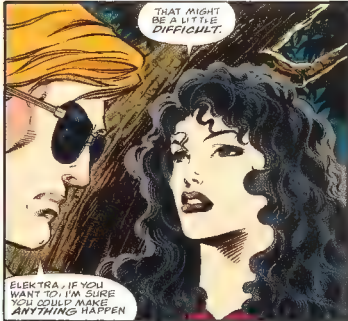
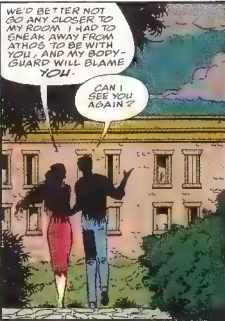
AND WHOEVER
THAT WOMAN
IS--

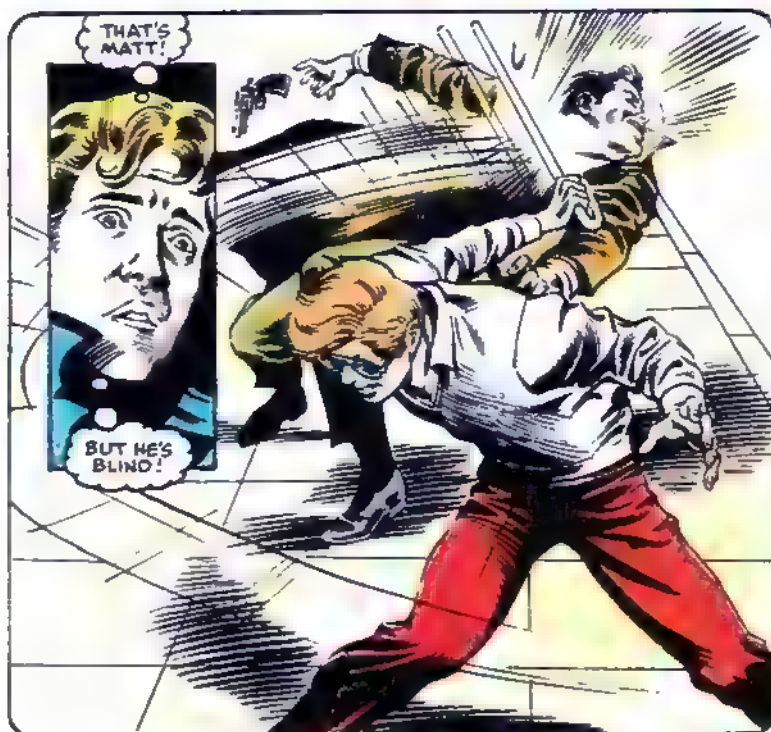
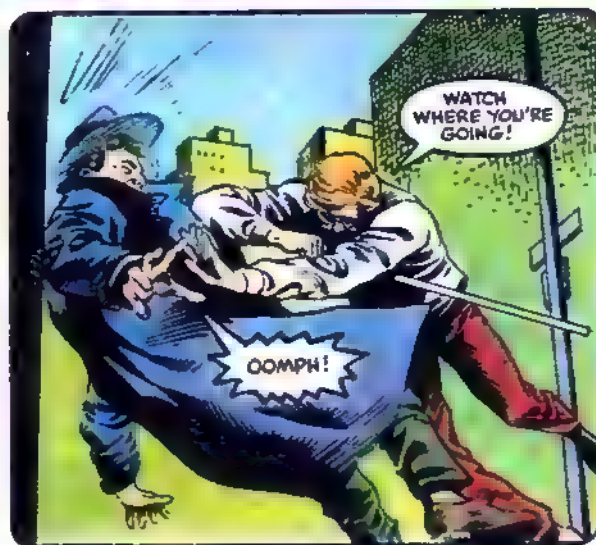
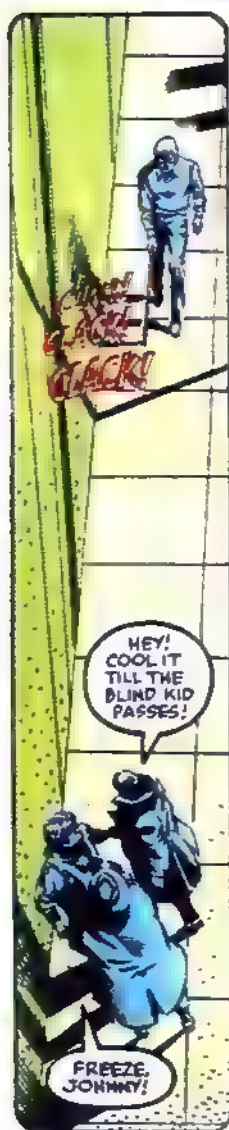
-- SHE ENJOYED
EVERY SECOND
OF IT.

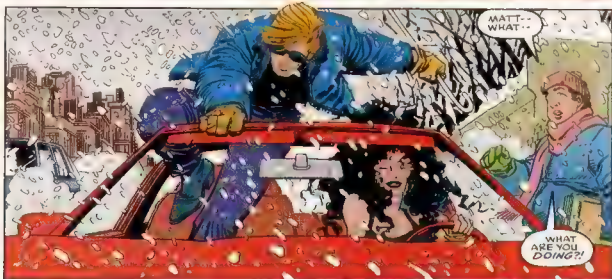
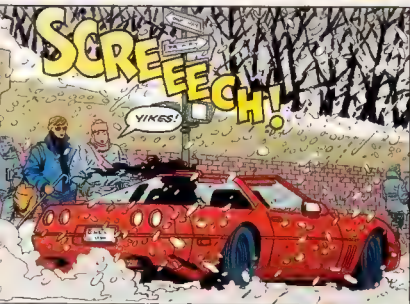
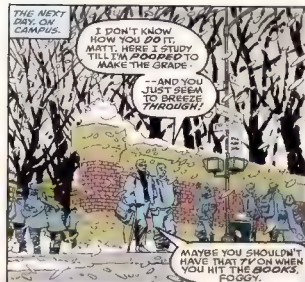


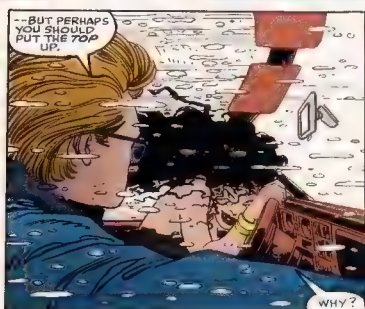
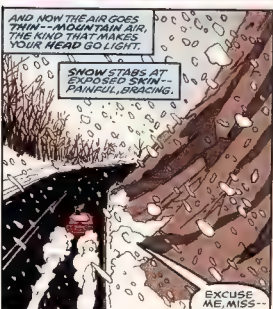
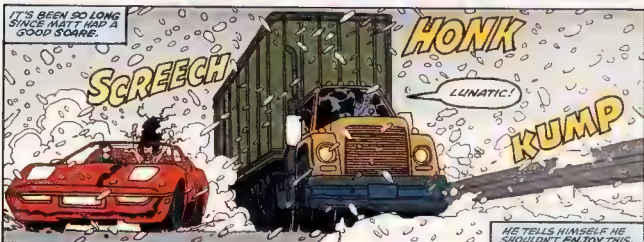
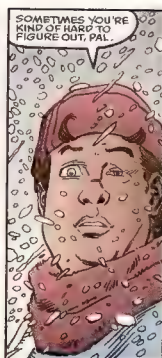






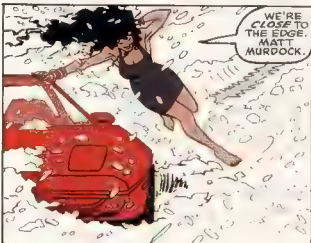
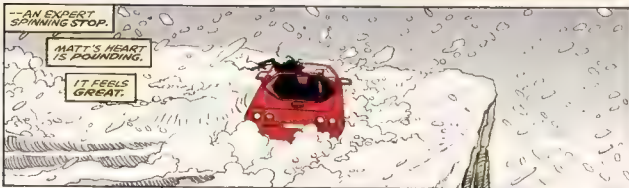


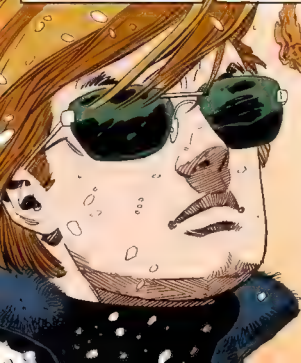






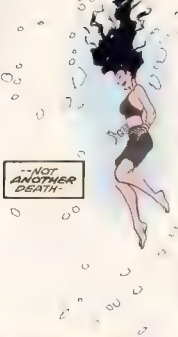
SUDDEN
LURCH--



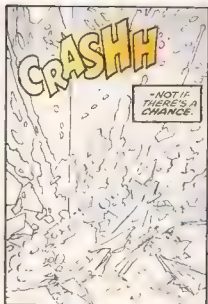


NO--

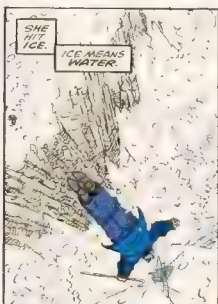




--NOT
ANOTHER
DEATH--

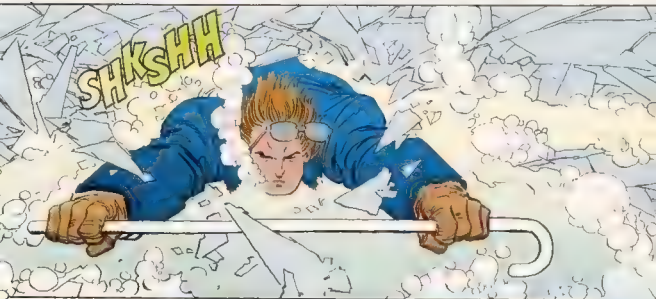


--NOT IF
THERE'S A
CHANCE.



SHE
HIT
ICE.

ICE MEANS
WATER.



NUMBING
COLD.

SILENCE.



NO
SCENT.

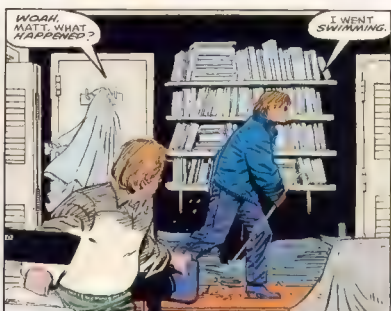
NO WAY
TO FIND
HER.

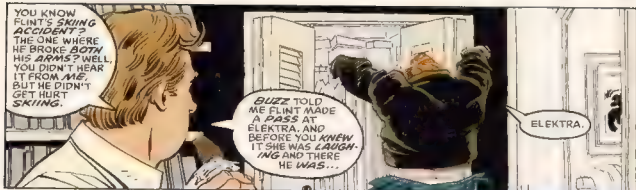


RUNNING
OUT OF AIR.

LET ONE
BREATH

SEARCH
AGAIN







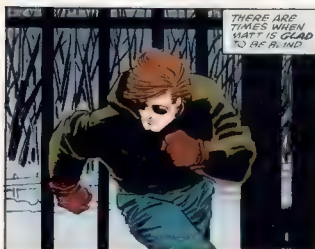
REMEMBER
WHAT STICK
TAUGHT YOU,
HE TELLS
HIMSELF.

YOUR KICK
CAN FLEX.

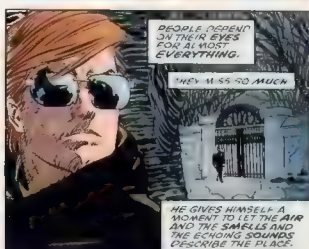
LET



HIDE TO
SOUND



THERE ARE
TIMES WHEN
HAT IS GLAD
TO BE BLIND



PEOPLE DEPEND
ON THEIR EYES
FOR ALMOST
EVERYTHING.

THEY MISS SO MUCH

HE GIVES HIMSELF A
MOMENT TO LET THE AIR
AND THE SMELLS AND
THE ECHOING SOUNDS
DESCRIBE THE PLACE.

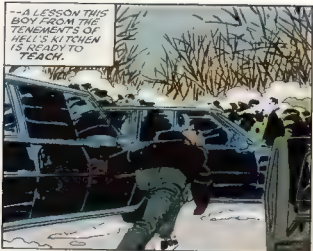


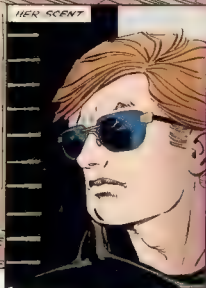
QUITE A
SPREAD.

FOGGY SAID ELEKTRA'S
FATHER IS SOME KIND
OF BIG SHOT DIPLOMAT
A POWERFUL MAN

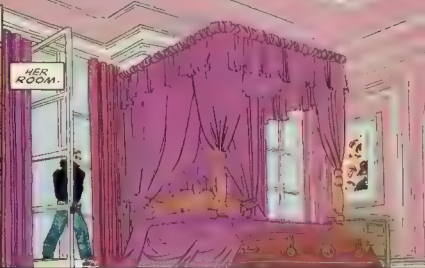
SHE'S PROBABLY
HAD IT
EASY ALL
HER LIFE

SHE COULD
USE A
LESSON--

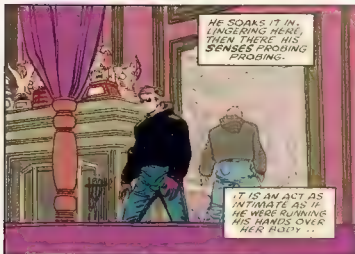




HER SCENT

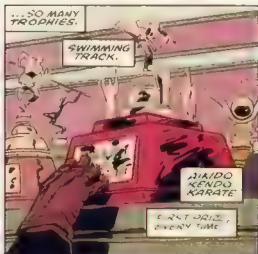


HER ROOM.



HE SOAKS IT IN, LINGERING HERE, THEN THERE HIS SENSES PROBING PROBING.

IT IS AN ACT AS INTIMATE AS IF HE WERE RUNNING HIS HANDS OVER HER BODY ..



...SO MANY TROPHIES.

SWIMMING TRACK.

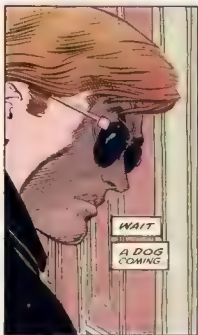
JIJIDO KENDO KARATE

EXT DRILL, EVERY TIME



DADDY'S LITTLE GIRL CAN FIGHT.

NOTHING MORE TO FIND HERE.



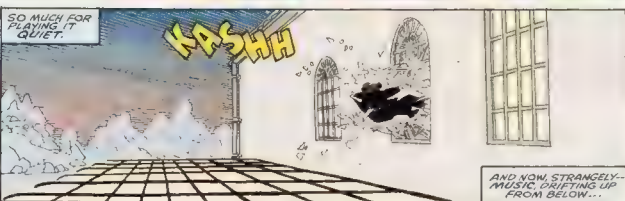
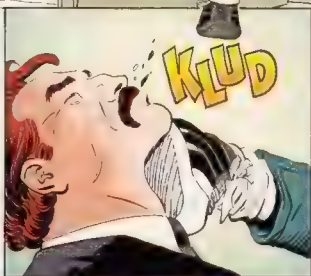
WAIT

A DOG COMING



NO PROBLEM.

DOG'S ALWAYS LOVE MAT.



PIANO MUSIC
SOMETHING
CLASSICAL
AND VERY VERY
DIFFICULT

BUT SHE
MAKES IT
SOUND
EASY

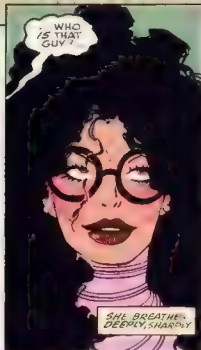
IS THERE
ANYTHING
SHE'S BAD
AT?

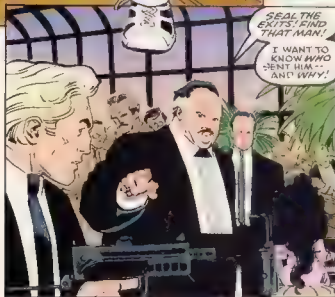
AND NOW
CHATTERING
GLASS, A
SMALL SOUND

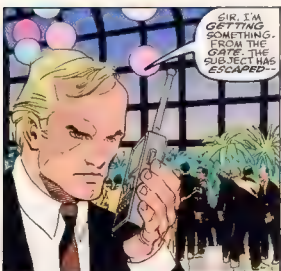
- IN A VERY
BIG ROOM.

KASHH

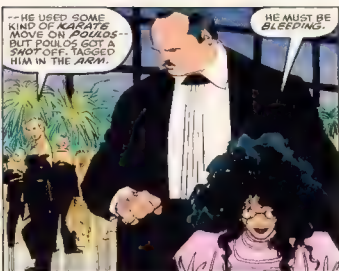








SIR, I'M
GETTING
SOMETHING.
FROM THE
GATE. THE
SUBJECT HAS
ESCAPED--



--HE USED SOME
KIND OF KARATE
MOVE ON POULOS--
BUT POULOS GOT A
SHOT OFF. TAGGED
HIM IN THE ARM.

HE MUST BE
BLEEDING.



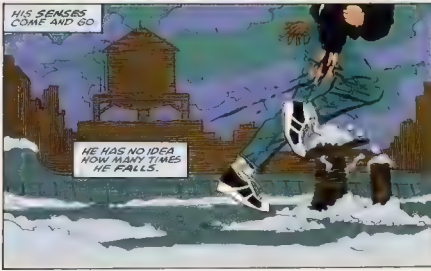
YES, MISS. HE'S
LOSING A LOT
OF BLOOD. HE
WON'T GET
FAR.



MATT DOES
GET FAR.

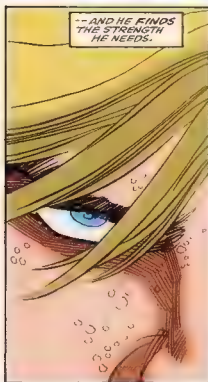
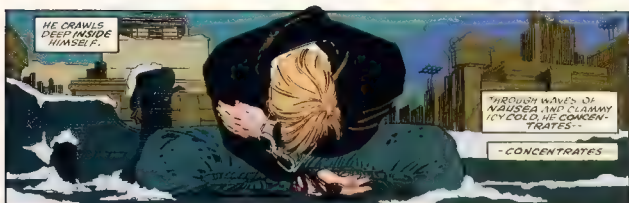
MATT GETS
ALL THE WAY
BACK INTO
TOWN

HE CAN'T
REMEMBER HOW

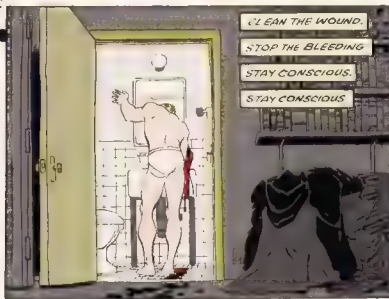
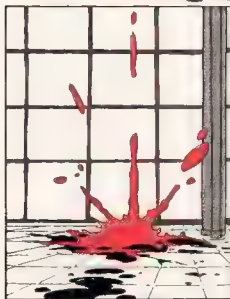


HIS SENSES
COME AND GO

HE HAS NO IDEA
HOW MANY TIMES
HE FALLS.



TO MAKE IT BACK.

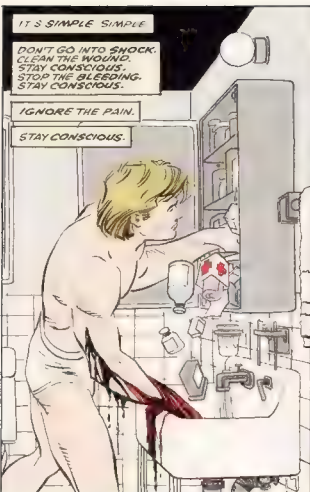


IT'S SIMPLE SIMPLE

DON'T GO INTO SHOCK.
CLEAN THE WOUND.
STAY CONSCIOUS.
STOP THE BLEEDING.
STAY CONSCIOUS.

IGNORE THE PAIN.

STAY CONSCIOUS.



THEN THE BLEEDING
STOPS AND, LIGHT-
HEADED, HE KNOWS
HE WILL LIVE.



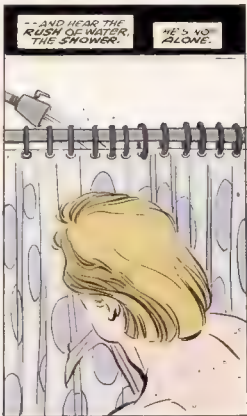
HE LETS THE
OUTSIDE
WORLD BACK
IN.

..TO FEEL
STEAM--

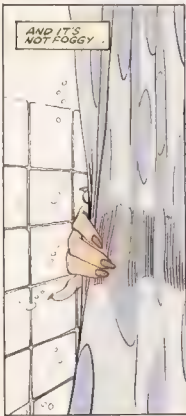


--AND HEAR THE
RUSH OF WATER,
THE SHOWER.

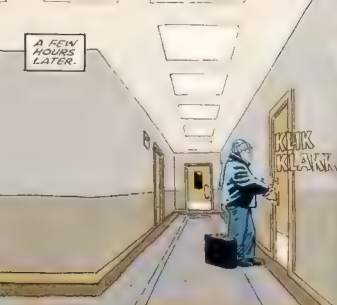
HE'S VO
ALONE.



AND IT'S
NOT FOGGY.



A FEW
HOURS
LATER.



YO, MATT!
YOU GOT THE
CHAIN ON! I
CAN'T GET IN!
OPEN UP!

**KNOCK
KNOCK**

YO,
MATT!

**KNOCK
KNOCK**

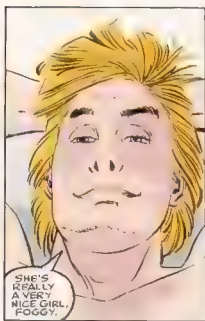
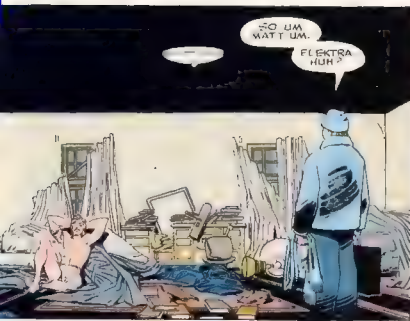
OH, HI,
FOGGY.
JUST GIVE
ME A
MINUTE.

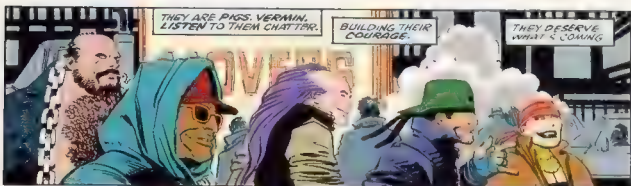
LATER.

NOT THAT
I'M COUNTING,
PAL, BUT YOU
SAID ONE
MINUTE, NOT
TWENTY.

WHAT THE
DEVIL COULD
MATT BE
DOING IN
THERE?







THEY ARE PIGS. VERMIN.
LISTEN TO THEM CHATTER.

BUILDING THEIR
COURAGE.

THEY DESERVE
WHAT'S COMING



THIS IS THE BEST
SHE CAN DO. OBEY-
ING THE URGE--

--BUT NOT THE
VOICES.

SHE'S NOT
CRAZY. THE
VOICES ARE
REAL.

SHE MADE
THE MISTAKE
OF TELLING
POPPA
ABOUT THEM
ONCE.



THEN CAME
THE PSYCHIA-
TRISTS. THEY
WILL MISSED
THE POINT.

SHE HAD TO LIE
TO GET RID OF
THE PSYCHIATRISTS
AND ALL "HER"
"DUMB QUESTIONS

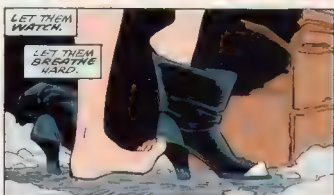
THE
VOICES
WERE
REAL



THAT'S
FAR
ENOUGH,
BABE

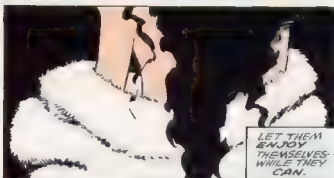
YOU CAN
SCREAM
IF YOU
WANT TO

I WON'T
SCREAM.

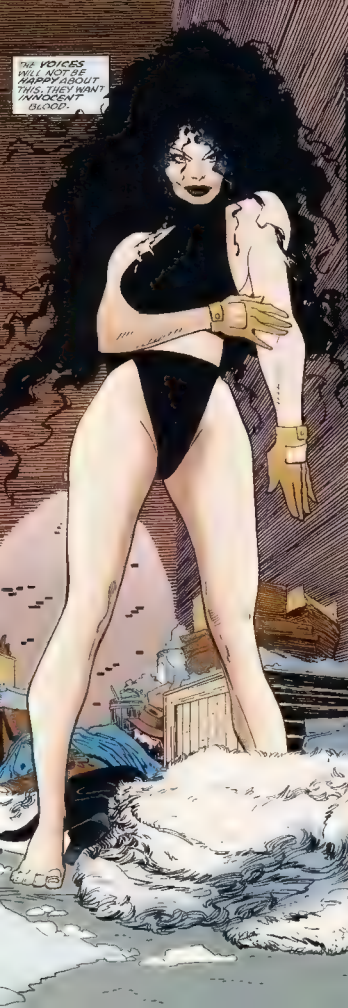


LET THEM
WATCH.

LET THEM
BREATHE
HARD.



LET THEM
ENJOY
THEMSELVES
WHILE THEY
CAN.



THE VOICES
WILL NOT BE
HAPPY ABOUT
THIS. THEY WANT
INNOCENT
BLOOD.

MOVING ACROSS HER
ROOM, ALWAYS OUT
OF SIGHT, WHISPERING
IN HER EAR, RASPY
LIKE DRY LEAVES

- THE
VOICES
TELL HER
SHE HAS A
DESTINY
WITH THEM

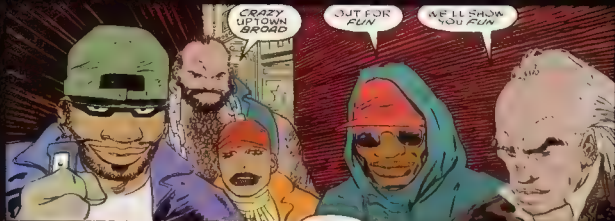
SHE DOESN'T
LIKE THE SOUND
OF THAT DESTINY

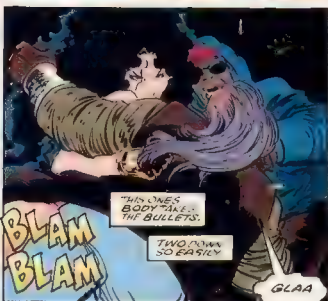
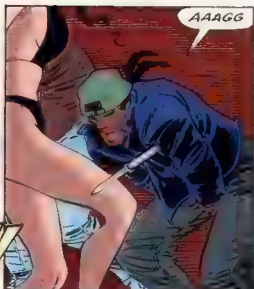
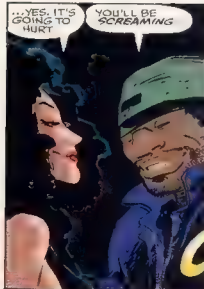
BUT THEY DO
SOMETHING
TO HER MIND.
SOMETHING
SHE CAN BARELY
CONTROL.

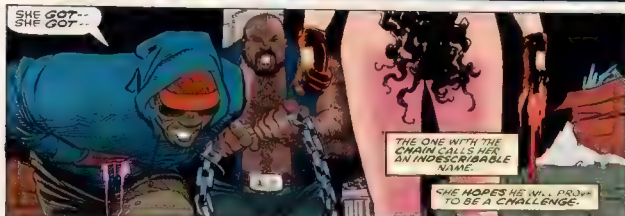
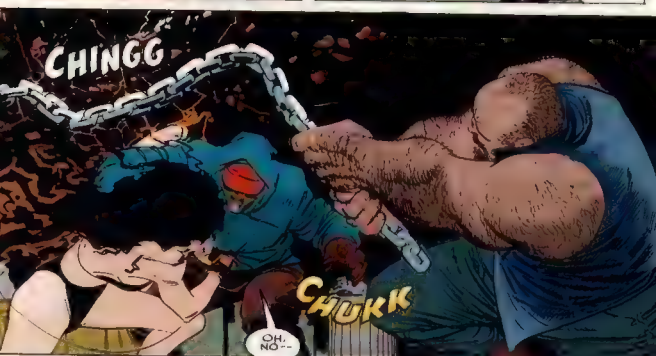
AND SO SHE
PICKS VICTIMS
OF HER OWN.



GENTLEMEN,
YOU AREN'T
FRIGHTENED,
ARE YOU?





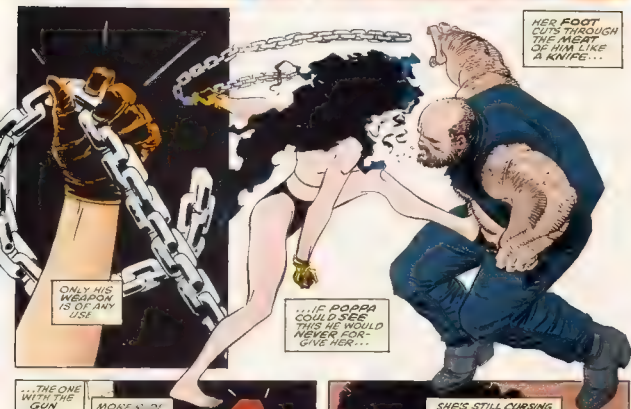


THE ONE WITH THE
CHAIN CALLS HER
AN INDESCRIPTABLE
NAME.

SHE HOPES HE WILL PROVE
TO BE A CHALLENGE.



BUT HE'S JUST BIG
AND STRONG AND
STUPID



HER FOOT
CUTS THROUGH
THE MEAT
OF HIM LIKE
A KNIFE...

ONLY HIS
WEAPON
IS OF ANY
USE

...IF POPPA
COULD SEE
THIS HE WOULD
NEVER FOR-
GIVE HER...



...THE ONE
WITH THE
GUN

MOVES BY
LANGUAGE



SHE'S STILL CURSING
AS THE CHAIN TURNS
HER WRIST TO PULP.



THEN IT'S A
SIMPLE MATTER
OF SHOVING
SHARP BONE
INTO SOFT
BRAIN.

A NOVICE
COULD DO IT.

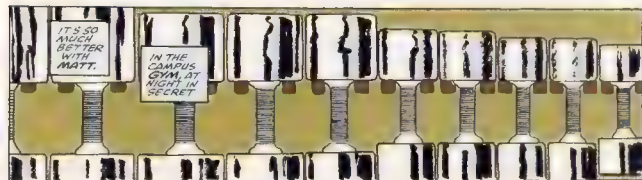
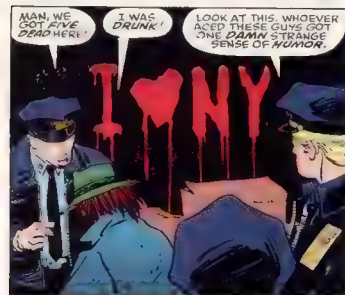


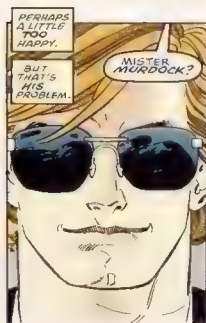
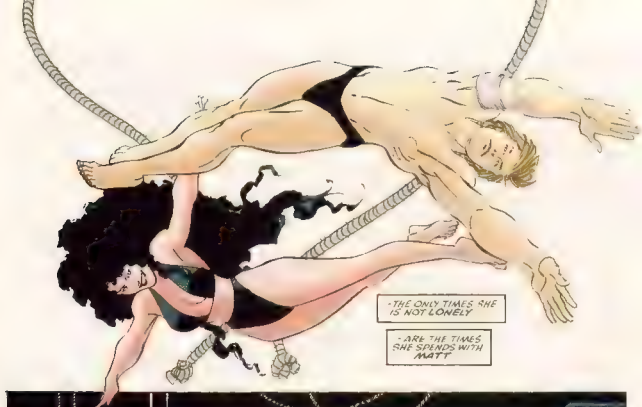
ONLY THE BIG
ONE REMAINS.

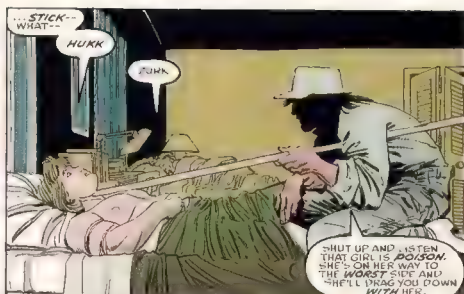
ELEKTRA
NOTES THE
SMELL OF
HIS SWEAT.

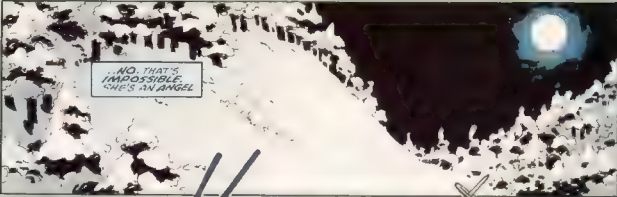


A FEW LAST
GURGLING
SOUNDS AND
THE ALLEY
GOES QUIET.





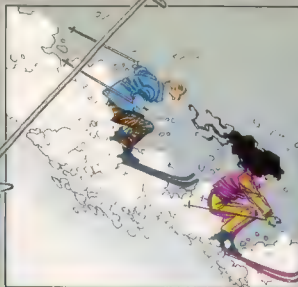




...NO, THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE.
SHE'S AN ANGEL.



SHE'S THE
PERFECT
MATE FOR
HIM.



HIS LAUGHING
DANCING
PLAYMATE.



HIS WILD
RECKLESS,
PASSIONATE
LOVER.

BUT WHEN HE HINTS
AT THEIR FUTURE
TOGETHER, HER
LAUGH IS DARK AND
TERRIBLY SAD...

YOU NEVER ASK
ME ANY QUESTIONS
MATT. YOU DON'T
REALLY KNOW ME

YOU'RE SOMETHING
I DON'T DESERVE.
SOMETHING I
CAN'T KEEP.

IF I COULD HAVE STOPPED
MYSELF, I NEVER WOULD'VE
COME TO YOU. IT WAS WRONG

YOU'RE
EVERYTHING
I NEED.
ELEKTRA.
EVERYTHING
I'VE EVER
WANTED.

ACTUALLY,
ONE OF THEM
WAS A WOMAN.

DON'T
TALK
CRAZY.

I
KILLED
FIVE
MEN
LAST
WEEK.

NO. OF COURSE
YOU CAN'T
BELIEVE ME.

I'M
TIRED.

AND
LIKE A
CAT.

--SHE
SLEEPS

I LOVE
YOU,
ELEKTRA.

TWELVE YEARS AGO

WHAT ARE
YOU THINKING,
MATT?

Uh-Oh...

SHUT UP, I'M
SERIOUS...

HONESTLY?

I WAS
THINKING THAT I
WOULD LIKE TO NEVER
HAVE TO LEAVE THIS
ROOM.

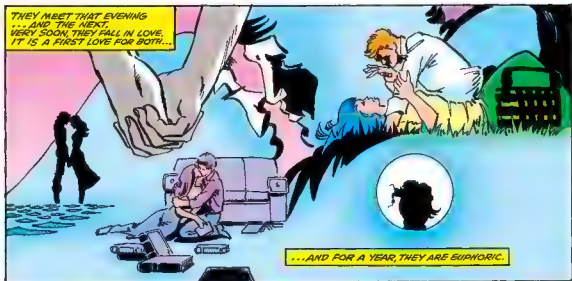
WHAT
DO YOU THINK
ABOUT THAT,
'LEKTRA?

WE'VE
GOT CABLE,
ICE CREAM,
A BED.

LET'S
JUST STAY
HERE.

THAT
WOULD BE
NICE.

THEY MEET THAT EVENING
...AND THE NEXT
VERY SOON THEY FALL IN LOVE.
IT IS A FIRST LOVE FOR BOTH...



ONE YEAR
LATER

STAY AWAY
FROM HER!

SHE'S BAD
NEWS!



BUT, STICK!
SHE'S THE BEST
THING THAT'S
EVER HAPPENED
TO ME!



...THERE'S TWO SIDES
TO YOU, PUNK--ONE STUDIES
AND READS, THE OTHER
TRAINS-AND FIGHTS.

PROBLEM IS,
PUNK--AIN'T
NEITHER OF THEM
SIDES YOURS!

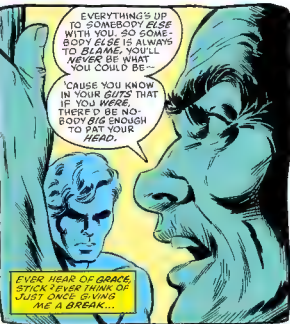


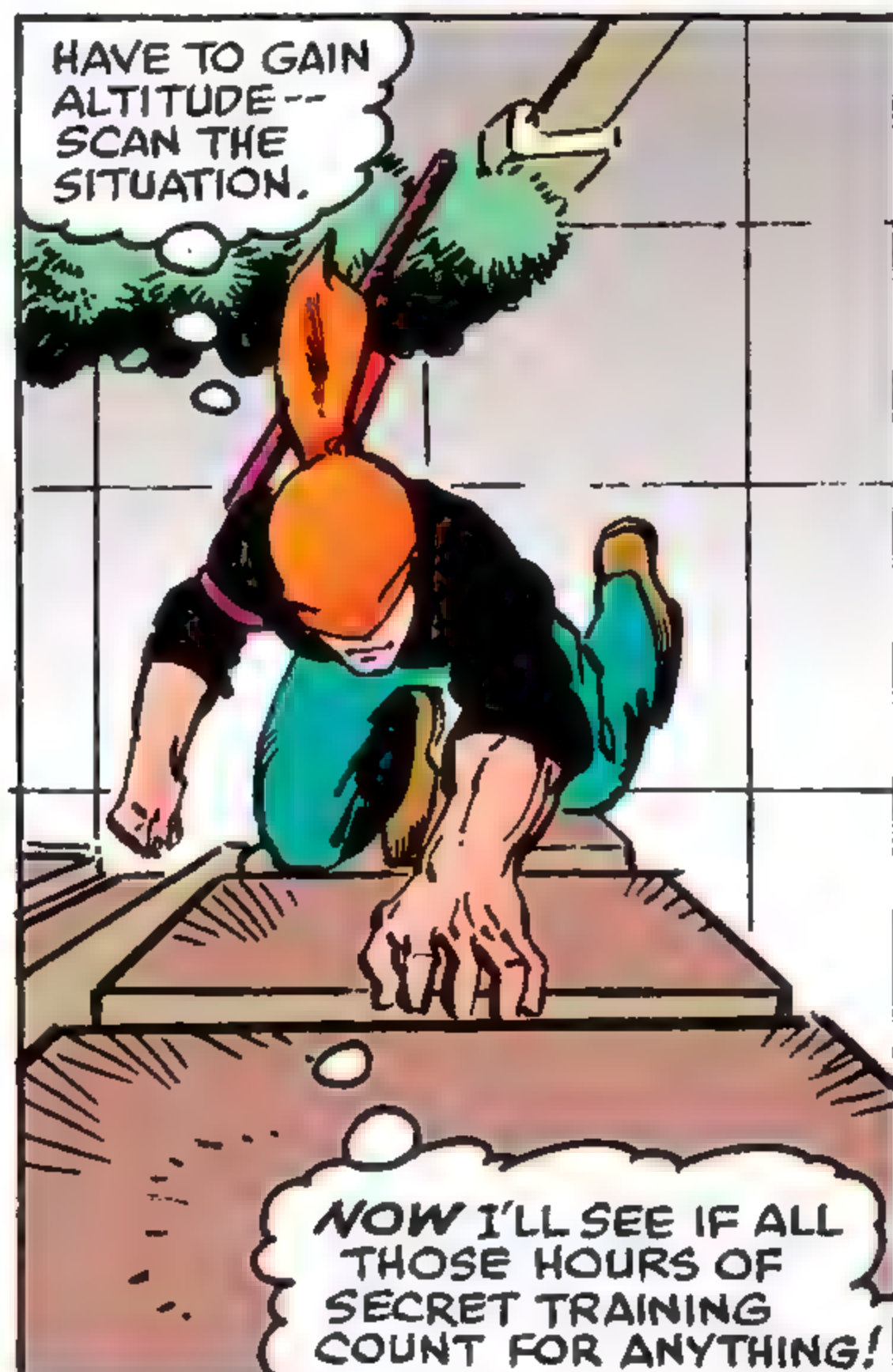
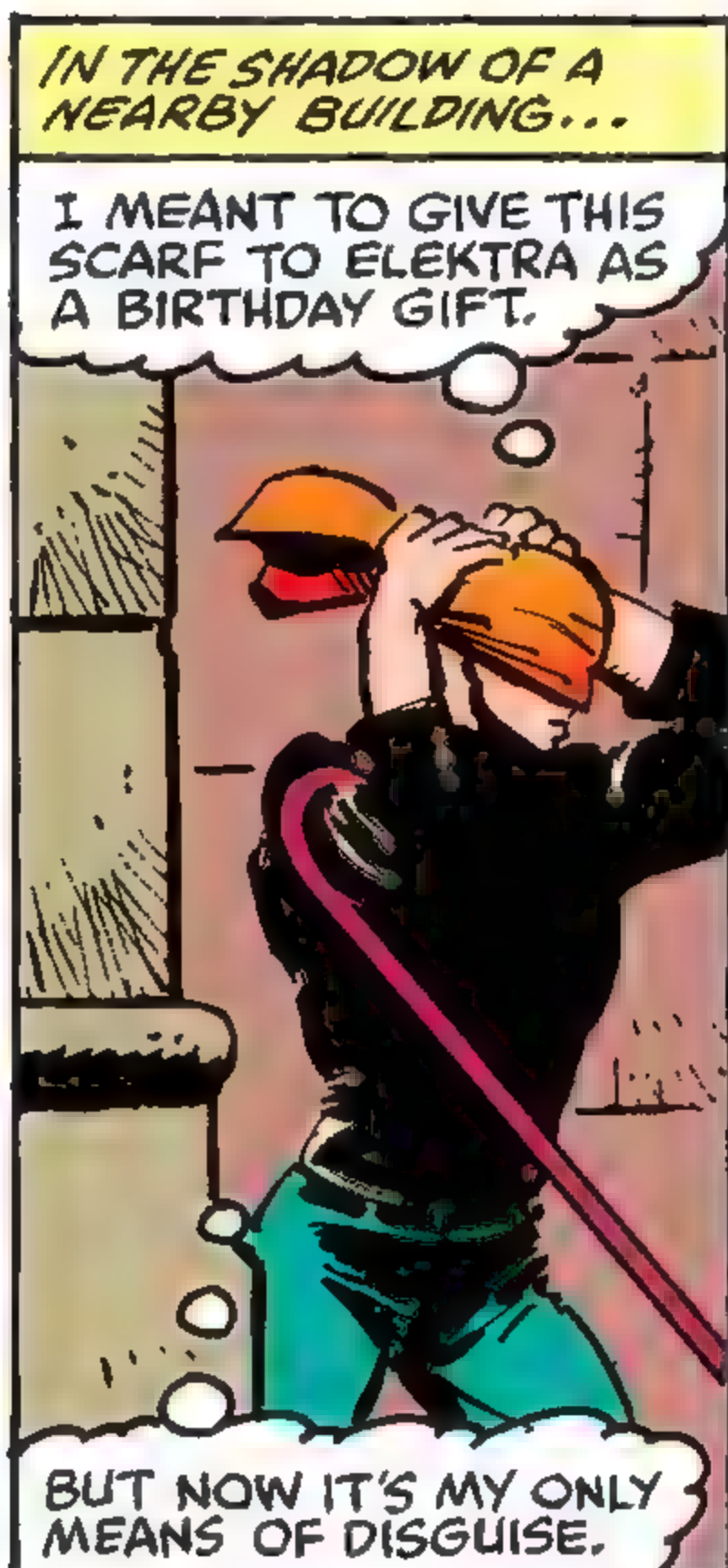
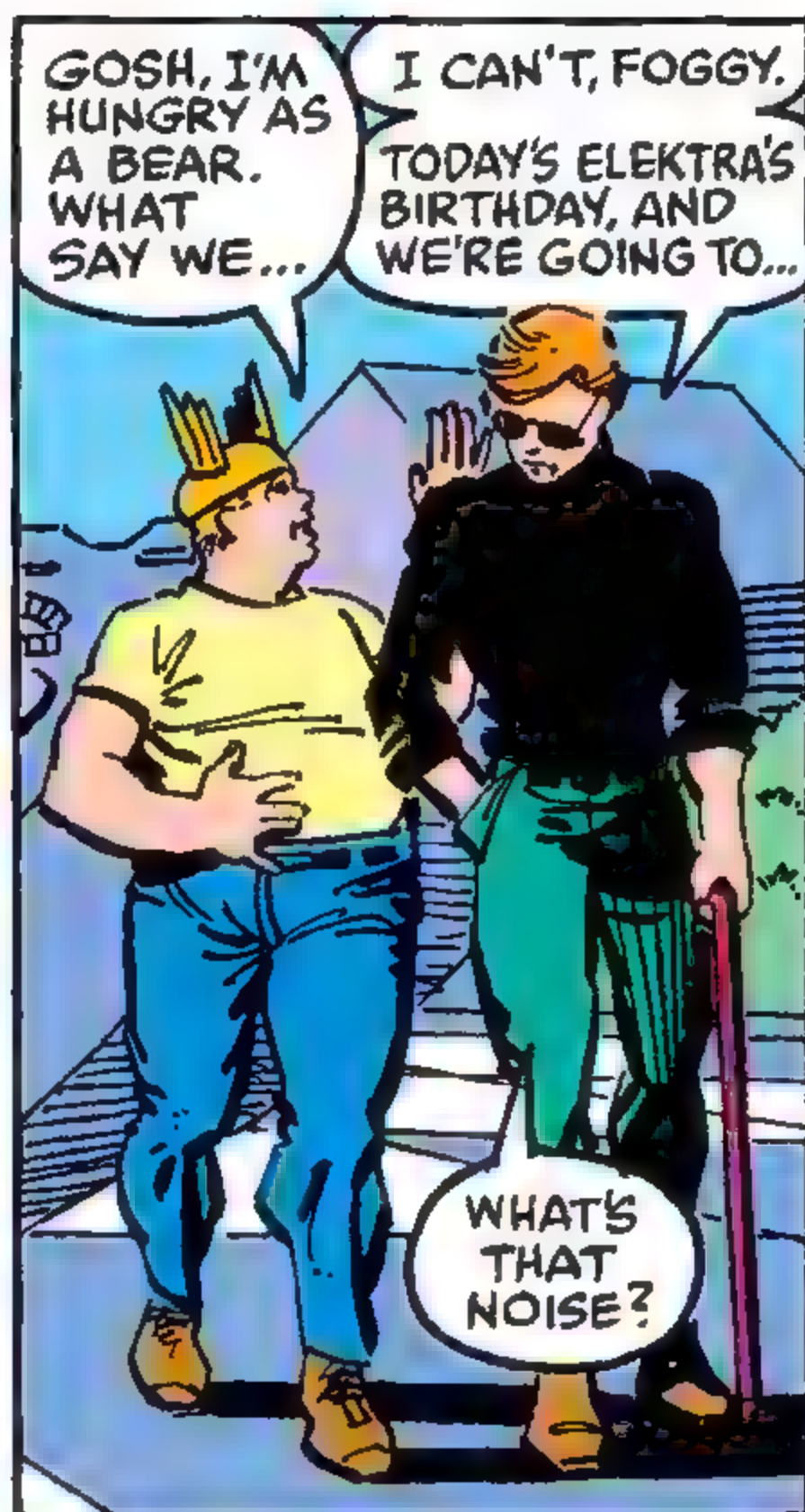
YOU DO WHAT YER DAD
TOLD
YOU--YOU DO WHAT I TELL YOU,
EVEN THE WOMEN YOU LATCH ONTO
--IT'S UP TO THEM TO MAKE THINGS
RIGHT OR WRONG. YOU--YOU
JUST OBEY.



EVERYTHING'S UP
TO SOMEBODY ELSE
WITH YOU. SO SOME-
BODY ELSE IS ALWAYS
TO BLAME. YOU'LL
NEVER BE WHAT
YOU COULD BE--

'CAUSE YOU KNOW
IN YOUR GUTS THAT
IF YOU WERE,
THERE'D BE NO-
BODY BIG ENOUGH
TO PAT YOUR
HEAD.





NOT BAD. I'M IN BETTER SHAPE THAN I THOUGHT.

BEFORE I DO ANYTHING, I HAVE TO UNDERSTAND EXACTLY WHAT IS GOING ON. I'VE GOT TO CONCENTRATE--USE MY HYPER SENSES AS NEVER BEFORE!

IF I TRY, I CAN HEAR EVERY WORD THAT'S SPOKEN...

YOU ARE SUR-ROUNDED. IT'S HOPELESS. PLEASE... RELEASE THE AMBASSADOR AND HIS DAUGHTER...

JUST LET ONE OF THOSE WORMS SHOW HIMSELF... JUST FOR A SECOND...

GET BENT, PIG!

WE WANT A CAR--AND A PLANE OUTTA TOWN!

CRIPES, THERE MUST BE A THOUSAND COPS OUT THERE! WE'VE HAD IT, MAN!

"SHUT UP. JUST SHUT UP. LET ME THINK... YEAH... WE SNUFF THE CUTIE. THAT'LL SHOW 'EM WE MEAN BUSINESS!"

"MAN, WE CAN'T DO THAT! THEY'LL--"

"SHUT UP. IF I SAY WE KILL HER, WE KILL HER!"

THERE'S NO MORE TIME. SOMETHING HAS TO BE DONE NOW.

IT'S FIFTEEN FEET TO THE OTHER ROOF. I'VE NEVER JUMPED THAT FAR.

BUT I'VE GOT TO SAVE ELEKTRA.

I'VE GOT TO!

I MISSED!

THAT FLAGPOLE! MY CANE! IF I CAN JUST...

UFF!

POP SAYS...THERE'S ALWAYS A CHANCE. HE'S NEVER AFRAID. I WON'T BE, EITHER.

COULDA' SWORN I HEARD SOMETHING.

I MAY BE WRONG--

--BUT WE BETTER PLAY IT SAFE. GO UP TO THE ROOF. SEE HOW CARLOS IS DOING.

SURE. THERE ARE SIX OF THEM...

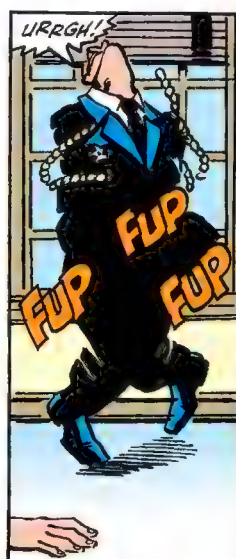
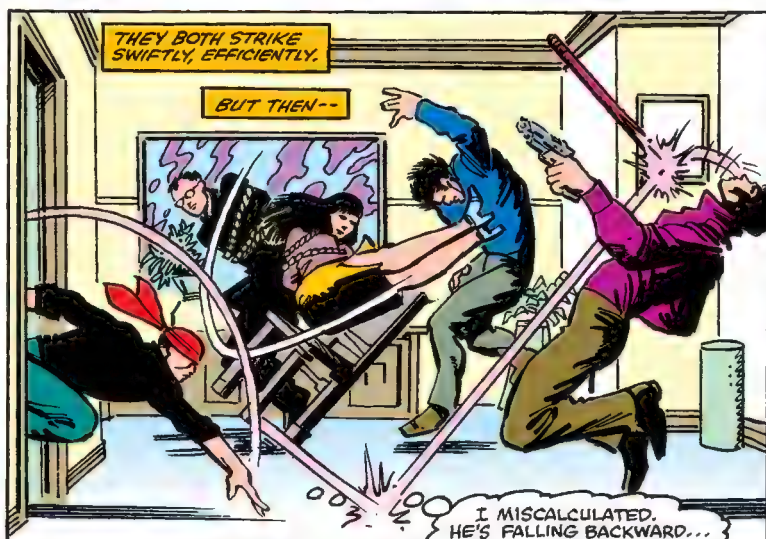
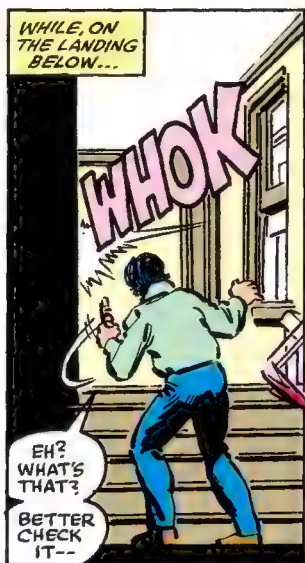
THREE IN THE ROOM WITH ELEKTRA AND HER FATHER...

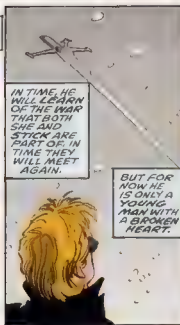
ONE ON THE LANDING BELOW...

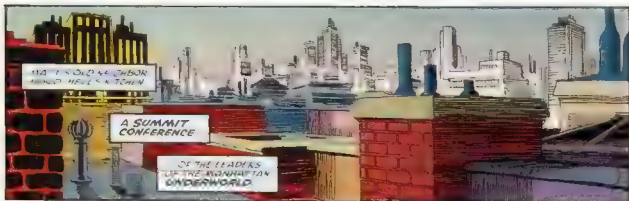
AND THE TWO HERE. BETTER KEEP THIS QUIET.

HKKK--

WHAT IN...











HE HAS WAITED FOR YEARS, THIS KILLER, QUIETLY MAKING THE PROPER CONNECTIONS, BUILDING A SILENT CONSENSUS.

SOON THAT CONSENSUS WILL BE AN UNSHAKABLE STRANGLEHOLD. THEY WILL OBEY HIM OR DIE.

HE WILL RULE THIS CITY

AS THE LORD OF CRIME

THE KINGPIN





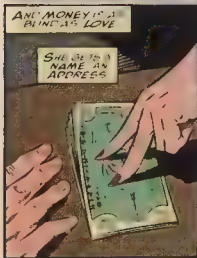
SHE GOES TO
NEW YORK.

THE
BOWERY



SHE HAS COME IN SEARCH
OF THE MAN WHO HIRED
HER FATHER'S KILLERS.

SHE MAY BE A
YOUNG WOMAN,
ALONE, BUT SHE
"A" MONEY



AND MONEY IS A
BLIND AS LOVE

SHE GETS A
NAME AND
ADDRESS



HEY, BABY, WHAT'S
THE HURRY? WANNA
SHOOT A LITTLE
POOL?

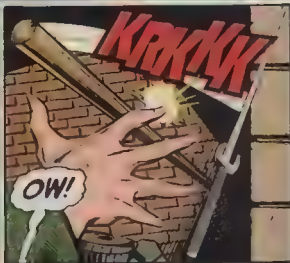


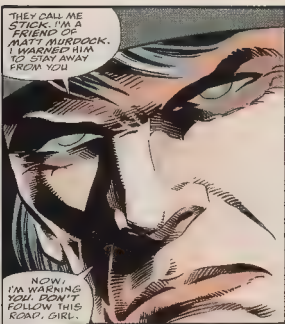
NO
THANK
YOU

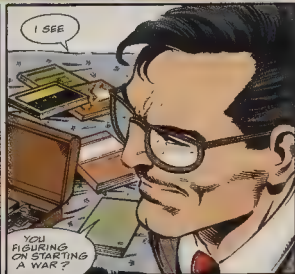
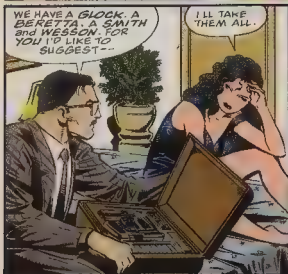
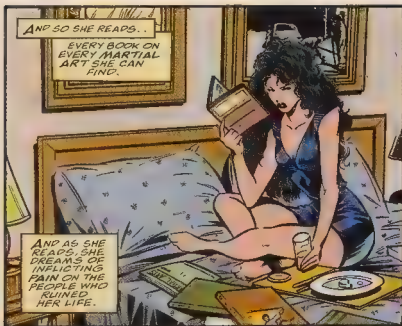
ARFF!

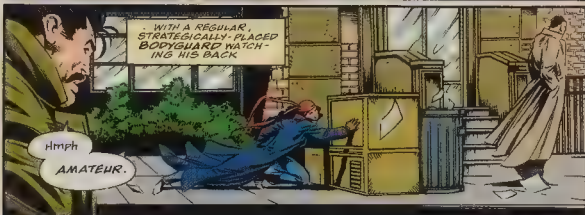
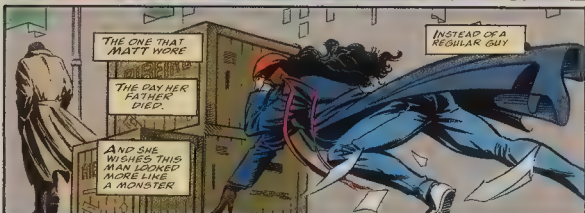
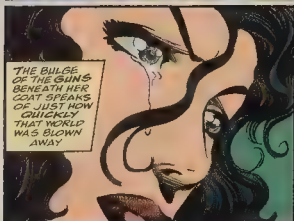


WOW!
THAT
WAS
SOME
SHOT!











SHE WATCHES AS HE ENTERS A CHURCH

AND
HESITATES
AGAIN

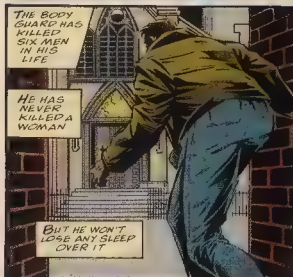


AND REMEMBERS
STICK'S WORDS
ABOUT HELL.

SHE DOES NOT
WANT TO GO
TO HELL.



NOR CAN SHE LIVE
IN A WORLD WHERE
THIS MAN LIVES.



THE BODY
GUARD HAS
KILLED
SIX MEN
IN HIS
LIFE

HE HAS
NEVER
KILLED A
WOMAN

BUT HE WON'T
LOSE ANY SLEEP
OVER IT



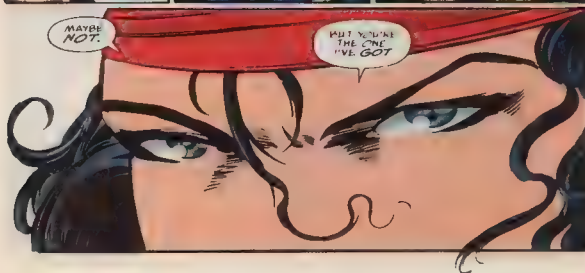
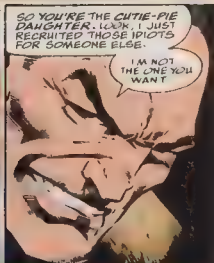
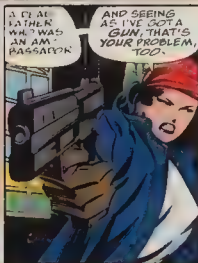
THE MAN'S NAME
DOESN'T MATTER

THERE ARE MANY LIKE HIM, PRAYING
IN CHURCHES ACROSS THE LAND.



I HOPE THAT
PRAYER WAS
A GOOD
ONE.

Huh?





NOW I'M--
Wha??



NGNGG!
G-GET--

SAY,
SHE'S GOT
SOME FIGHT
IN HER



YOU'RE
BLEEDIN',
BOSS!

I KNOW I'M
BLEEDIN'.
I'M BLEED-
ING ALL
OVER MY
NEW CAMEL'S
HAIR
COAT!



AND I LIKE
THIS COAT!!

SMKKK

DO I WASTE
HER NOW,
BOSS?

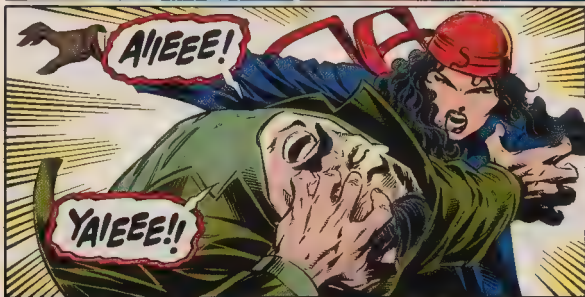


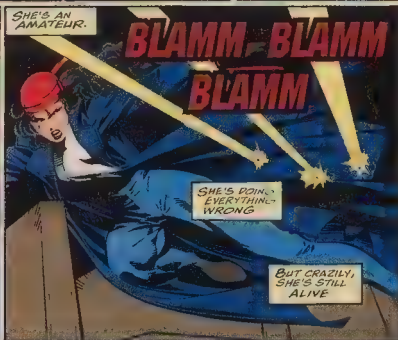
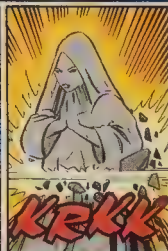
DON'T BE
SUCH A HEATHEN!
THIS'S A CHURCH
A PLACE OF HOLY
WORSHIP

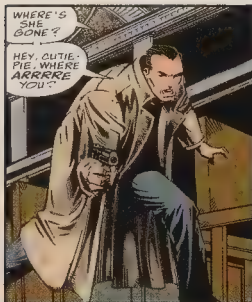
TAKE HER
OUTSIDE

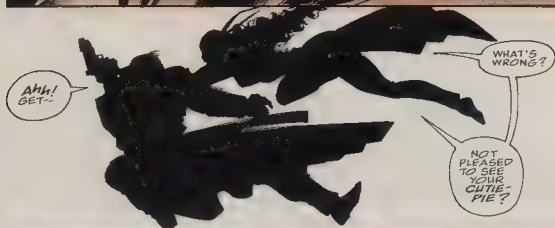


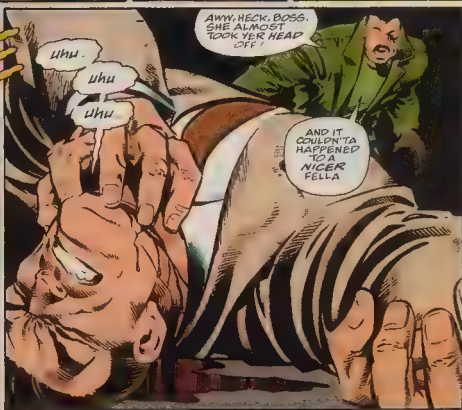
THEN
WASTE
HER

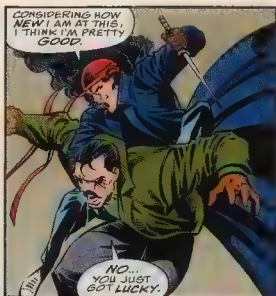














MAYBE I
WON'T KILL
YOU STRAIGHT
OFF. MAYBE
I'LL CALL UP
TEN OR SO
WISE GUYS--

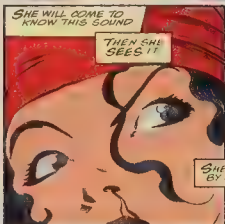
--AND WE
CAN HAVE A
PARTY!



WE'LL KEEP GOING
UNTIL YOU **BEG**
TO BE KILLED!

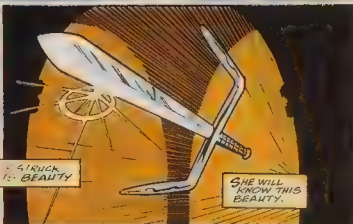
UNTIL YOU
BEG FOR
IT, LADY

HEARS



SHE WILL COME TO
KNOW THIS SOUND

THEN SHE
SEES IT



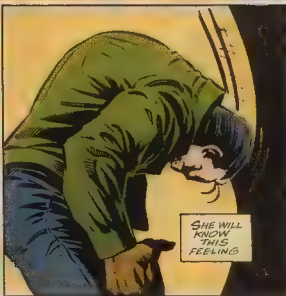
SHE'S STRUCK
BY ITS BEAUTY

SHE WILL
KNOW THIS
BEAUTY.

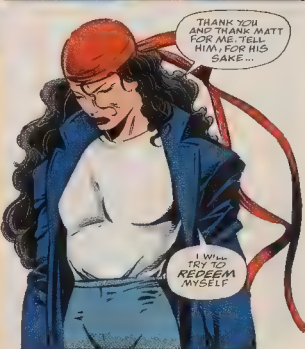
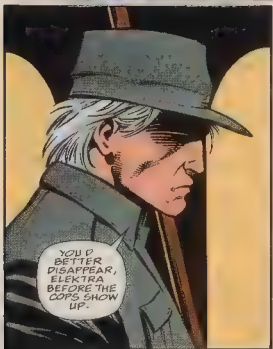


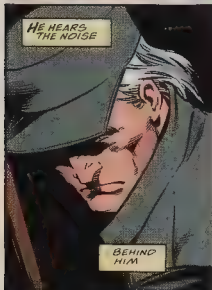
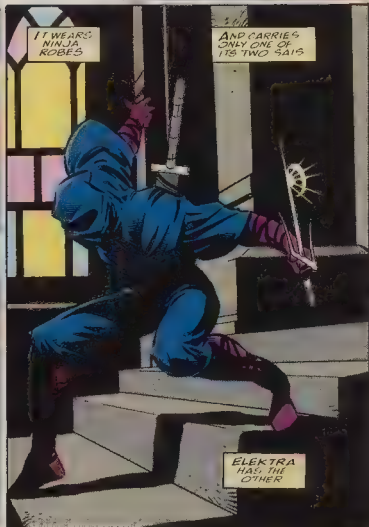
AND THEN SHE
FEELS IT.

FEELS IT ENTER
HIM, FEELS HIS
FINAL SPASM
OF LIFE



SHE WILL
KNOW THIS
FEELING









BUT MOST FEARED OF ALL
IS THE SILENT MAN AT THE
KINGPIN'S SIDE, THE MAN
CALLED LARKS.

"THE KINGPIN NURTURED
HIM, SINCE HE WAS A BOY.
TRAINED HIM IN THE MANY
WAYS OF DEATH.

drove his soul
from him.



LEAVING A THING
WITH AN ICY MASK
FOR A FACE.

A THING TO WHOM
KILLING IS AS
NATURAL AS
BREATHING.

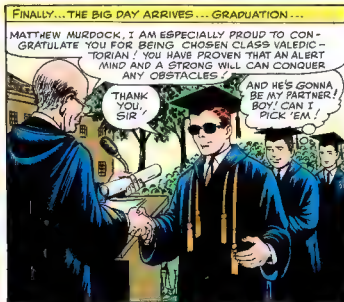
A THING THAT
FINDS PLEASURE
ONLY IN COLD
CRUELTY.

EAR'S
PASS



YOU'VE GOTTA SNAP OUT OF IT, MATT! PULL
YOURSELF TOGETHER, FELLA! THAT'S WHAT
YOUR DAD WOULD HAVE WANTED!

WE'LL BE
GRADUATING
SOON, AND MY
DAD'S SETTING
ME UP IN A LAW
OFFICE 'I WANT
YOU TO JOIN ME,
MATT... AS MY
PARTNER!



FINALLY... THE BIG DAY ARRIVES ... GRADUATION ...

MATTHEW MURDOCK, I AM ESPECIALLY PROUD TO CON-
GRATULATE YOU FOR BEING CHOSEN CLASS VALEDIC-
TORIAN! YOU HAVE PROVEN THAT AN ALERT
MIND AND A STRONG WILL CAN CONQUER
ANY OBSTACLES!

THANK
YOU,
SIR!

AND HE'S GONNA
BE MY PARTNER!
BOY! CAN I
PICK 'EM!



Time had passed and we still hadn't had "our day in court."

The case had stalled. They couldn't find the gun. There were no fingerprints, even on the pistachio nuts.

Soon, the police had other priorities.

I had only one.

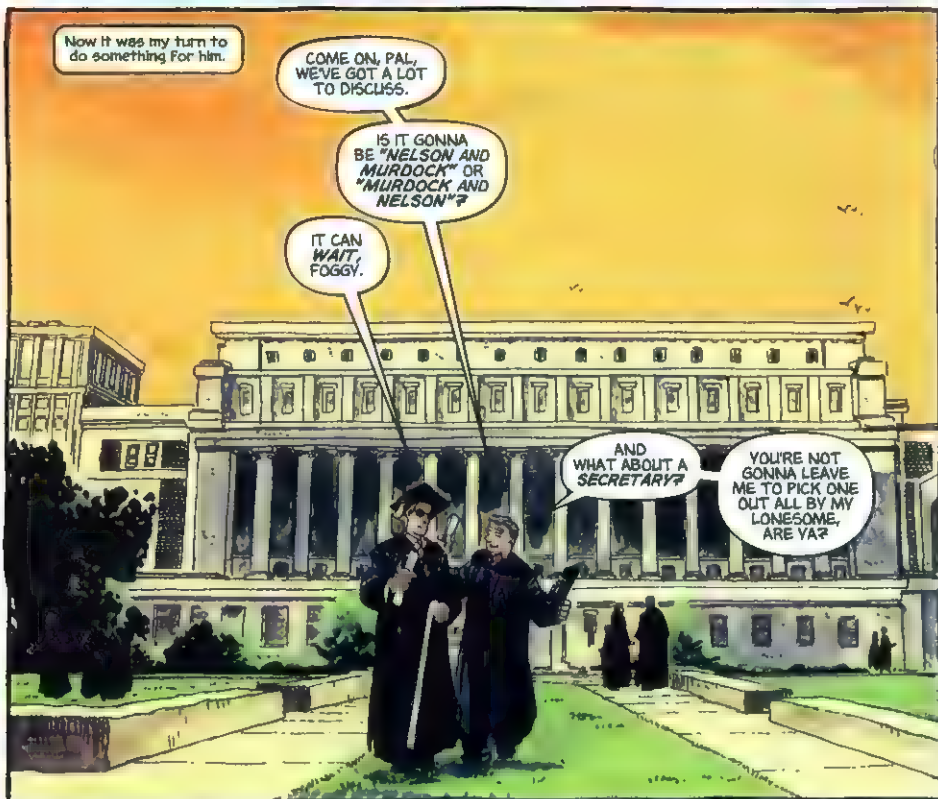
MATTHEW MURDOCK, I AM ESPECIALLY PROUD TO CONGRATULATE YOU FOR BEING CHOSEN CLASS VALEDICTORIAN.

YOU HAVE SHOWN US THAT NO MATTER HOW LARGE THE ADVERSITY, THE INDIVIDUAL CAN TRIUMPH.

THANK YOU, SIR.



My Dad did everything he could do to see to it I graduated from Law School.



Now it was my turn to do something for him.

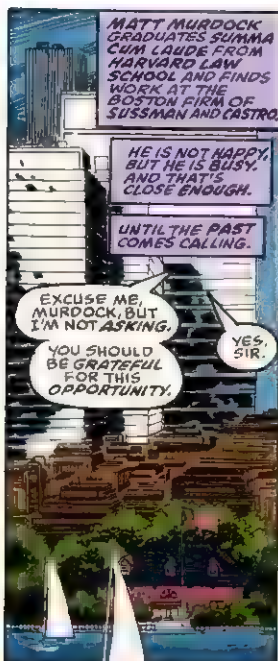
COME ON, PAL, WE'VE GOT A LOT TO DISCUSS.

IS IT GONNA BE "NELSON AND MURDOCK" OR "MURDOCK AND NELSON"?

IT CAN WAIT, FOGGY.

AND WHAT ABOUT A SECRETARY?

YOU'RE NOT GONNA LEAVE ME TO PICK ONE OUT ALL BY MY LONESOME, ARE YA?



MATT MURDOCK GRADUATES SUMMA CUM LAUDE FROM HARVARD LAW SCHOOL AND FINDS WORK AT THE BOSTON FIRM OF SUSSMAN AND CASTRO.

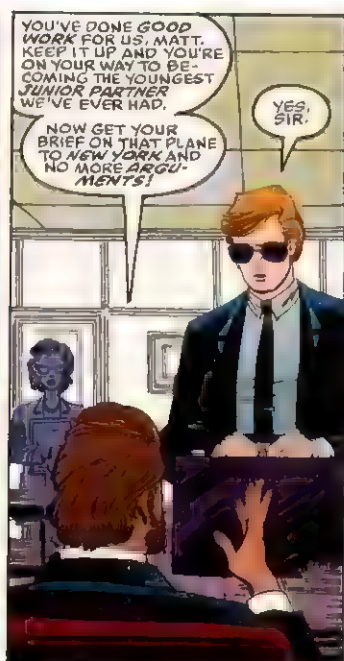
HE IS NOT HAPPY, BUT HE IS BUSY, AND THAT'S CLOSE ENOUGH.

UNTIL THE PAST COMES CALLING.

EXCUSE ME, MURDOCK, BUT I'M NOT ASKING.

YOU SHOULD BE GRATEFUL FOR THIS OPPORTUNITY.

YES, SIR.



YOU'VE DONE GOOD WORK FOR US, MATT. KEEP IT UP AND YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY TO BECOMING THE YOUNGEST JUNIOR PARTNER WE'VE EVER HAD.

NOW GET YOUR BRIEF ON THAT PLANE TO NEW YORK AND NO MORE ARGUMENTS!

YES, SIR.



NEW YORK. IT STILL SOUNDS THE SAME. IT STILL FEELS THE SAME.

AND ALL THE MEMORIES SURGE UP, LAUGHING AT HIM LIKE SCHOOLYARD BULLIES.

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE ME, THE CITY ROARS.

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE YOURSELF.

AND SO MATT COMES BACK



HIS MIDTOWN HOTEL ROOM FEELS LIKE A PRISON CELL. NO HARM IN TAKING A SHORT WALK, HE TELLS HIMSELF...

THE SOUNDS AND SMELLS WRAP THEMSELVES AROUND HIM. HE FEELS THE CITY'S HIDDEN PULSE, BEATING IN TIME WITH HIS OWN. HE IGNORES HIS IMMEDIATE SURROUNDINGS, LOST IN IT--

...UNTIL HE
TASTES THE
BREAD.

PASCAL'S
BAKERY'S

HE'S WANDERED
TO NELL'S
KITCHEN.



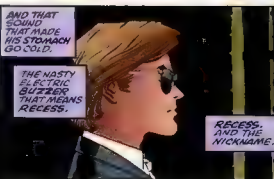
AND THE YEARS MELT AWAY.

AND HE CAN
HEAR THE
RATTLE OF
HIS SKATE-
BOARD.

THE ANGRY
SHOUTS OF
OFFICER
LIBBOWITZ.



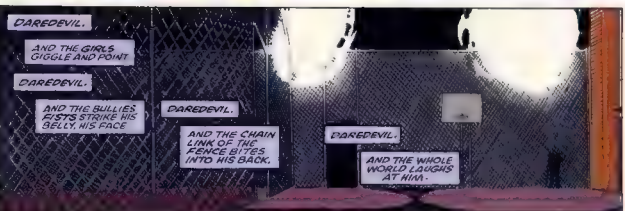
THE SMACK OF
DAD'S RIGHT
HOOK AND THE
RISING CHEER
OF THE CROWD.



AND THAT
SOUND
THAT MADE
HIS STOMACH
GO COLD.

THE NASTY
ELECTRIC
BUZZER
THAT MEANS
RECESS.

RECESS.
AND THE
NICKNAME.



DAREDEVIL.

AND THE GIRLS
GIGGLE AND POINT

DAREDEVIL.

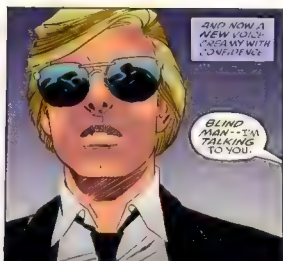
AND THE BULLIES
KICKS STRIKE HIS
BELLY, HIS FACE

DAREDEVIL.

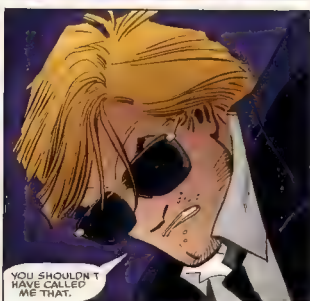
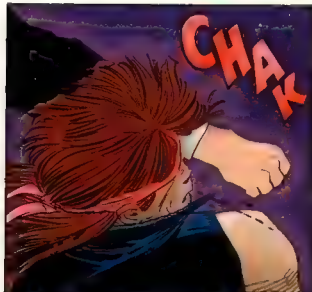
AND THE CHAIN
LINK OF THE
FENCE BITES
INTO HIS BACK.

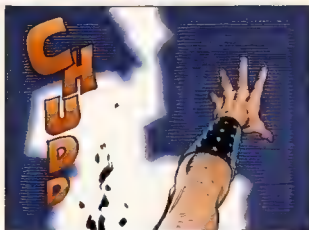
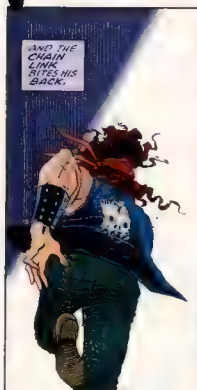
DAREDEVIL.

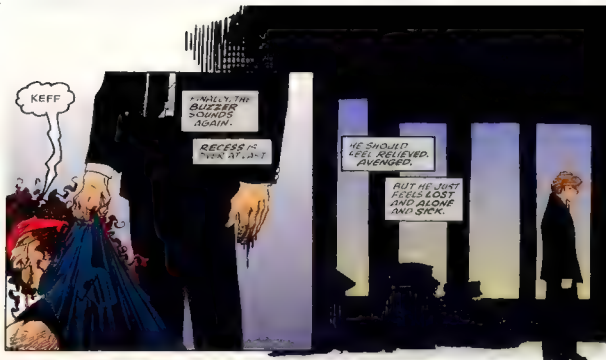
AND THE WHOLE
WORLD LAUGHS
AT HIM.











BUT THAT'S
ALL GONE
NOW. DEAD
AND BURIED
IN THE PAST.



BURIED
WITH
DAD.

BURIED WITH
MATT'S SKATE-
BOARD AND
SKI MASK
AND ALL HIS
MISCHIEF.

RUJZ
TONY
vs
BOJARD

HIS FEVER BREAKS.
HE'S IN CONTROL
AGAIN. HE CALMS
HIS HEART.

...AND HEARS
ANOTHER'S
BEAT.



HE GETS
HER
SCENT.

FEMALE.
YOUNG.
STRONG.
SCARED.

SHE'S HOLDING
HER BREATH.

NOW-- SHE'S
MOVING--

-- RUBBER
GIVES OUT
A GROAN--



-- THEN
SIGHS, IN
RELIEF.



I MEAN YOU
NO HARM,
YOUNG LADY.



HOW'D YOU DO THAT?

SHE SAYS HER NAME'S MICKEY. SHE SAYS SHE'S AN ORPHAN.

SHE'S LYING BOTH TIMES.

SHE'S ADOPTED THE GYM AS HER OWN PRIVATE HIDEOUT.

SHE'S MUCH LIKE HE WAS AT HER AGE. RESTLESS, IMPATIENT

THE TWO MEET TO WORK OUT, HER AFTER SCHOOL HIM AFTER A JOB THAT SEEMS MORE TEDIOUS EVERY DAY

THERE'S NO HARM IN GETTING A LITTLE EXERCISE.

YOUR MIND'S WANDERING. YOU'RE NOT CONCENTRATING.

I AM SO!

AND NOT ALL THE MEMORIES ARE BAD ONES.

MATT EVEN SMILES WHEN HE PASSES THE RUSTY OLD LOCKER WHERE HE HID OFFICER LIEBOWITZ'S NIGHT STICK.

HE ALMOST WANTS TO CHECK IF IT'S STILL IN THERE, BUT THAT WOULD BE SILLY.

MURDOCK, JACK MURDOCK, IS THAT YOUR DAD? ON THE WALL, I MEAN.

YOU SAID HE WAS A BOXER BUT HE'S DRESSED UP REALLY DOPEY.

I KNOW THE POSTER YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, MICKEY. IT'S NO WAY TO REMEMBER HIM

NO KICKING
JACK THE DEVIL MURDOCK

MY DAD WAS A GOOD GUY--AND A GOOD FIGHTER, IN HIS TIME. BUT FOR A LONG WHILE HE COULDN'T GET ANY BOUTS. AND FIGHTING WAS ALL HE KNEW. SO HE DID WHATEVER IT TOOK TO KEEP FOOD ON THE TABLE. EVERY JOB HE COULD GET, NO MATTER HOW LOUSY.

THAT POSTER-- THAT'S WHERE THE BULLIES GOT THAT NICKNAME THEY GAVE ME.

DEVIL? THEY CALLED YOU DEVIL?

NO, IT WAS
DAREDEVIL.

THEY CALLED
ME DAREDEVIL.

FAPP

WEEKS SAIL BY,
PLEASANTLY
ENOUGH.

THEN, ONE DAY, AS
MATT CONSIDERS
LUNCH...

YOU WANNA
PASTRAMI
REUBEN ON WHITE?
THAT'S A DAMN
CRIME!

AND A SIDE OF
MAYONNAISE,
PLEASE.

MAYO ONNA
REUBEN?
THAT MAKES
IT A FELONY!

THERE'S NO
MISTAKING THE
VOICE--OR
THE TASTES.

IT'S FOGGY NELSON--
MATT'S OLD ROOMMATE.

IT'S BEEN YEARS.
THEY CATCH UP.

...NO BIG
COMPLAINTS.
THIS CORPO-
RATE STUFF MAY
BE BORING, BUT
I'M WORKING
WITH A GOOD
GROUP. I GUESS
I'D ENJOY IT
MORE IF IT HAD
ANYTHING TO DO
WITH PEOPLE--
DIRECTLY.
I MEAN.

PEOPLE.
HUH? BOY,
I'M DROWN-
ING IN PEOPLE.
A CLASS ACTION
SUIT AGAINST A
SLUMLORD. HE
WON'T PAY TO
KEEP THE PLACE
HEATED BUT HE'S
SPENDING A
FORTUNE ON HIS
DEFENSE. HE'S
BREAKING MY
BACK.

HEY, MATT,
I HATE TO
ASK--BUT MY
CLIENTS JUST
WANT A DECENT
PLACE TO LIVE
--AND YOU
WERE ALWAYS
SO CLEVER...

MATT LEAPS AT THE
CHANCE TO HELP. NIGHT
AFTER NIGHT, HE RE-
SEARCHES AND CON-
JECTURES AND
POSTULATES--

I THINK I MIGHT
HAVE SOMETHING
HERE, FOGGY. THE
STOLEN VS. WEST
DECISION, IT'S A
STRETCH, BUT AN
ARGUMENT COULD
BE MADE...
FOGGY?

-AND MATT
REMEMBERS
WHY HE WANTED
TO BECOME AN
ATTORNEY.

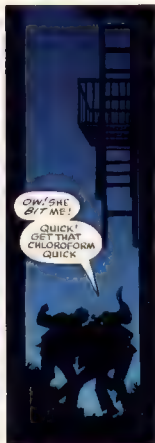
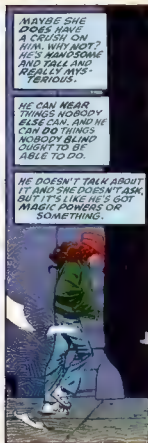
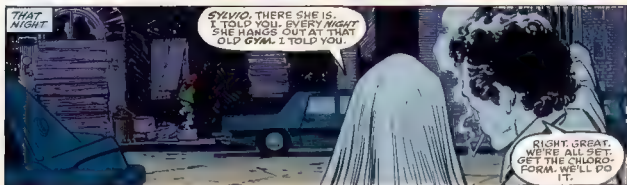
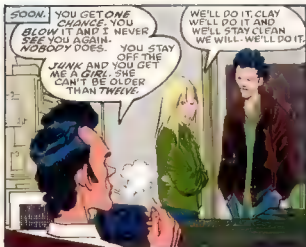
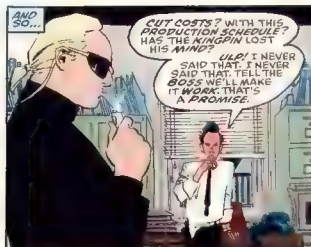
TO FIGHT FOR JUSTICE.
TO FIGHT THE BULLIES.

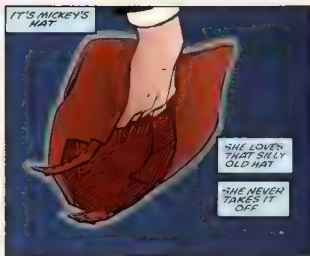
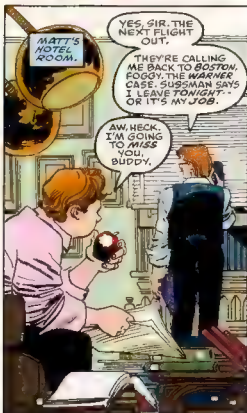
MEANWHILE, THE BIGGEST
BULLY IN TOWN MAKES
HIS FIRST MISTAKE.

IT BEGINS WITH A SIMPLE ORDER
TO CUT COSTS IN THE FILM
DIVISION.

AFTER ALL, THE PRODUCT IS NOT
ART--AND, FOR ALL THE SCENES
OF PERVERSION AND TORTURE
AND MURDER--

--THERE IS NO NEED
FOR SPECIAL
EFFECTS.

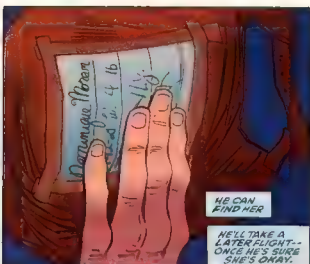






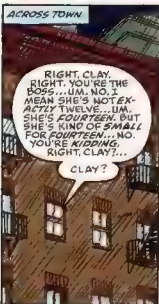
SHE LOVES IT SO MUCH
SHE WROTE HER NAME
AND ADDRESS IN IT.

IN BALLPOINT.
LEAVING EASY-TO-
READ IMPRESSIONS.



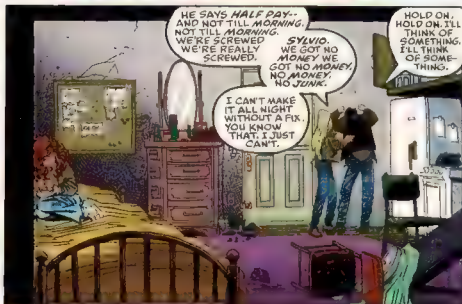
HE CAN
FIND HER

HE'LL TAKE A
LATER FLIGHT--
ONCE HE'S SURE
SHE'S OKAY.



ACROSS TOWN

RIGHT, CLAY.
RIGHT, YOU'RE THE
BOSS...UM, NO, I
MEAN SHE'S NOT EX-
ACTLY TWELVE...UM,
SHE'S FOURTEEN. BUT
SHE'S KIND OF SMALL
FOR FOURTEEN...NO,
YOU'RE KIDDING.
RIGHT, CLAY?...
CLAY?



HE SAYS HALF PAY--
AND NOT TILL MORNING.
NOT TILL MORNING.
WE'RE SCREWED.
WE'RE REALLY
SCREWED.

SYLVIO.
WE GOT NO
MONEY WE
GOT NO MONEY,
NO MONEY,
NO JUNK.

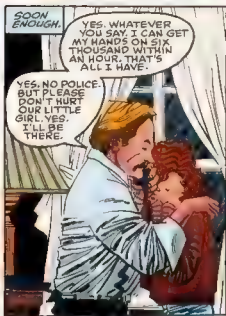
I CAN'T MAKE
IT ALL NIGHT
WITHOUT A FIX.
YOU KNOW
THAT, I JUST
CAN'T.

HOLD ON.
HOLD ON. I'LL
THINK OF
SOMETHING.
I'LL THINK OF
SOMETHING.



RIGHT, RIGHT. GET
HER NAME OUT OF
THE WALLET. SPELL
IT FOR ME.

THIS'LL
WORK. THIS'LL
WORK. I'M
A GENIUS.



SOON
ENOUGH.

YES. WHATEVER
YOU SAY, I CAN GET
MY HANDS ON SIX
THOUSAND WITHIN
AN HOUR. THAT'S
ALL I HAVE.

YES, NO POLICE.
BUT PLEASE
DON'T HURT
OUR LITTLE
GIRL. YES.
I'LL BE
THERE.



OH,
GLENN--
WHAT
ARE WE
GOING
TO DO?

WE'RE GOING
TO DO EXACTLY
WHAT THEY
TOLD US TO
DO, DARLING.

WE'RE
AT THEIR
MERCY.

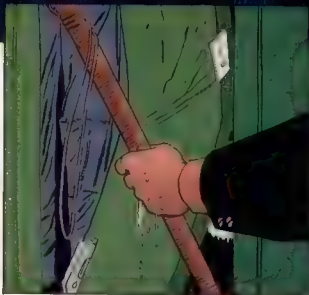


THERE'S
*N*OBODY
WHO CAN
HELP US.



AT THE GYM

KUKK



MEANWHILE,
JUNKIE
SELLS OUT
JUNKIE.

IT'S SYLVIO, CLAY.
HE'S RUNNING A
RANSOM SCAM ON
THE KID'S PARENTS.
THAT'S RIGHT. I
ARGUED WITH HIM
BUT HE WOULDN'T
LISTEN. AND IF THE
KINGPIN FINDS OUT
ABOUT IT YOU COULD
GET HURT. YOU
KNOW I DON'T
WANT YOU GET-
TING HURT.

UM, CAN I
COME OVER?...
OH, SURE, CLAY,
I'LL MEET YOU
ANYWHERE.
WE'LL HAVE A
GOOD TIME, UM.
YOU'VE GOT
MONEY, DON'T
YOU?

CLAY'S BOSS
TELLS HIS
BOSS.

AND
HIS
BOSS
TELLS
HIS
BOSS.

AND
SOME
BODY'S
TELLS
THE
KINGPIN.

UNACCEPTABLE.

CLAY'S
INCOMPETENCE
HAS CAUSED A
MESS, LARKS.
CLEAN IT UP.

YES,
SIR.

DON'T RESTRAIN YOURSELF. MAKE IT AS LOUD AS YOU WISH. EXAMPLES MUST BE MADE. DISCIPLINE MUST BE MAINTAINED.

WE MUST TAKE WHAT ADVANTAGE WE CAN FROM THIS SORRY SITUATION. A FEW GOOD, OLD-FASHIONED GANGSTER-STYLE RUB-OUTS ARE ALWAYS GOOD FOR... REMINDING OUR CONSTITUENCY

OH, AND LARKS... THE GIRL IS YOURS.

VERY GOOD, SIR.

CLAY GRABS A WAD OF TWENTIES FROM THE SAFE AND HEADS FOR HIS SINFUL LITTLE RENDEZVOUS.

HE'LL ONLY NEED A COUPLE OF TWENTIES. IT NEVER TAKES MORE THAN ONE FIX TO GET A JUNKIE A RREEEABLE

CLAY LIKES JUNKIES. JUST GIVE ONE WHAT SHE NEEDS.

- AND YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE TO TALK TO HER IF YOU DON'T WANT TO

LIFE IS GOOD, HE THINKS.

IT IS TO BE HIS LAST THOUGHT.

THREE MORE REMAIN

FIRST THE TWO JUNKIES DIE.

THEN LARKS WILL DECIDE THE FATE OF THE GIRL.

AT HIS LEISURE.

EAST EIGHTH
STREET.

MIKEY'S DAD IS
BARKING -- MORE
FROM FEAR THAN
FROM FATIGUE.

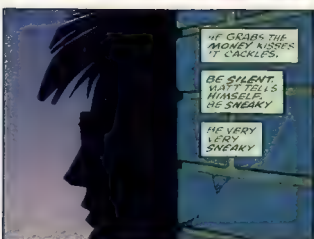
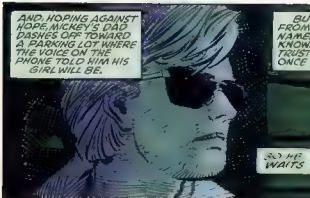
RING
RING

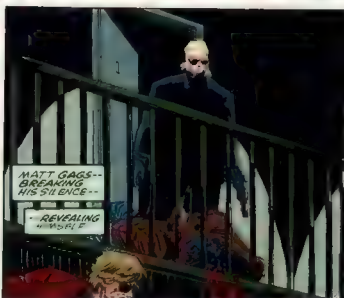
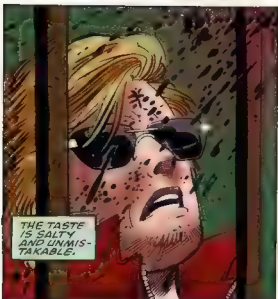


WHOEVER KIDNAPPED MICKEY
IS BOUNCING THE POOR MAN
ALL OVER TOWN, LOOKING TO
SHAKE OFF ANY COPS WHO
MIGHT BE TAILING HIM.

THE COPS WILL BE THE
LEAST OF THEIR WORRIES.

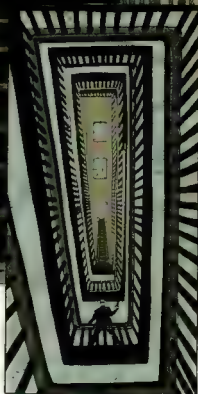






FUPP
FUPP
FUPP

SPAK



IN THE KINGPIN'S HEADQUARTERS.

NO, IT WAS NO COP.

TOO MANY POLICE ARE ON MY PAYROLL FOR THEM TO PROVIDE SUCH A SURPRISE. WE FACE A NEW OPPONENT.

PERHAPS A VIGILANTE-- MORE LIKELY A RIVAL GANG. TAKE THE GIRL TO THE MAIN DISTRIBUTION CENTER AND AWAIT INSTRUCTIONS.

YES SIR.

MR. SLAUGHTER, READY YOUR MEN. ALL OF THEM.

YES, SIR.

ON THE WATER-FRONT.

AT THE MAIN DISTRIBUTION CENTER FOR STOLEN LIVES.

EVERYTHING LOOKS NORMAL ENOUGH--

--BUT THERE'S NASTY BUSINESS GOING ON INSIDE.

STOP IT-- LET GO OF ME!

SCREAM ALL YOU WANT, KID. NOBODY CAN HEAR YOU.

NOBODY CAN HEAR

NOBODY CAN HEAR

NOBODY CAN HEAR

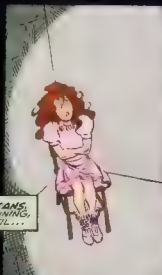
EXCEPT MAYBE ONE GUY...



AND MICKE'S
RIGHT.

MATT HAS
TRAILED
BACK TO
THIS PLACE

...ONE GUY WHO
MIGHT HAVE COME
AFTER HER. ONE GUY
WITH THE BEST BARS
IN THE WHOLE WORLD.



HE SCANS,
TRAINING,
UNTIL...



...HE
HEARS
SOME-
THING
FAINT.
BIRD-
LIKE...

...IS THAT
SINGING?



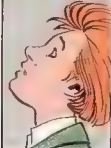
YES.



STRONGER
NOW.



AND OTHER
VOICES. ALL
KIDS.



A
CHORUS.



DOZENS OF
CHILDREN--NOW
HUNDREDS!



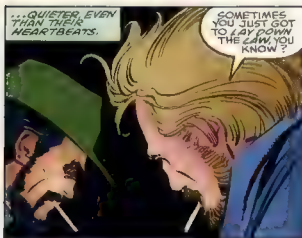
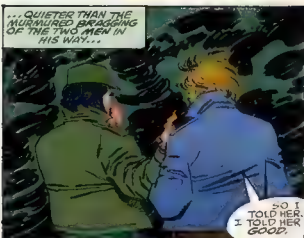
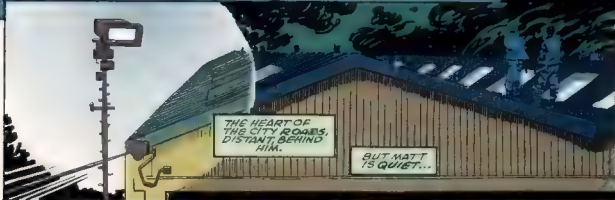
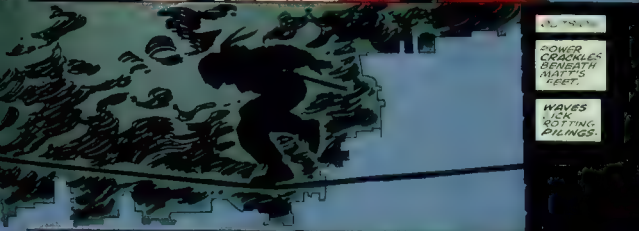
WHAT HAS
MATT STUMBLED
ONTO?



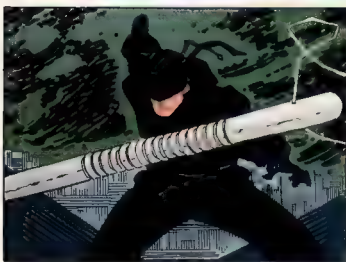
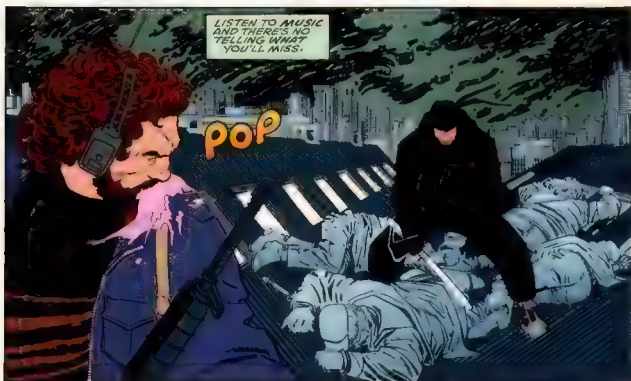
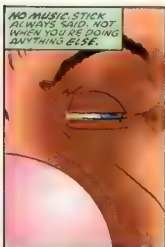
WHAT'S
GOTTEN
INTO
THEM?

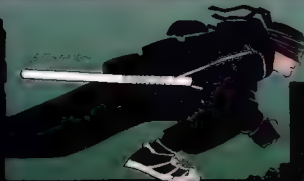
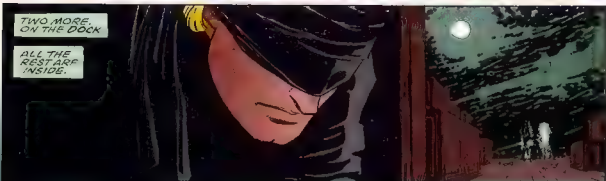
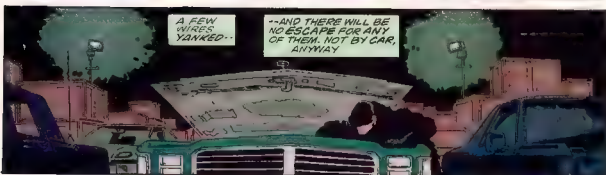
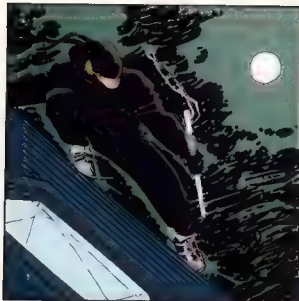
THIS IS
GETTING
PRETTY
WEIRD.

JUST
BUILDING
THEIR COURAGE.
THEY'LL NEED
IT.











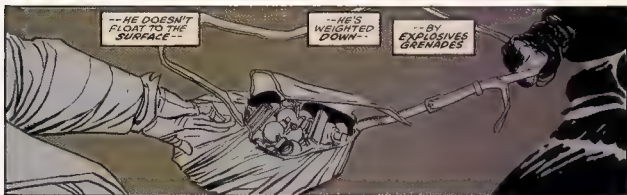
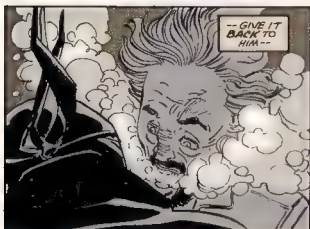


THIS ONE'S
STRONG--

--THE OTHER
IS FAT--

--HIS LUNGS
FILL WITH
WATER--

--HIS
HEART
DIES--



--AND CRAWLS TO
THE SURFACE--

--JUST IN
TIME.

POOM!

IT'S AN ATTACK!
RUN OUT!

IF IT MOVES--
KILL IT.

SO MANY
OF THEM

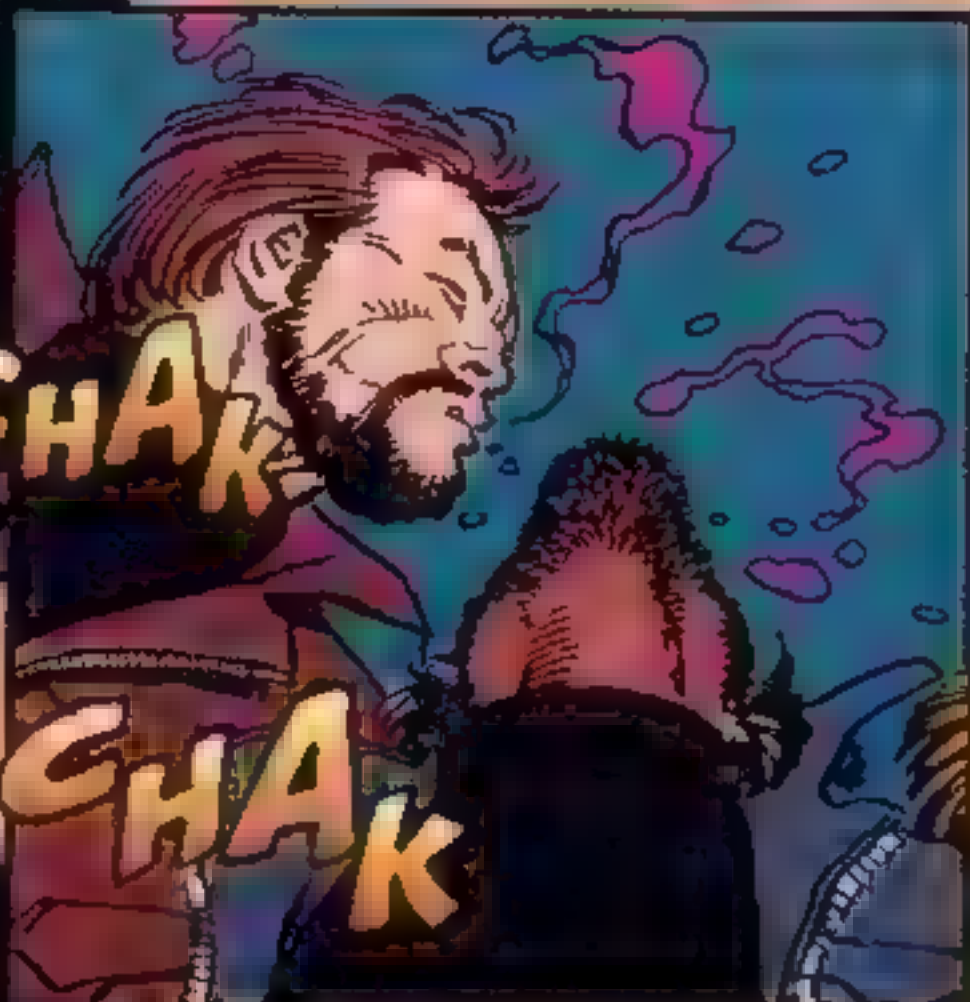
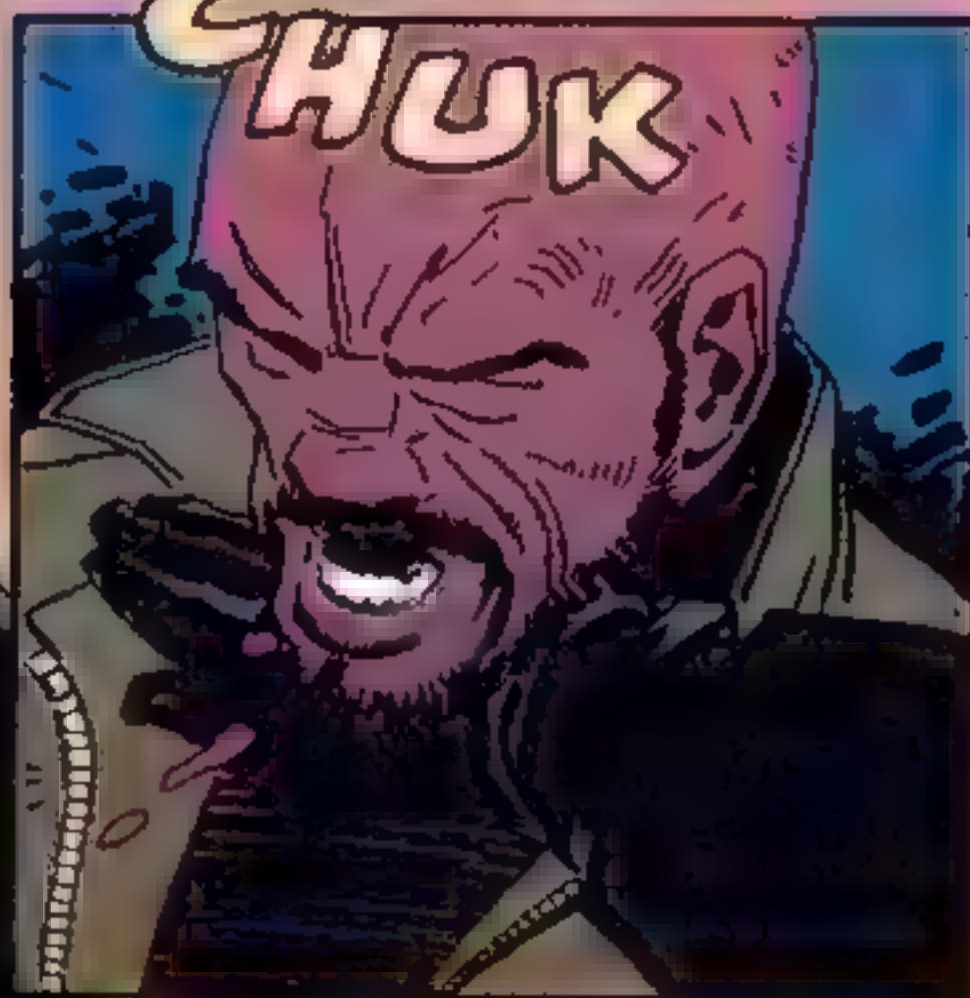
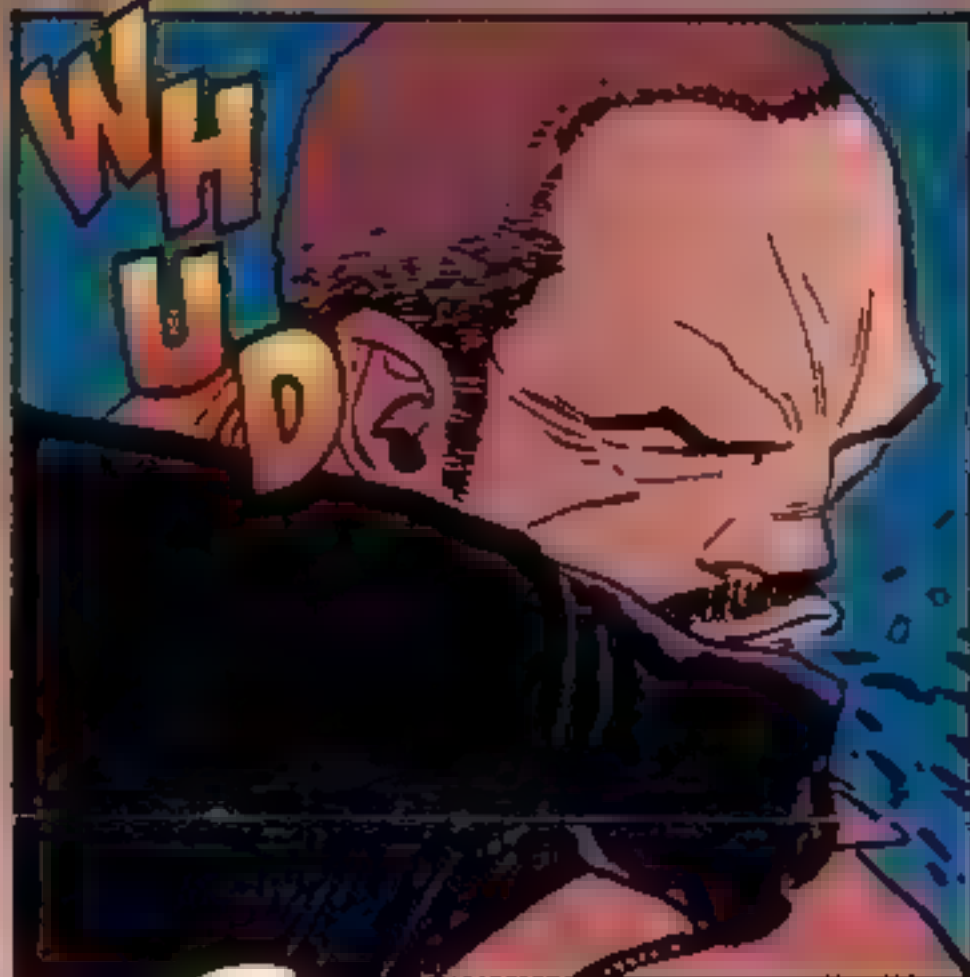
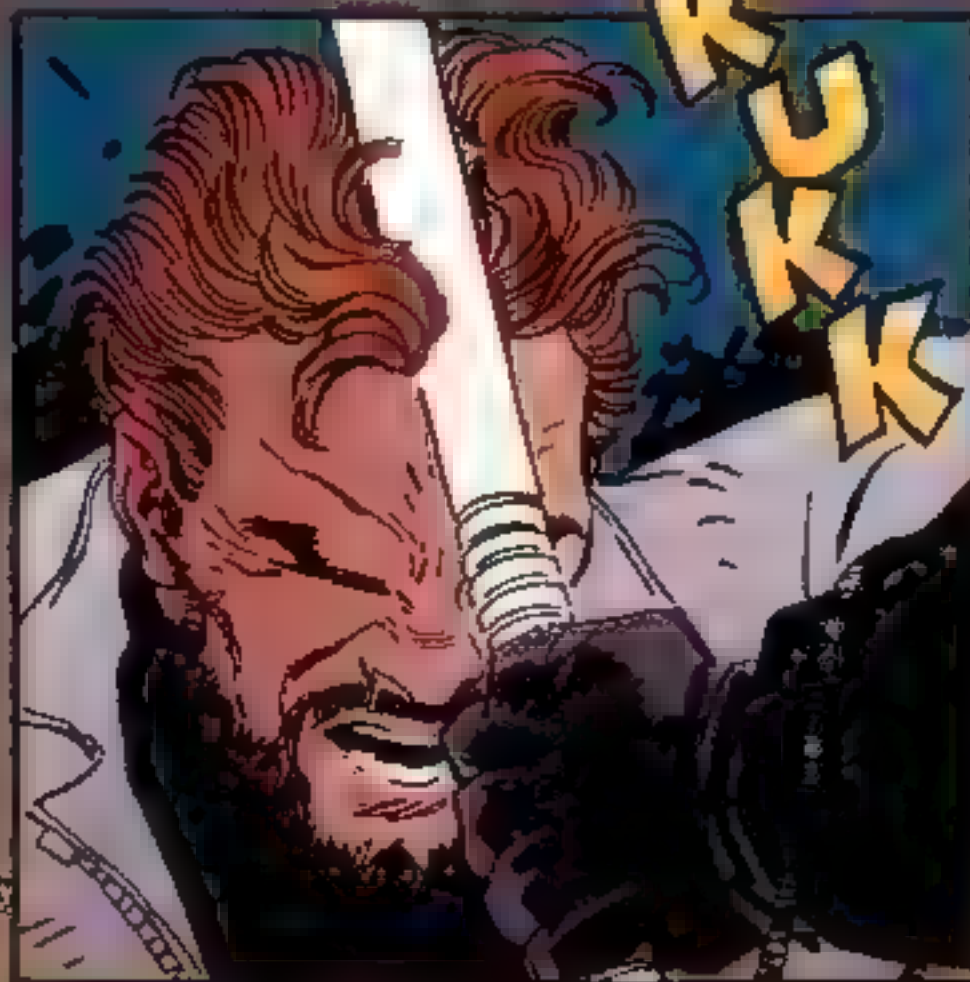
IT DOESN'T
MATTER.

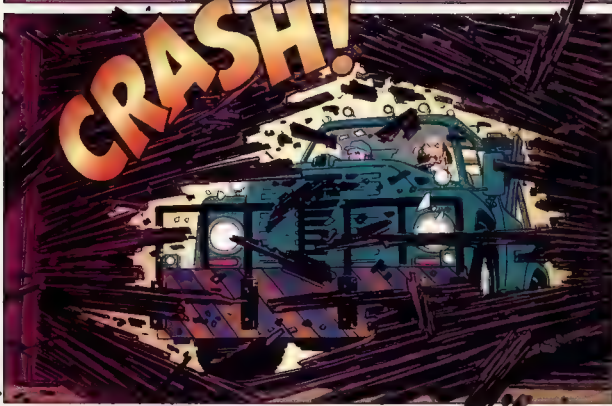
MAKE NO
SOUND.

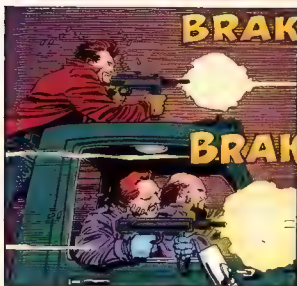
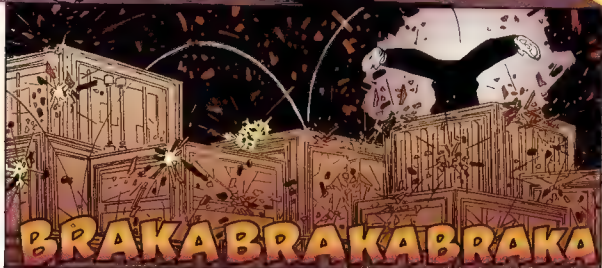
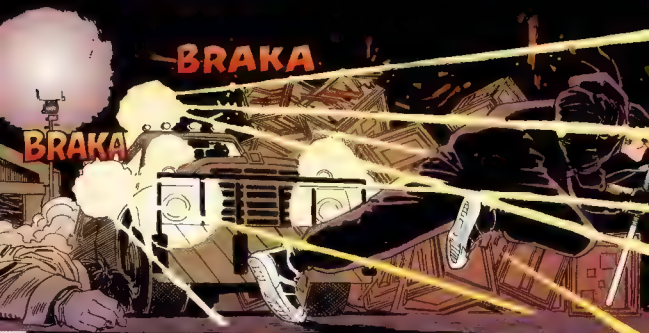
CONCENTRATE.

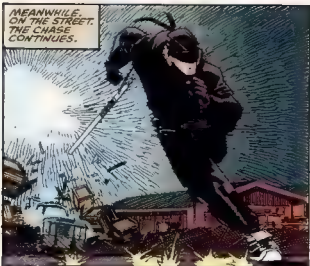
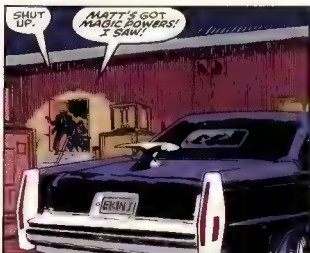
CONCENTRATE.

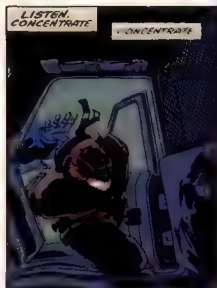
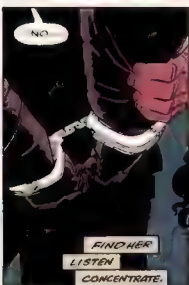








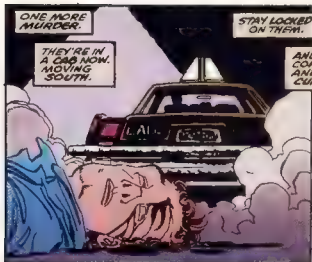










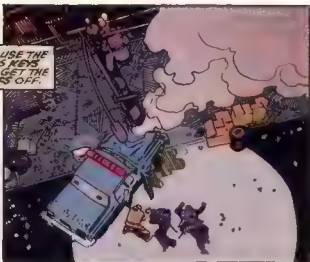


ONE MORE MURDER.

THEY'RE IN A CAB NOW. MOVING SOUTH.

STAY LOCKED ON THEM.

AND USE THE COP'S KEYS AND GET THE CURR OFF.

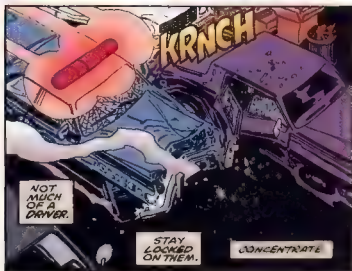


IN NO CONDITION TO CHASE THEM. NOT ON FOOT.

DIZZY...



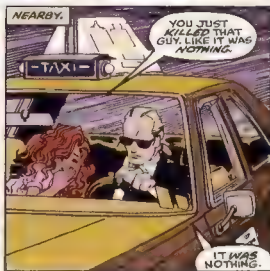
DIZZY BLIND MAN.



NOT MUCH OF A DRIVER.

STAY LOCKED ON THEM.

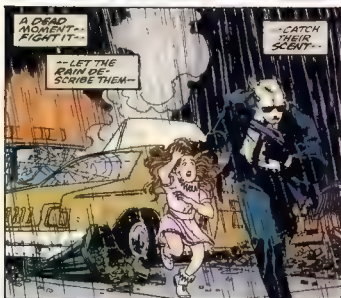
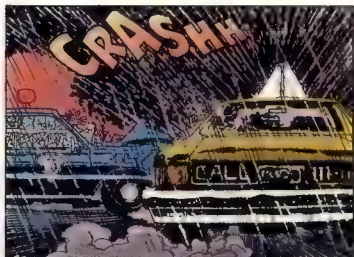
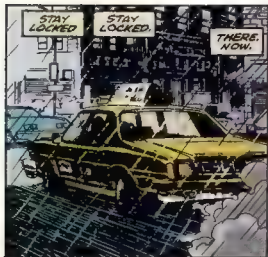
CONCENTRATE



NEARBY.

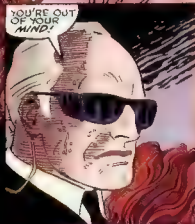
YOU JUST KILLED THAT GUY. LIKE IT WAS NOTHING.

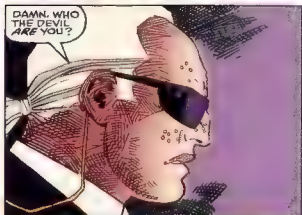
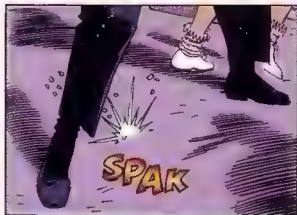
IT WAS NOTHING.

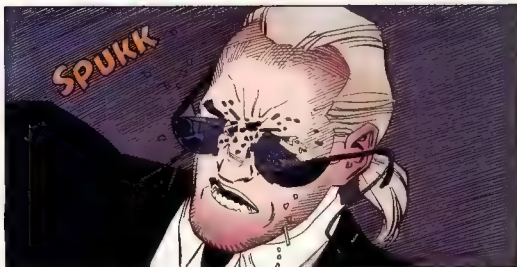
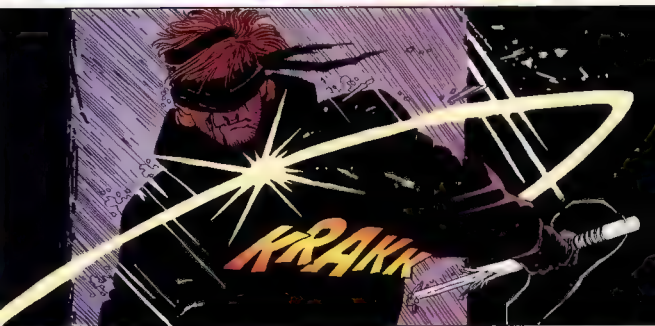


LET HER GO.
I DON'T WANT TO
KILL YOU. LET
HER GO.

BACK OFF.
MAN. I'M THE
ONE WHO'S GOT
THE GUN!







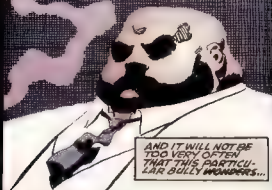


THE NAME FLITS
THROUGH THE KING-
PIN'S MIND, ANNOY-
ING, PERSISTENT.

ONE MAN HAS SHAT-
TERED AN OPERATION
THAT WAS THE WORK
OF YEARS. ONE MAN
HAS COST HIM MIL-
LIONS. ONE MAN HAS
COST HIM DOZENS OF
HIS LIEUTENANTS,
ALL TOSSED AS
SCAFEGATS TO THE
POLICE IN THE WAKE
OF THE LARGEST
BUST IN THE CITY'S
HISTORY.



BUT SOON THE COPS WILL
HAVE THEIR HEADLINES AND
EVERYTHING WILL BE BACK
IN ORDER. THE KINGPIN
WILL NOT BE TOUCHED--
AND HIS EMPIRE WILL
GROW AGAIN, RAPACIOUS,
AS IMMORTAL AS HUMAN
SIN.



AND IT WILL NOT BE
TOO VERY OFTEN
THAT THIS PARTICULAR
BULLY WONDERS...

BY THE TIME THE
COPS ARRIVE, MATT
IS GONE-- LEAVING
A MYSTERY AND THE
FIRST RUMBLINGS
OF A LEGEND.

DAREDEVIL.

THE NAME IS TO BE HEARD
AGAIN-- FROM QUIVERING
THUGS AND GRATE-
FUL VICTIMS.

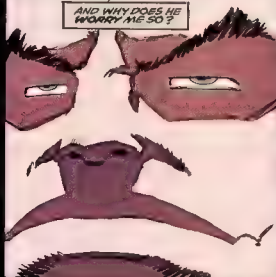
DAREDEVIL.

IT IS THE NAME OF A SHADOWED
DEMON-- AN UNSEEN AVENGER--
A SILENT, INVISIBLE SAVIOR OF
THE INNOCENT.

DAREDEVIL.

...THIS DAREDEVIL--
WHO IS HE?

AND WHY DOES HE
WORRY ME SO?





MATT MURDOCK
SITS IN THE
RAIN AND
LAUGHS.

HIS DAY BEGAN WITH A
RINGING PHONE AND AN
ANGRY VOICE.

IT WAS HIS BOSS, FROM
BOSTON, TELLING HIM
HE'S FIRED.

THAT WAS WHEN MATT
STARTED LAUGHING. IT
MADE HIS BOSS SO
FURIOUS HE HUNG UP
ON MATT. BUT STILL
MATT COULDN'T STOP
LAUGHING.

BOSTON.



MATT COULDN'T
LEAVE NEW YORK
NOW IF HE
WANTED TO.

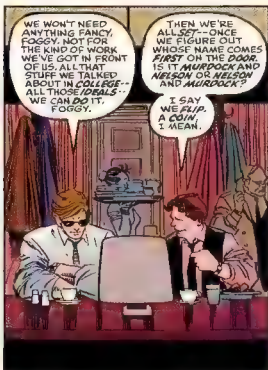


THE BOY FROM
HELL'S KITCHEN
HAS COME HOME



HOME--TO A
NEW LIFE.

THEN IT'S
A DEAL, MATT!
MY DAD WILL
LEND US THE
MONEY FOR AN
OFFICE, PRO-
VIDED IT'S NOT
TOO FANCY.



WE WON'T NEED
ANYTHING FANCY,
FOGGY. NOT FOR
THE KIND OF WORK
WE'VE GOT IN FRONT
OF US. ALL THAT
STUFF WE TALKED
ABOUT IN COLLEGE--
ALL THOSE IDEALS--
WE CAN DO IT,
FOGGY.

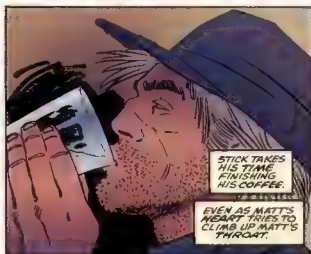
THEN WE'RE
ALL SET--ONCE
WE FIGURE OUT
WHOSE NAME COMES
FIRST ON THE DOOR.
IS IT MURDOCK AND
NELSON OR NELSON
AND MURDOCK?

I SAY
WE FLIP
A COIN,
I MEAN.

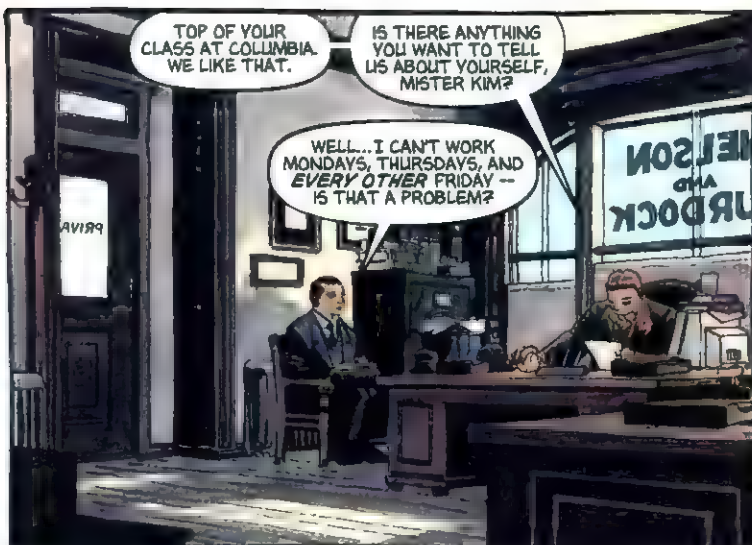


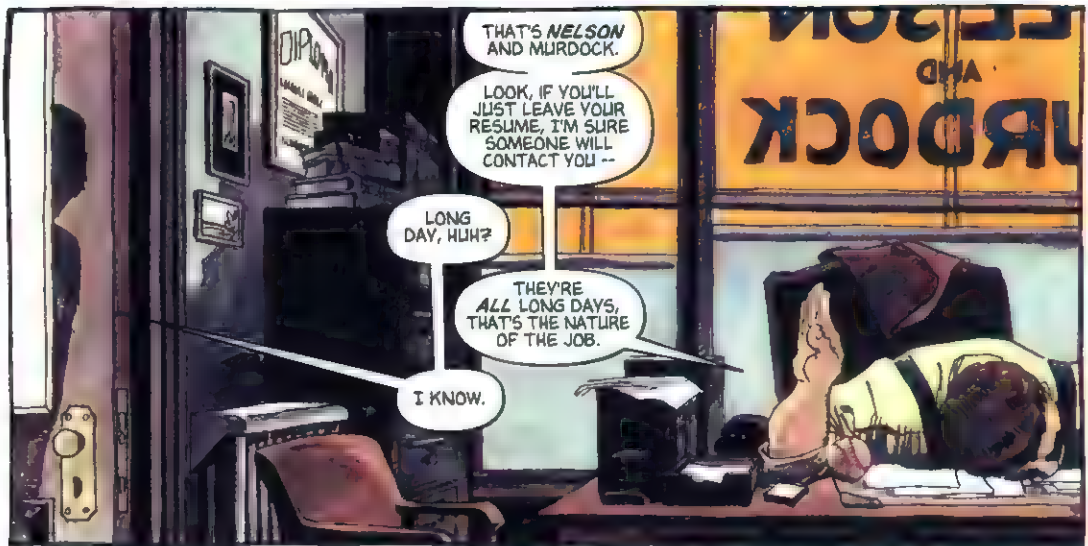
CALL
IT, MATT.

HEADS.



True to his word, Foggy set out to find us a secretary for the law office. He smiles about it now, but back then...







THIS IS *MISS*
KAREN PAGE.

SHE'S GONNA
BE OUR NEW
SECRETARY!

OH.

DOES THAT
MEAN I GOT
THE JOB?

...And I didn't have
to have eyesight to
know I was looking
at the most beautiful
woman in the world...

LOEB
SALE
2001

I CAN'T BREAK THAT PROMISE I MADE! AND YET, WITH MY AGILITY, MY EXTRA-SHARP SENSES, THERE IS SO MUCH I COULD DO! I CAN'T LET ALL MY POWERS GO TO WASTE!

WAIT! I HAVE IT!

SNAP!

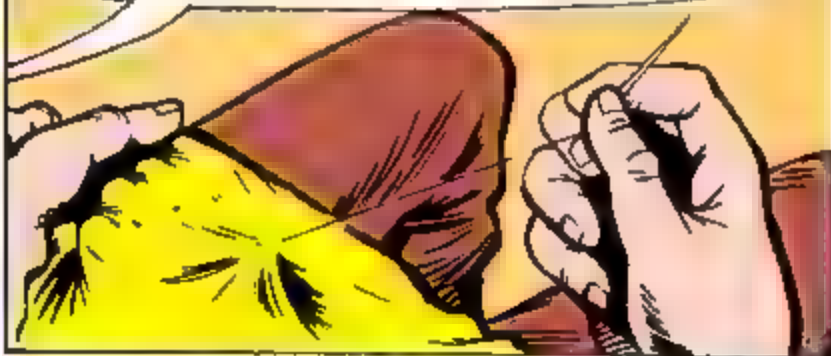
I'LL SEE TO IT THAT MATT MURDOCK NEVER **DOES** RESORT TO FORCE... BUT SOMEBODY **ELSE** WILL...! SOMEBODY TOTALLY **DIFFERENT** FROM MATT MURDOCK... ALL I NEED ARE SOME OLD SHIRTS WHICH I CAN STITCH TOGETHER!



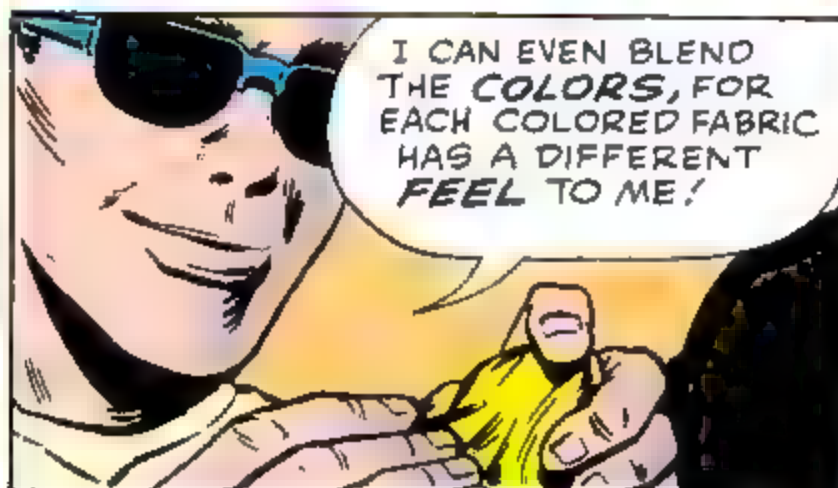
Back at the apartment, just opening his old footlocker after what had happened was overwhelming.



I'M NO BETSY ROSS, BUT I SHOULD BE ABLE TO HANDLE THIS. LUCKY MY TOUCH IS SO SENSITIVE!



I CAN EVEN BLEND THE **COLORS**, FOR EACH COLORED FABRIC HAS A DIFFERENT **FEEL** TO ME!



The smells of aftershave and talcum powder were as fresh as if he were standing there with me.

I found his robe. His boxing shoes. Even his under gloves.

I sat in his chair and I could almost feel his hand on my shoulder telling me I was going to amount to something special.



I must have been out of my mind. I worked through the night — maybe into the next day and night — sewing.



I had read about
The Fantastic Four
and Spider-Man,
but they weren't going
to get involved in my
problems.



I had promised
my Dad I would
never be an
"uneducated
pug" like him.
He wanted me
to be a lawyer
and I made
good on that.



But it wasn't enough.
I had seen how the law --
which I still steadfastly
believed in -- wasn't always
the same as justice.

Battling Jack Murdock
raised me to be a fighter.

And now it was time to
step into the ring...

LOEB
SALE
2001



A FEW HOURS LATER ...

THERE! WHENEVER I DON THIS COSTUME, I'LL NO LONGER **BE** MATT MURDOCK. BUT I'LL NEED A **NEW NAME!** WHAT IF THE KIDS IN THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD COULD SEE ME NOW!! THE KIDS WHO TAUNTED ME... CALLED ME "DAREDEVIL"! **WAIT!** THAT'S IT!!

"DAREDEVIL" THEY CALLED ME... BUT THEY MEANT IT AS AN INSULT! WELL, THAT'S WHO I'LL **BE**... THE NAME IS **PERFECT!**

THE COSTUME IS TIGHT ENOUGH TO WEAR UNDER MY CLOTHES IF NEED BE! I'LL JUST MAKE A FEW FINISHING TOUCHES ON THE HEADPIECE! WHEN I'M THROUGH, **DAREDEVIL** WILL BE RECOGNIZED **ANYWHERE!!**

THROUGH THE LONG NIGHT, THE UNSEEING MAN WORKS... HIS SUPER-SENSITIVE FINGERS MOLDING AND MANIPULATING HIS CANE FAR MORE PRECISELY THAN ANY NORMAL CRAFTSMAN MIGHT DO IT!

FLEXIBLE HANDLE

I'LL HINGE IT IN THE MIDDLE... DESIGN A SHEATH FOR IT... IT'LL BE THE PERFECT ALL-PURPOSE WEAPON!

HINGE

14

EVEN THOUGH I DON'T **NEED** IT, I'LL CONTINUE TO CARRY A CANE AS MATT MURDOCK! MMM... THAT GIVES ME ANOTHER IDEA! THAT CANE WOULD MAKE A GREAT WEAPON FOR **DAREDEVIL!**

IT'S **PERFECT!**

I CAN USE IT IN A HUNDRED WAYS!

BONG!

AND NOW FOR THE JOB AT HAND! I'VE GOT TO BRING MY FATHER'S MURDERER TO JUSTICE! TOMORROW'S SATURDAY! THE OFFICE WILL BE CLOSED... SO I'LL START IN THE MORNING!

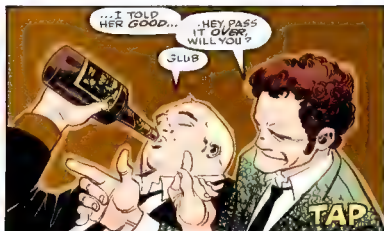
AND I KNOW JUST WHERE TO BEGIN!

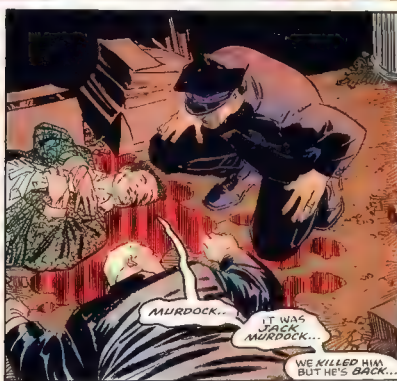
AND SO... DAD'S MANAGER WAS A MAN CALLED THE **FIXER!** I HAVE A HUNCH HE **DESERVES** THAT NICKNAME!

HOW **CONFIDENTLY** THAT BLIND YOUNG MAN WALKS THROUGH THE STREET!

UNERRINGLY GUIDED BY HIS ATOM-INDUCED RADAR-SENSE, MATT MURDOCK REACHES HIS DESTINATION...

THIS WILL BE **DAREDEVIL'S** FIRST TEST! NOW TO CHANGE CLOTHES IN AN ALLEY AND SEE IF I'M AS GOOD AS I THINK!





IN THE GYM.

THE NEXT
TWO.

THE BIG ONE... SLADE

--WHOSE FISTS
SPLINTERED
JACK MURDOCK'S
JAW AND RIBS--

--SLADE--

--AND QUICK
LITTLE MARCELLO,
WHO LAUGHED
AS HE CARVED
UP MURDOCK'S
FACE.

ALL MATT
HAS TO DO
IS THROW
A CIRCUIT
BREAKER--

--AND THEY'RE
AS BLIND AS
HE IS.

HEY! WHAT
HAPPENED WITH
THE LIGHTS?

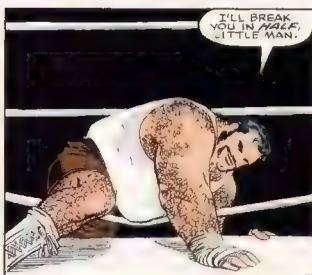
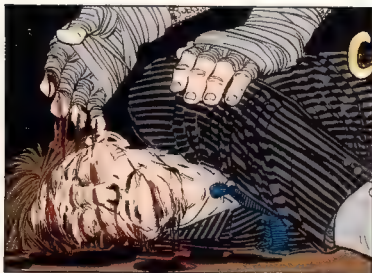
I CAN'T STAND
IT WHEN IT'S
DARK...

AW,
MARCELLO,
YOU WIMP...

WH
U
DD
WH
U
DD

WHAT THE
HELL--

MARCELLO--
WHERE ARE
Y-- OOF!



HE LOOMS
OVER MATT.
SMUG, EAGER,
CHUCKLING.

MATT THINKS OF
RECESS--OF A
HUNDRED BEATINGS
AND ENDLESS
GIGGLES AND TAUNTS.

HE THINKS OF TAKING
IT AND TAKING IT AND
TAKING IT--

--AND THE RAGE OF
YEARS BECOMES A
LIGHTNING BOLT
THAT TRAVELS FROM
SHOULDER TO HIP
TO FOOT--

--AND HE
RELEASES
IT

AAAG

KRA
KK



MATT LISTENS
TO SLADE'S
SUDDEN, FRANTIC
BREATHING.

HE TASTES
FRESH BLOOD
STRIKE THE
AIR.

HE SMELLS
THE PANIC
IN THE BIG
MAN'S SWEAT

HE SLIDES
A ROLL OF
PENNIES TO
HIS FIST

KHAFF

KUGG

KUGG

KUGG

GLAGGG

AT THE DOOR--SUDDEN
RASPY INTAKE OF BREATH
TO LUNGS THAT ARE WEAK
FROM DECADES OF ABUSE.

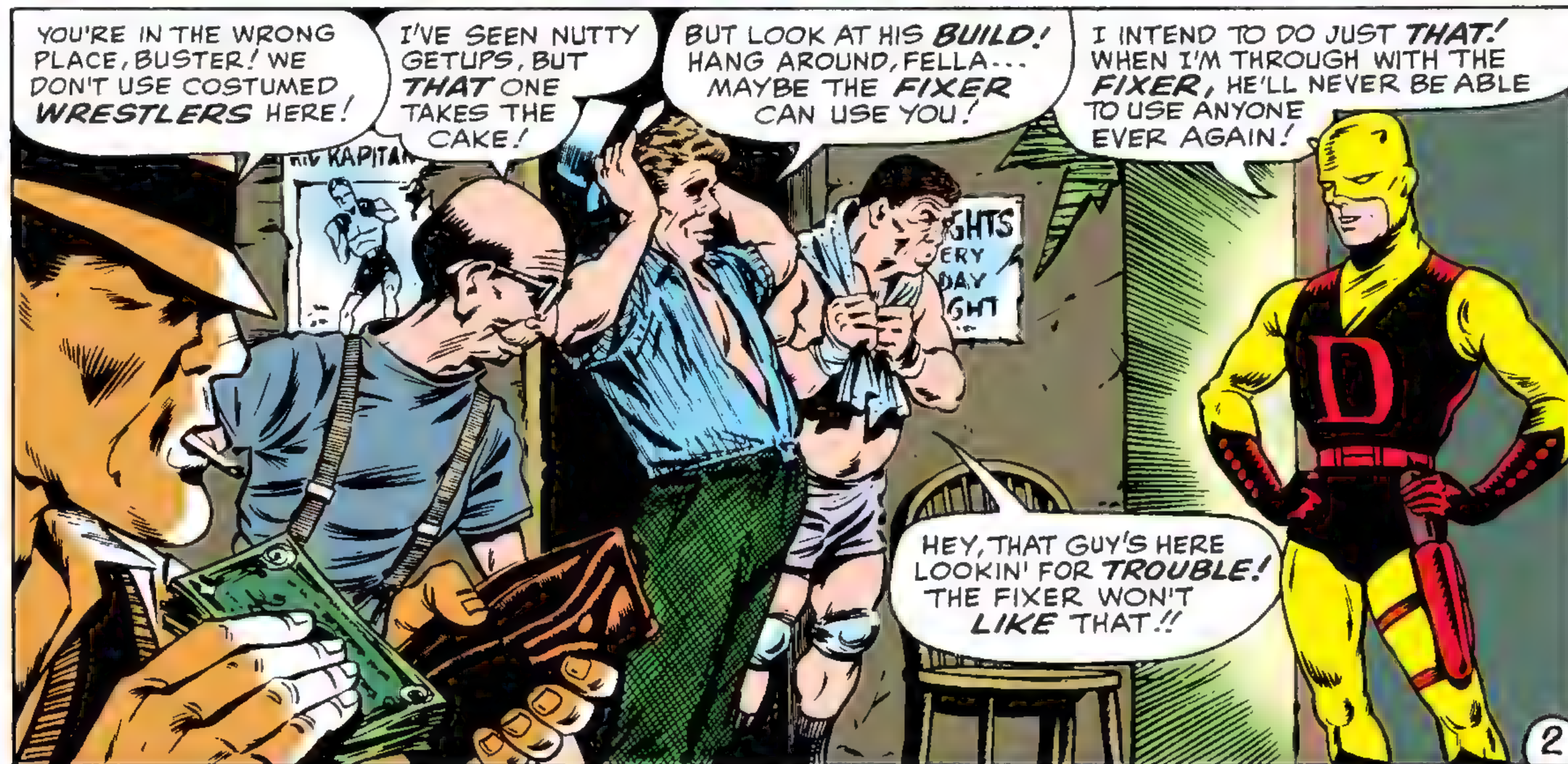
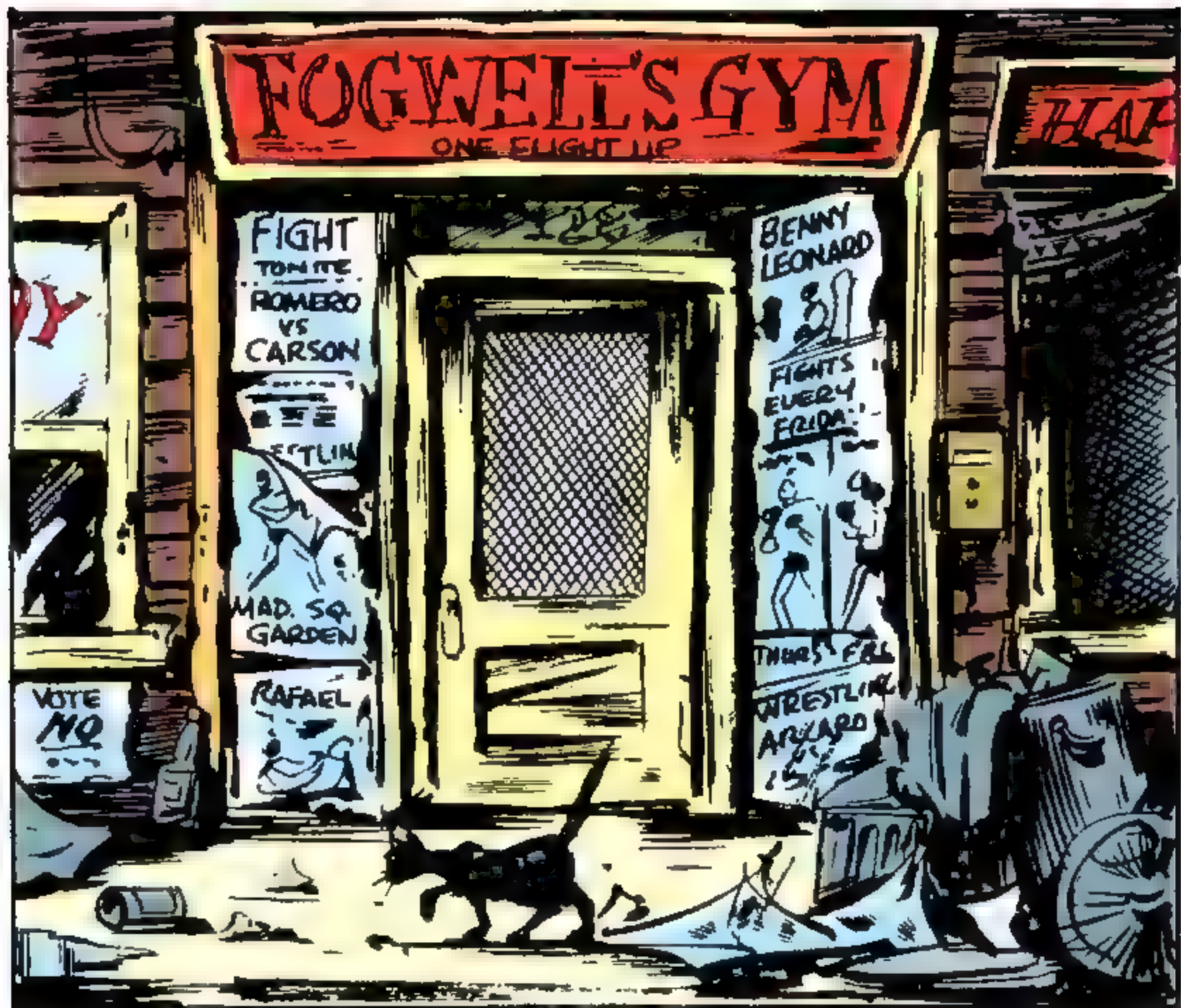
AND THE SCENT
OF TOBACCO
MIXED WITH EX-
PENSIVE AFTER-
SHAVE.

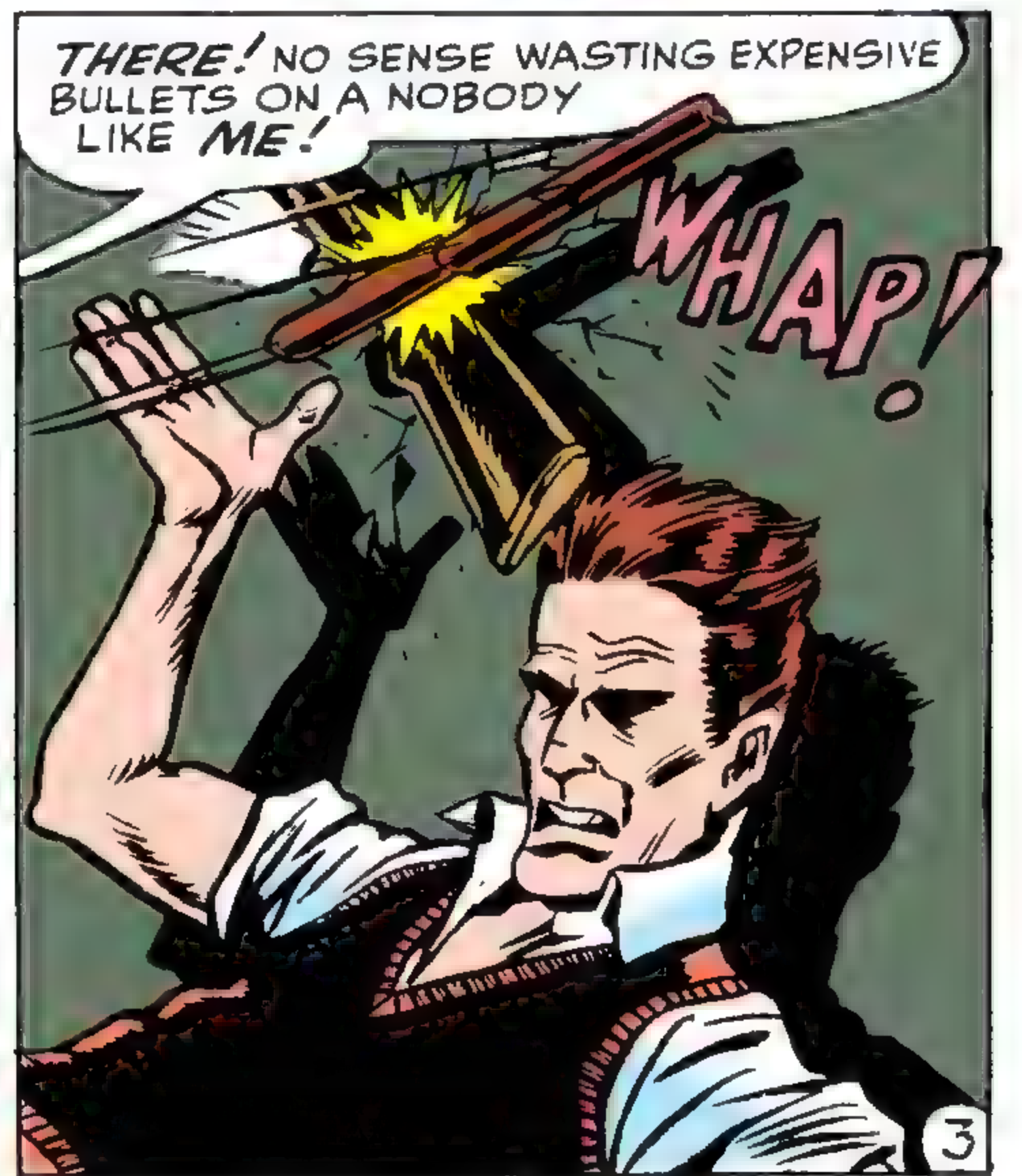
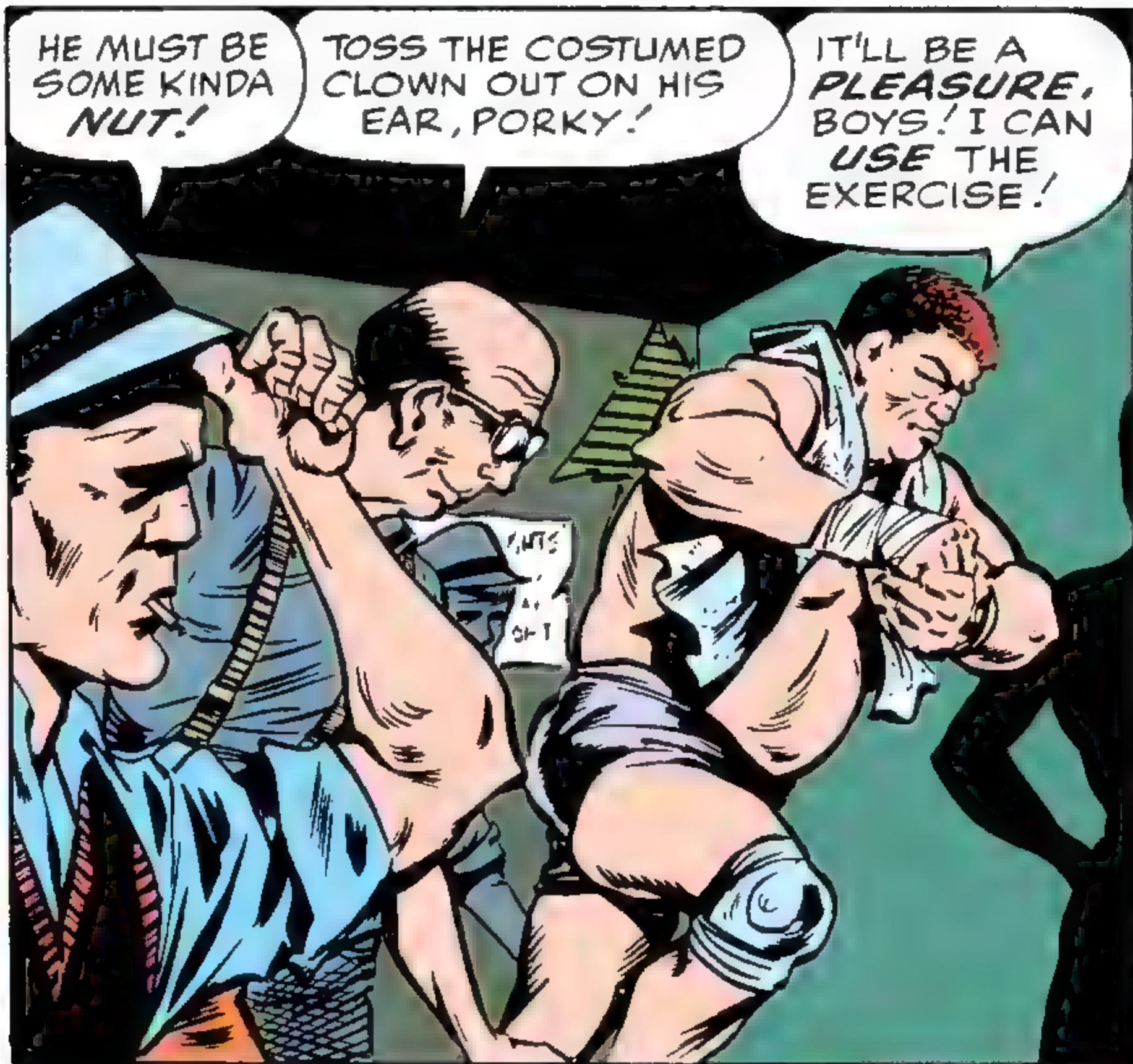
THE
FIXER

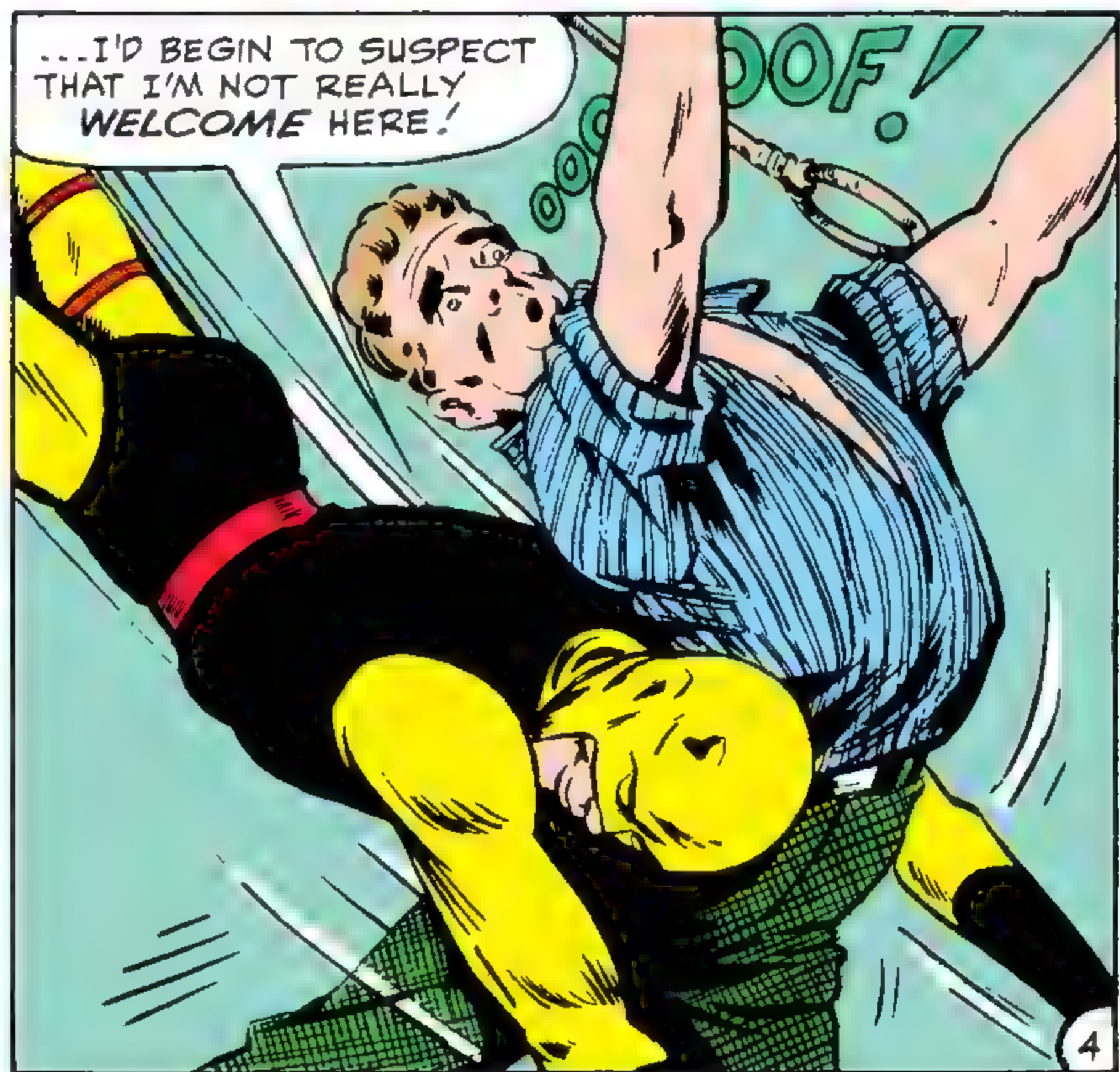
LET HIM
RUN--

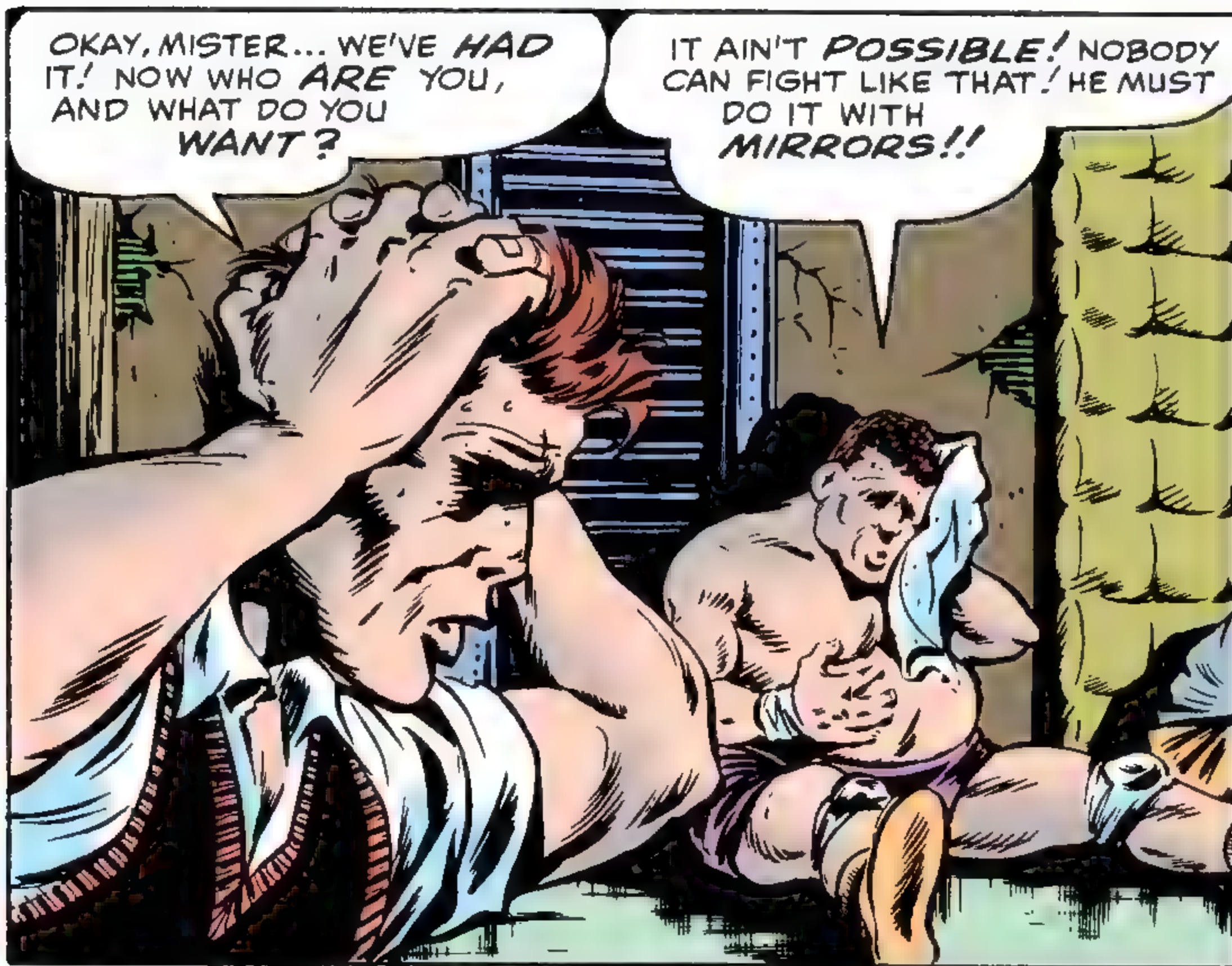
KRU
KK

--UNTIL MATT'S
FINISHED TURN-
ING RIBS INTO
BROKEN, JAGGED
THINGS...









When I was a kid, the gang in the neighborhood would taunt me. They wanted me to fight back and thought I was scared.

They called me "Daredevil."

And they laughed at me.

NOT EXACTLY —

— THE RESPONSE —

— I WAS LOOKING FOR!

I wasn't scared.

I made a promise to my Father that I wouldn't solve things with my fists.

Like he did.

The greatest guy in the world and he didn't want me to grow up to be like him.

PRANG!

FAP

TOK TOK

TOK

TOK

HEAVYWEIGHT
JACK SCOTT
VICTOR



I never really thought about it until now, but my Dad and I were quite the pair.

WHERE IS "THE FIXER"?

WHOA!



He tried to keep secret what he was really doing with The Fixer, I guess, to protect me.

OKAY! OKAY! PUT ME DOWN!

HE'S COMIN' HERE ANY MINUTE.



CRASH!

And I tried to keep secret all my training, I guess, to protect him.



I was so sure he'd be angry that I was keeping Fit, learning to fight, studying his every move in the ring --

WHO IS THIS BUM, SLADE?

BLAM!

**BLAM!
BLAM!**

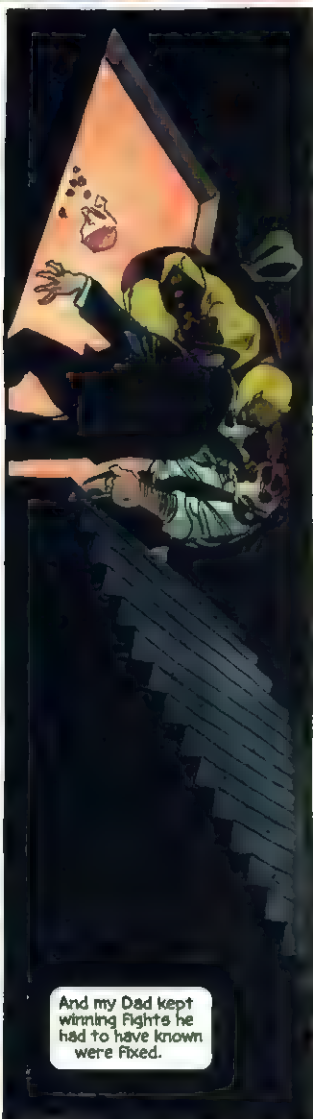
DUNNO. LOOKS LIKE SOME KINDA WRESTLER IN THAT GET-UP, FIXER.



-- I just kept letting him believe that I was like any other band kid.

**BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!**

THEN, HE'S A DEAD WRESTLER.



And my Dad kept winning fights he had to have known were fixed.





IS *THIS* THE GUN
YOU USED TO SHOOT
MURDOCK IN THE
BACK?

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
TALKIN' --

I went looking for
my Dad's killers and
found myself back
in the gym where he
had lived his life.



YOU *CAN'T*
LIE TO ME.

I'LL *KNOW*.

WAK!

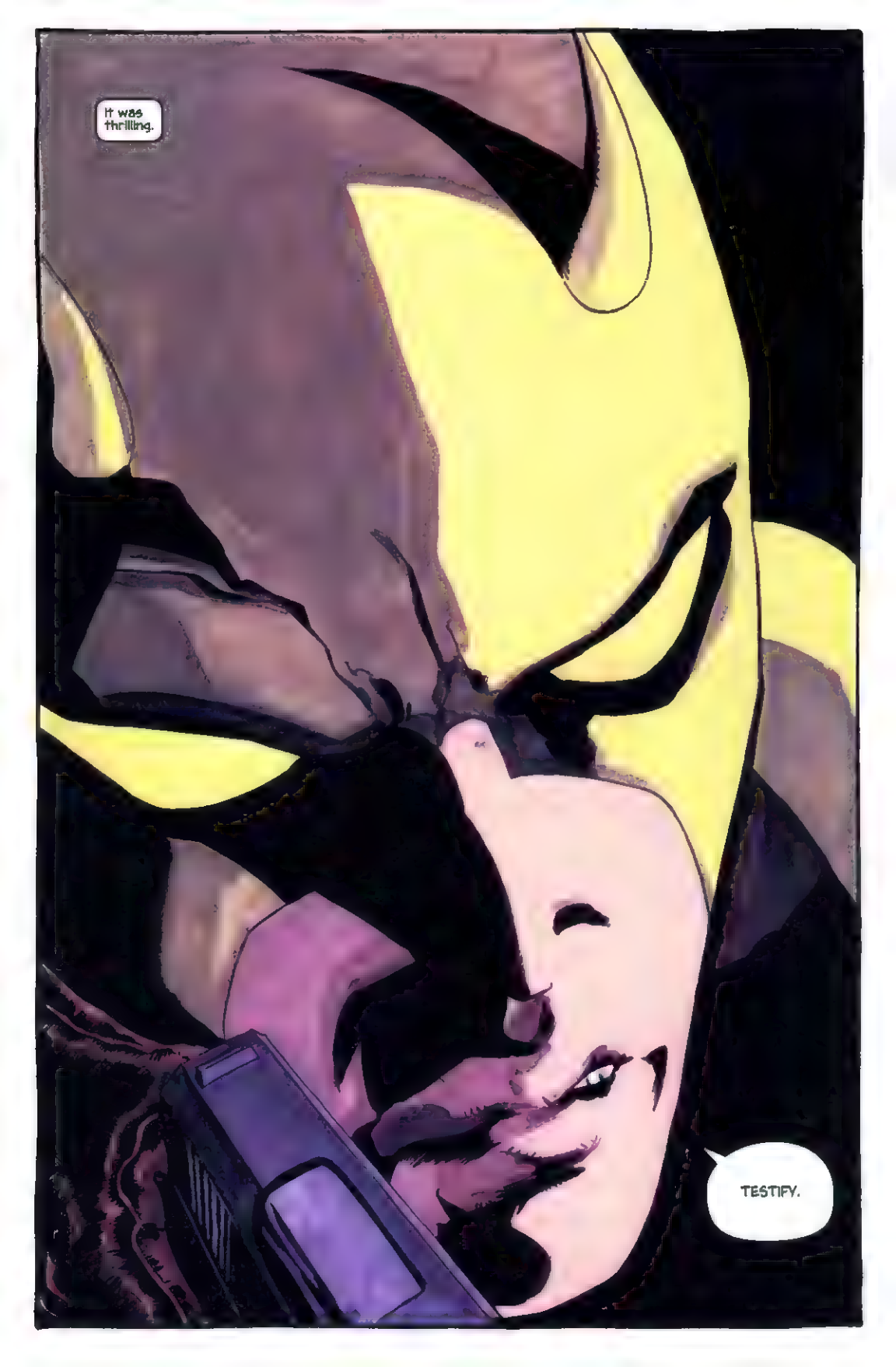
When I punched Slade,
I could hear my Dad's glove
hitting the heavy bag.



THEY NEVER FOUND
THE MURDER WEAPON.
JUST *PISTACHIO*
NUTS.

YOUR
PISTACHIO
NUTS.

When Slade went down,
it felt like my Dad had
knocked him to the canvas.



It was
thrilling.

TESTIFY.



NOW, DO YOU TAKE ME TO THE **FIXER**, OR...?

OR, NOTHING! WE'VE **HAD** IT, FELLA! JUST HANG AROUND...HE'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!



SOMEBODY **ASKIN'** FOR ME? WHAT DO YA WANT?

HEY, BOSS, DIG THE GETUP ON THAT CLOWN!

HE LOOKS LIKE **TROUBLE** TO ME, FIXER! WANT WE SHOULD LEAN ON 'IM A LITTLE?



MY "ASSOCIATES" DON'T SEEM TO LIKE YOUR LOOKS, MISTER! YOU BETTER TALK FAST!

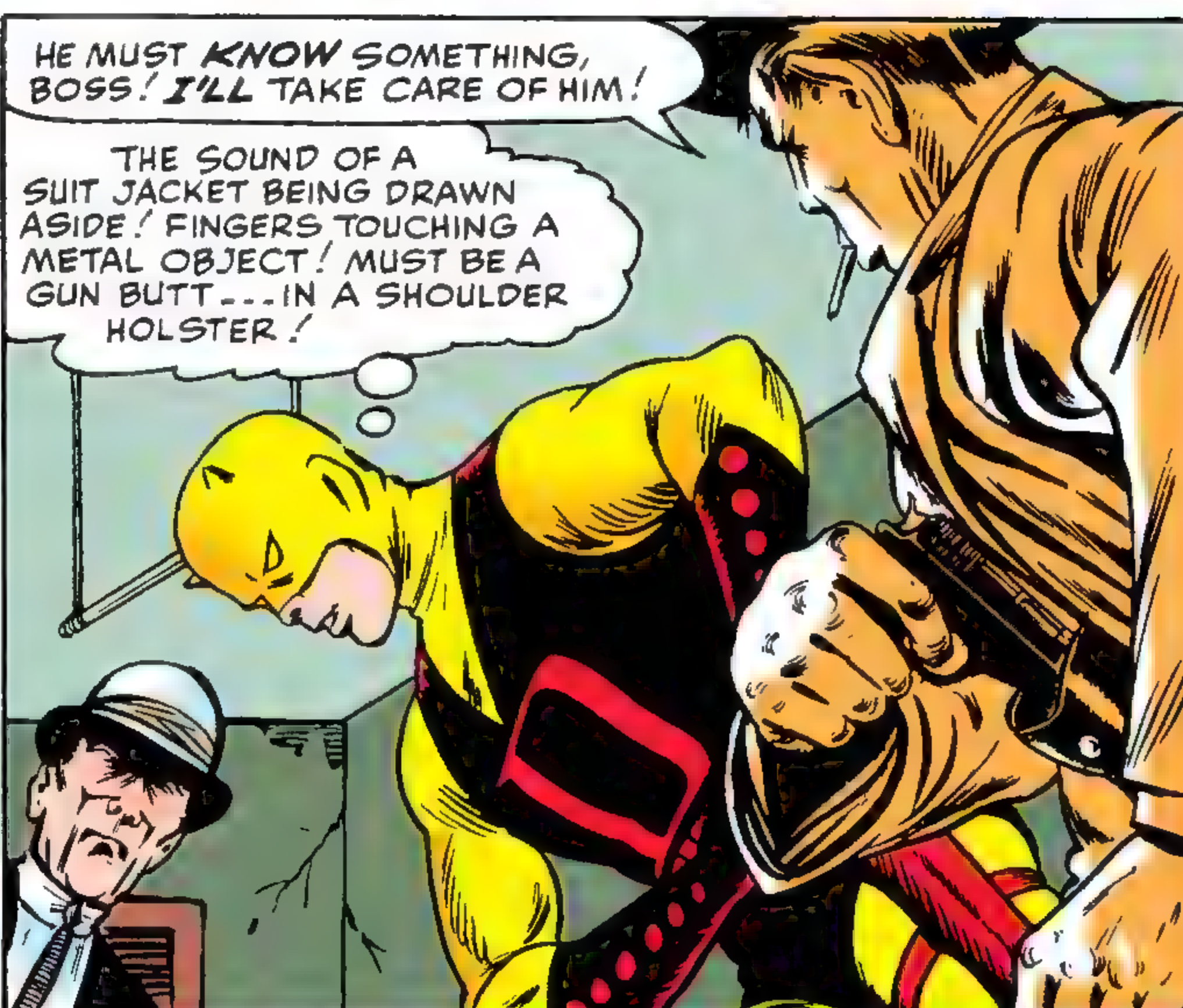
FROM THE HEAVY TONE OF HIS VOICE HE'S BEEFY, ROUGH! I HEAR BREATHING ON EACH SIDE OF HIM... SO THE OTHER TWO MUST BE FLANKING HIM!

CORRECTION, FIXER! YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S GOING TO TALK!!



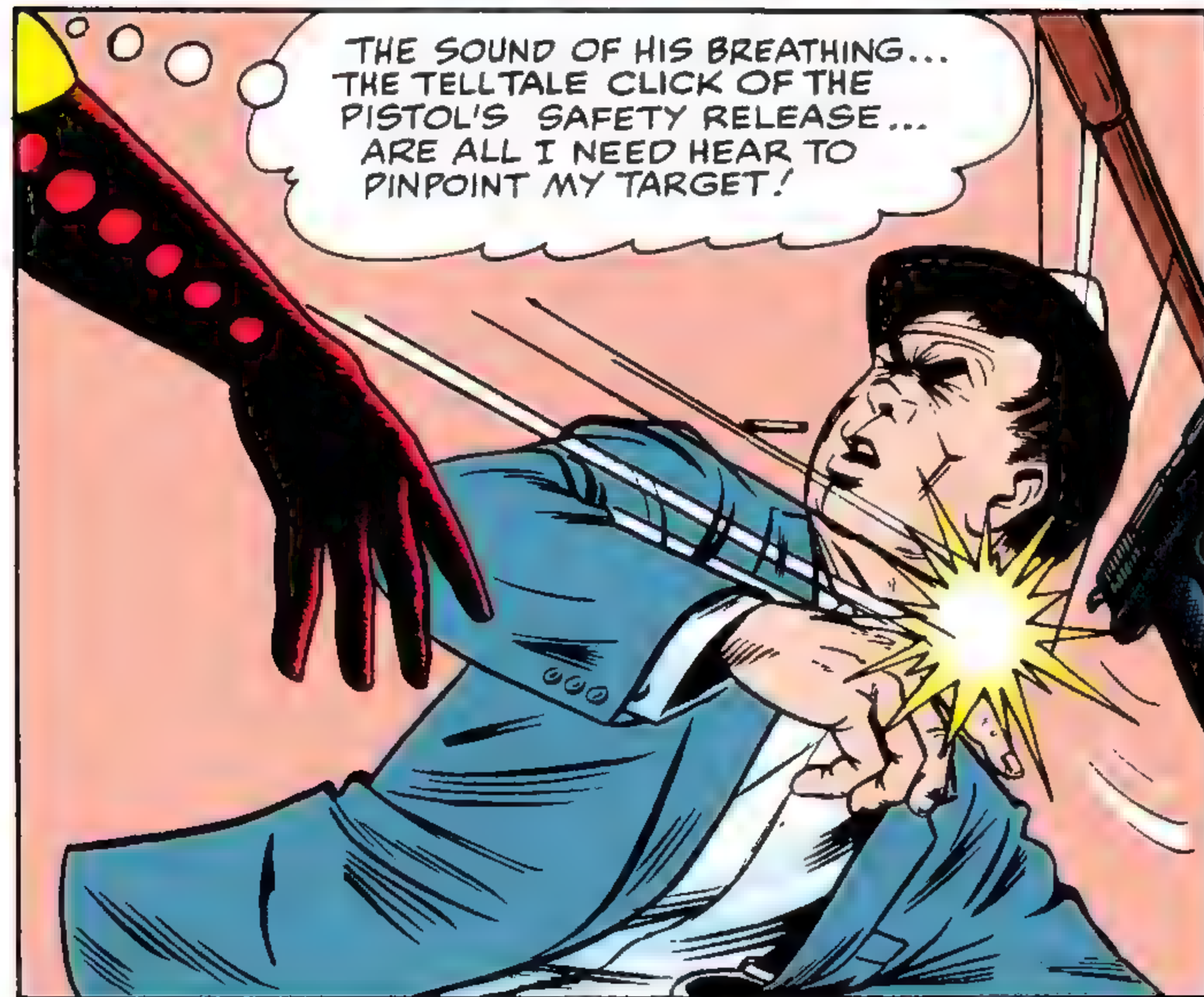
I WANT TO KNOW WHAT ARRANGEMENT YOU HAD WITH **BATTLING MURDOCK**!

BATTLING MURDOCK!! WHAT'S THAT TO YOU??! IT AIN'T HEALTHY TO MENTION HIM AROUND HERE!



HE MUST **KNOW** SOMETHING, BOSS! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!

THE SOUND OF A SUIT JACKET BEING DRAWN ASIDE! FINGERS TOUCHING A METAL OBJECT! MUST BE A GUN BUTT...IN A SHOULDER HOLSTER!



THE SOUND OF HIS BREATHING... THE TELLTALE CLICK OF THE PISTOL'S SAFETY RELEASE... ARE ALL I NEED HEAR TO PINPOINT MY TARGET!



...AND THE ALMOST INAUDIBLE SOUND OF MY CANE CUTTING THROUGH THE AIR IS LIKE A LOUD RADAR BEEP TO MY SUPER-SENSITIVE EARS!

I WAS **RIGHT** ALL THE TIME! MY SENSES ARE SO ULTRA-KEEN THAT I CAN DO ANYTHING A MAN WITH EYESIGHT CAN...AND DO IT **BETTER!!**



I'LL SNEAK UP ON HIM FROM BEHIND AND...**HEY!** HE SWUNG AROUND JUST IN TIME!

HOW'D YOU KNOW I WAS **BEHIND** YOU?!

THAT'S MY SECRET, PAL!

NO MATTER HOW SOFTLY HE CREEPT UP BEHIND ME, HIS MUFFLED FOOTSTEPS SOUNDED LIKE HEAVY DRUMBEATS TO ME!!



RAPID FOOTSTEPS HURRYING AWAY FROM ME! HE'S TRYING TO ESCAPE!

HOLD IT, SPEEDY! I HAVEN'T DISMISSED THE CLASS YET!!

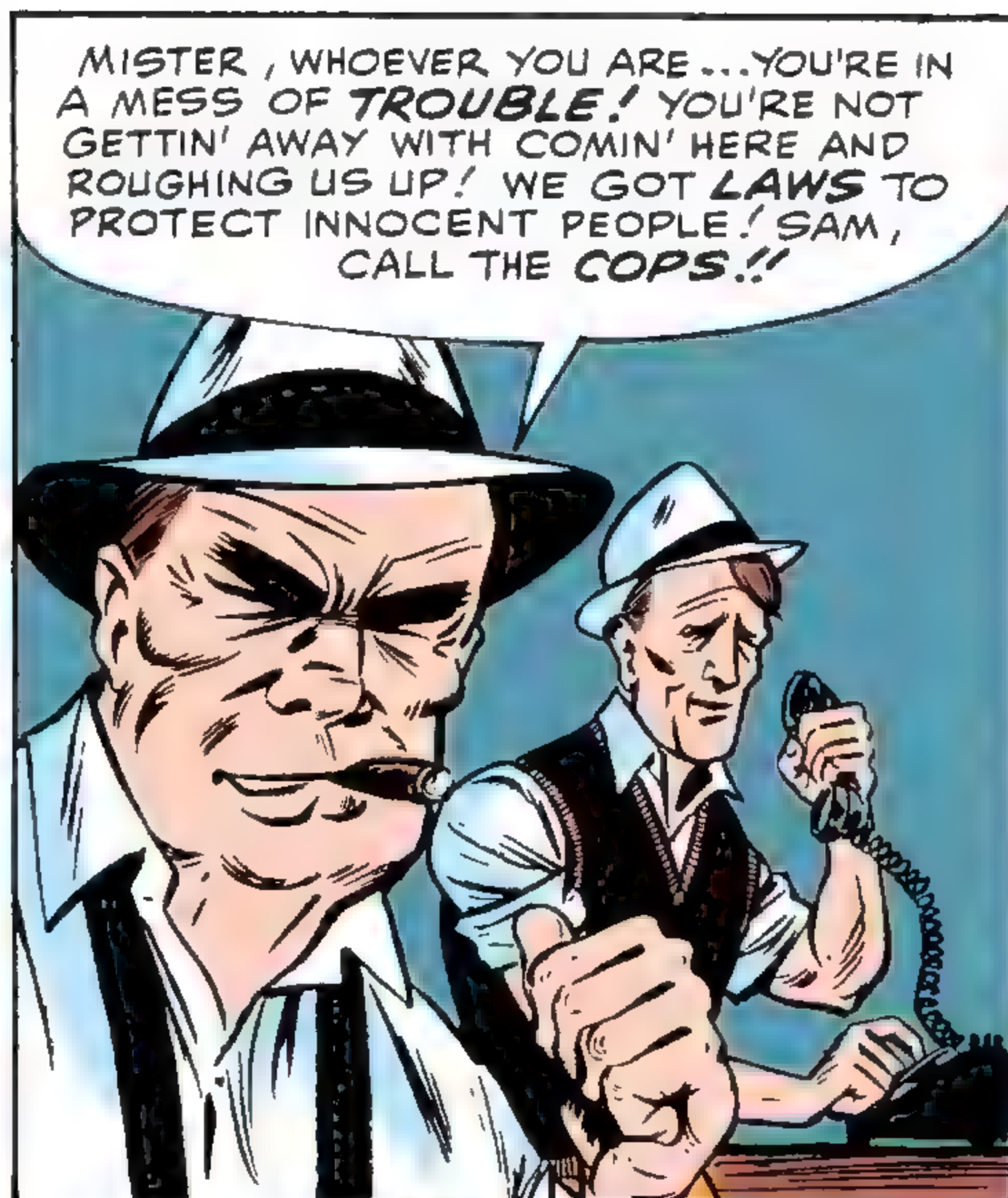
HOW DOES HE **DO** IT? HE DOESN'T MISS A **TRICK!!**



NOW LET'S ALL SETTLE DOWN FOR A NICE TALK... UNLESS YOU'D LIKE ANOTHER SESSION WITH ME!

LOOK, YOU...

QUIET! I'LL HANDLE THIS! I'M STILL THE BOSS!



MISTER, WHOEVER YOU ARE... YOU'RE IN A MESS OF **TROUBLE!** YOU'RE NOT GETTIN' AWAY WITH COMIN' HERE AND ROUGHING US UP! WE GOT **LAWS** TO PROTECT INNOCENT PEOPLE! SAM, CALL THE **COPS!!**



THE SOUND OF A HAND PICKING UP A RECEIVER! THIS IS ALMOST TOO EASY!

YEOWP!

GLANK!



FIXER, I SUSPECT YOU WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF BATTLING MURDOCK! WHY DON'T YOU CONFESS NOW AND SAVE US ALL A LOT OF TROUBLE!?



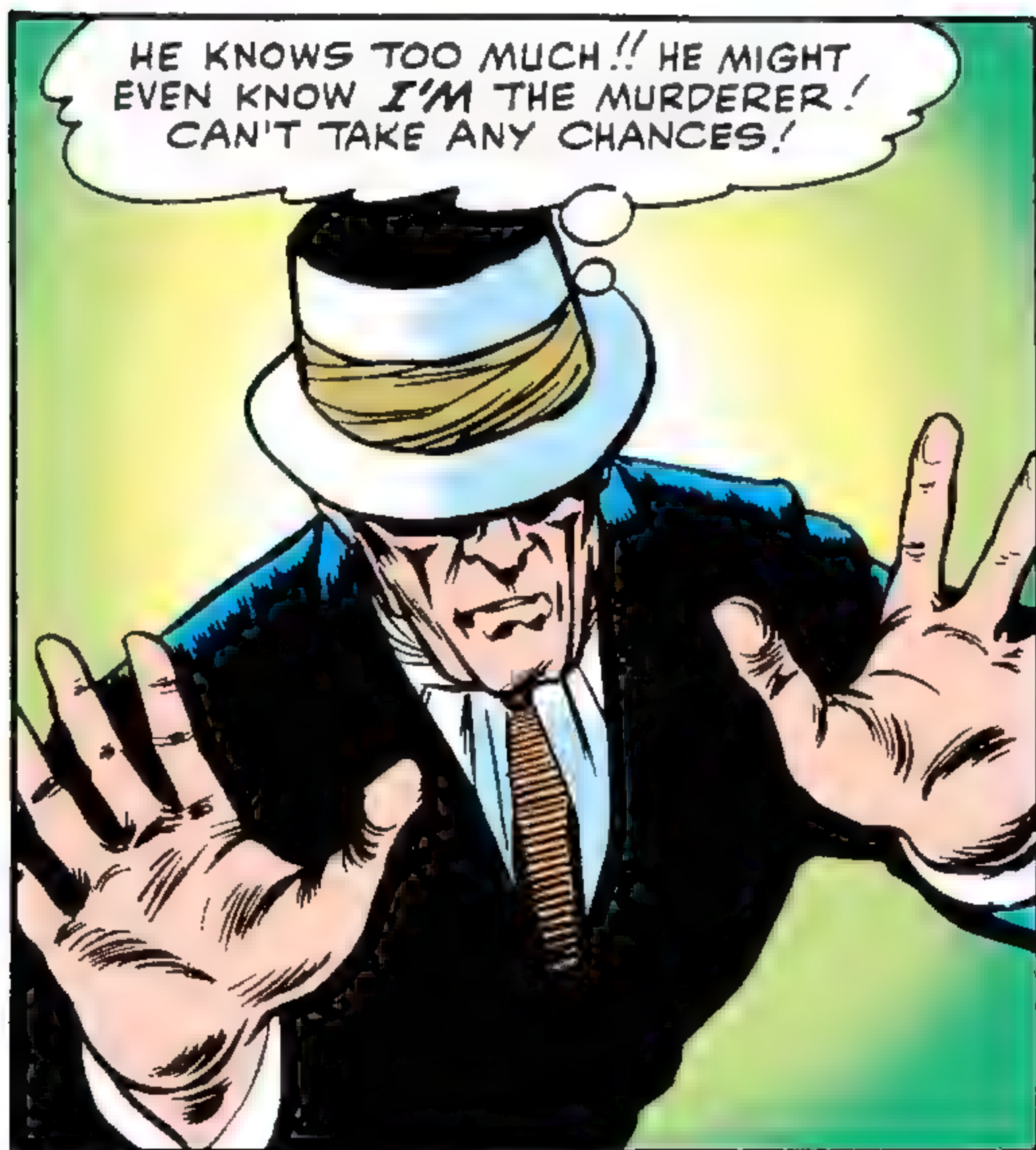
YOU'RE **NUTS!** I HAD NOTHIN' TO DO WITH IT! I GOT A PERFECT ALIBI!

I HAVE **ANOTHER** POWER I WASN'T EVEN AWARE OF! I CAN HEAR HIS **PULSE RATE!** IT'S SPEEDING UP, INDICATING HE'S **LYING!** MY SUPER-SENSE OF HEARING IS LIKE A BUILT-IN **LIE DETECTOR!**

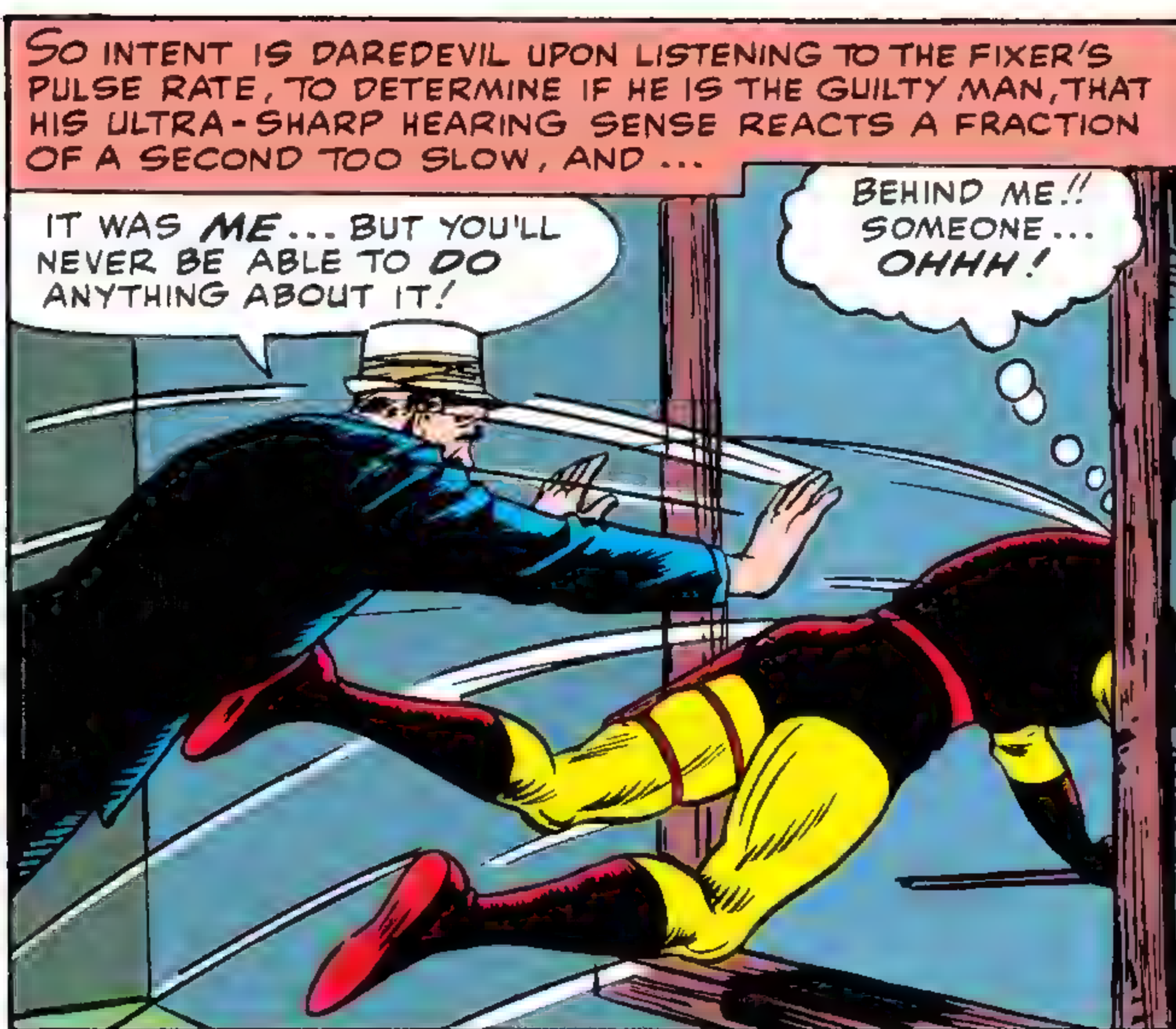


MAYBE YOU DO HAVE AN ALIBI! MAYBE YOURS WASN'T THE FINGER THAT SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER! BUT YOU GAVE THE ORDER... DIDN'T YOU??

NO! NO! STAY BACK!! STOP HIM, YOU GUYS... DON'T LET 'IM GET ME!

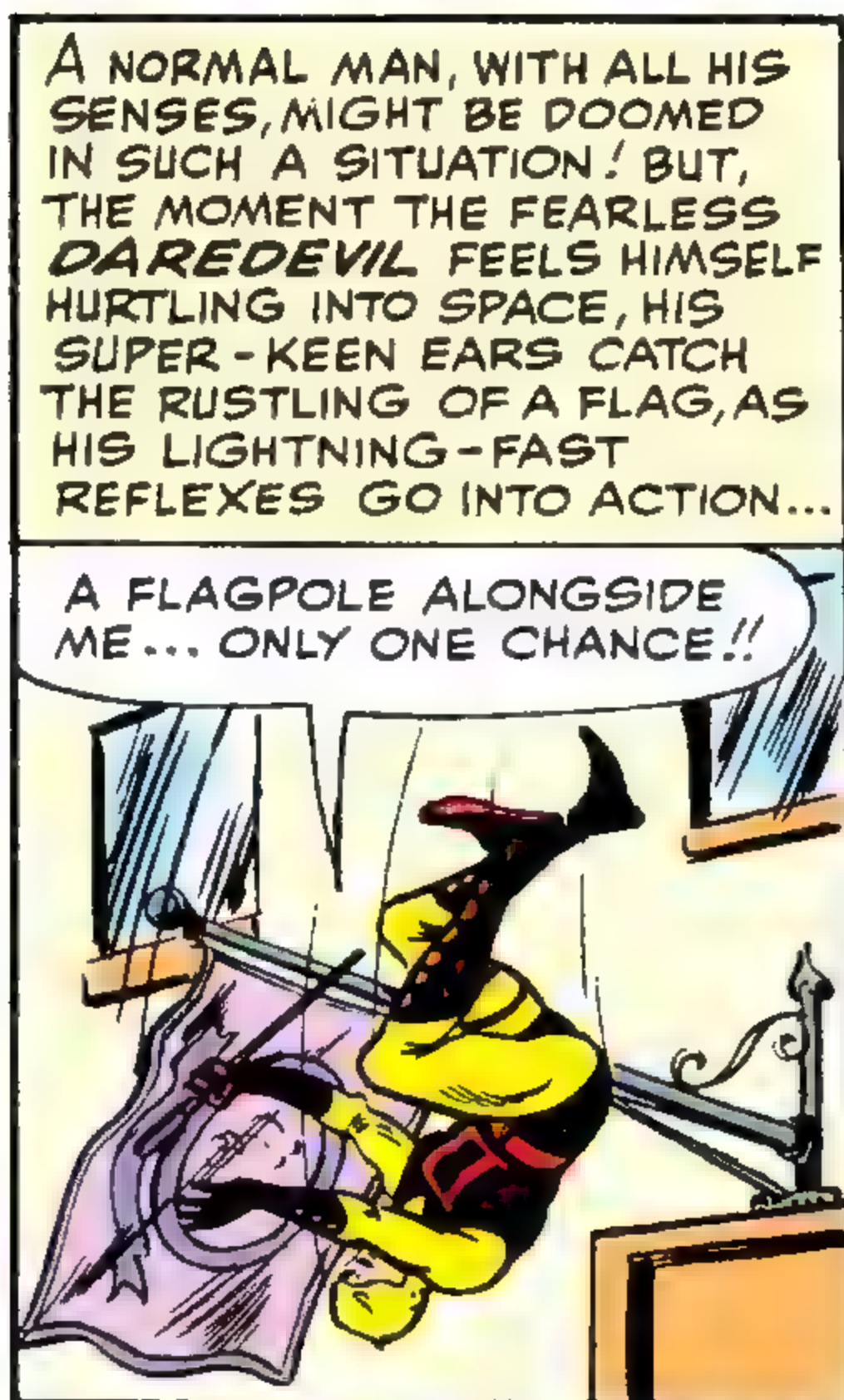


HE KNOWS TOO MUCH!! HE MIGHT EVEN KNOW *I'M* THE MURDERER! CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES!



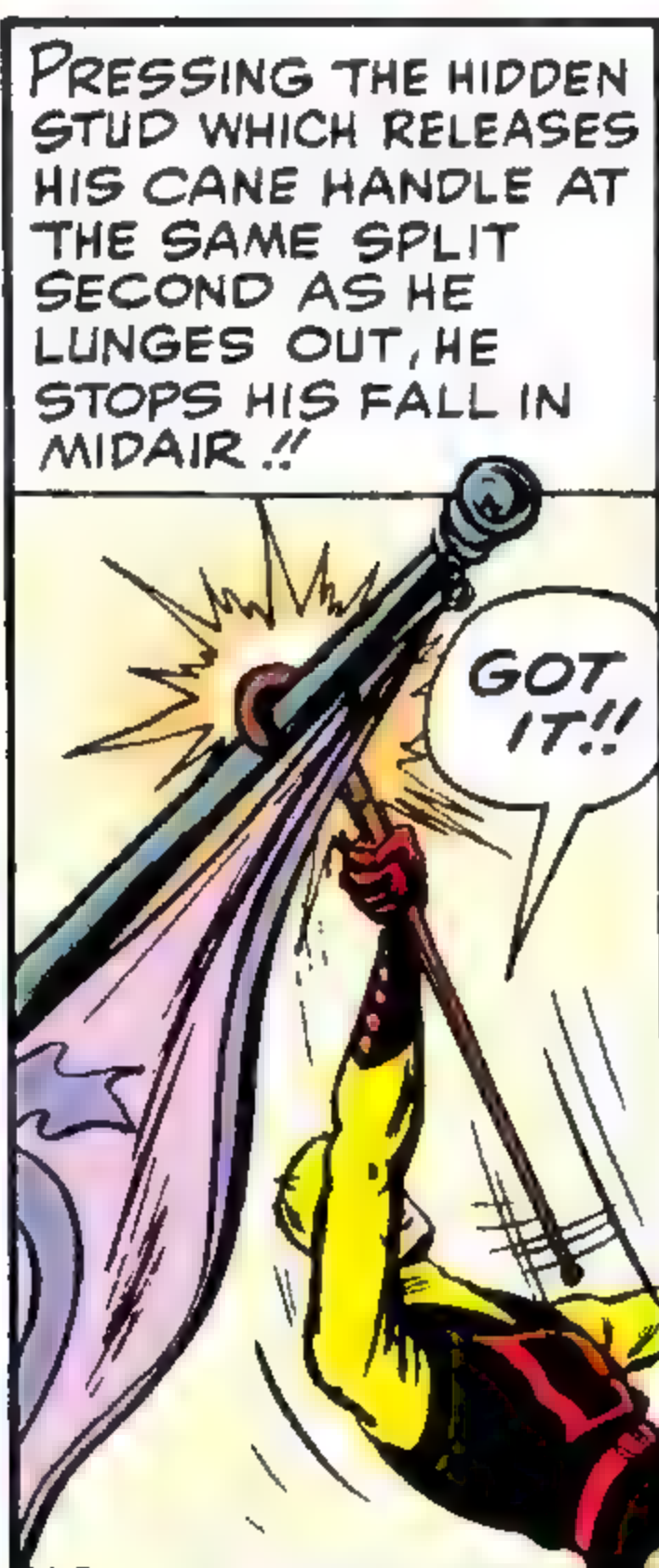
IT WAS *ME*... BUT YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT!

BEHIND ME!! SOMEONE... OHHH!



A NORMAL MAN, WITH ALL HIS SENSES, MIGHT BE DOOMED IN SUCH A SITUATION! BUT, THE MOMENT THE FEARLESS **DAREDEVIL** FEELS HIMSELF HURLING INTO SPACE, HIS SUPER-KEEN EARS CATCH THE RUSTLING OF A FLAG, AS HIS LIGHTNING-FAST REFLEXES GO INTO ACTION...

A FLAGPOLE ALONGSIDE ME... ONLY ONE CHANCE!!



PRESSING THE HIDDEN STUD WHICH RELEASES HIS CANE HANDLE AT THE SAME SPLIT SECOND AS HE LUNGES OUT, HE STOPS HIS FALL IN MIDAIR!!

GOT IT!!



FROM HERE ON IN, IT'S ALL A BREEZE!



NOW THEN, GENTS... WHERE *WERE* WE??

HE'S BACK!!

WHUMP!



MEANWHILE, AT THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN...

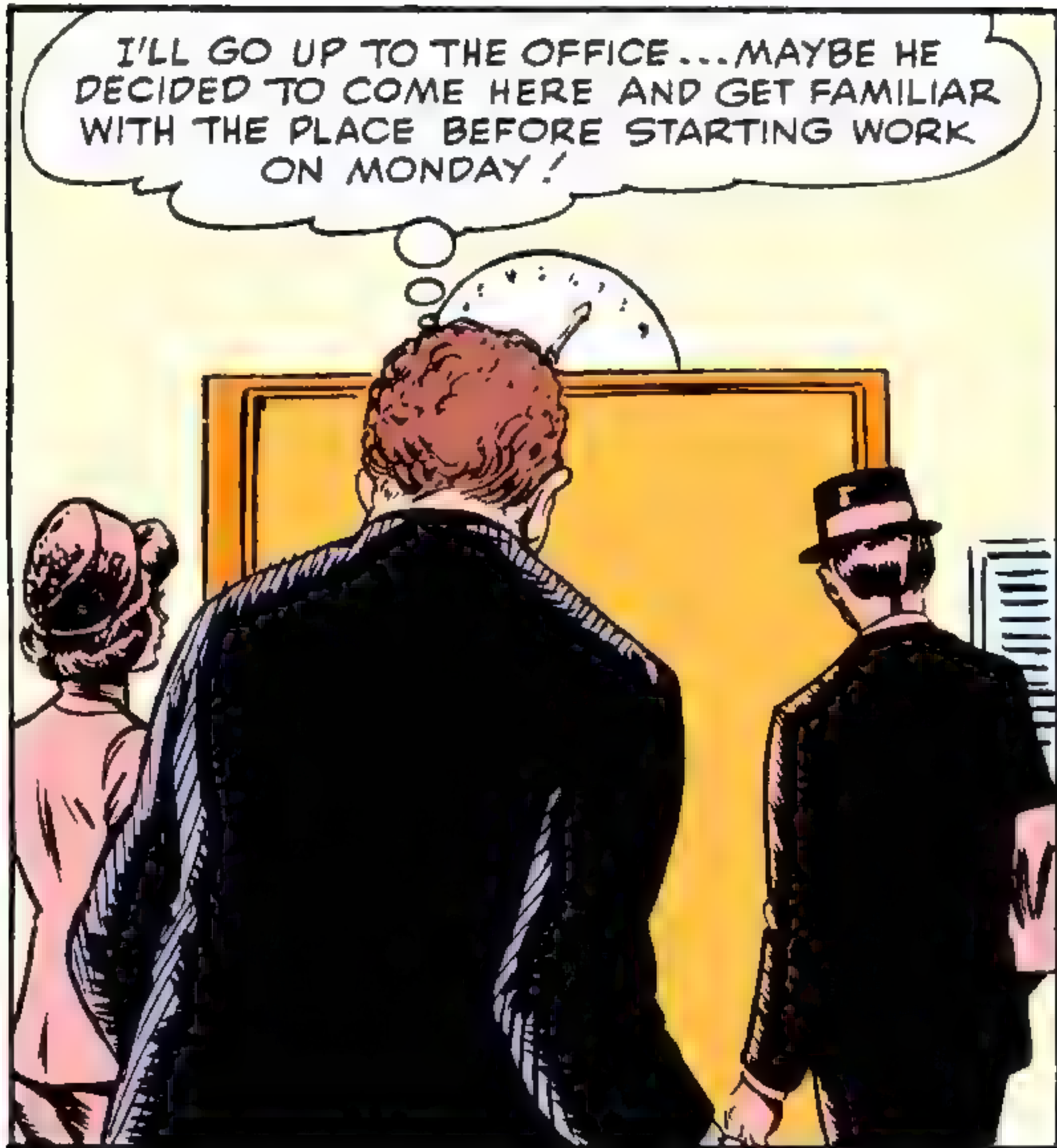
FUNNY, MATT DOESN'T ANSWER! MAYBE HE'S STILL ASLEEP! OH... THE DOOR'S OPEN!



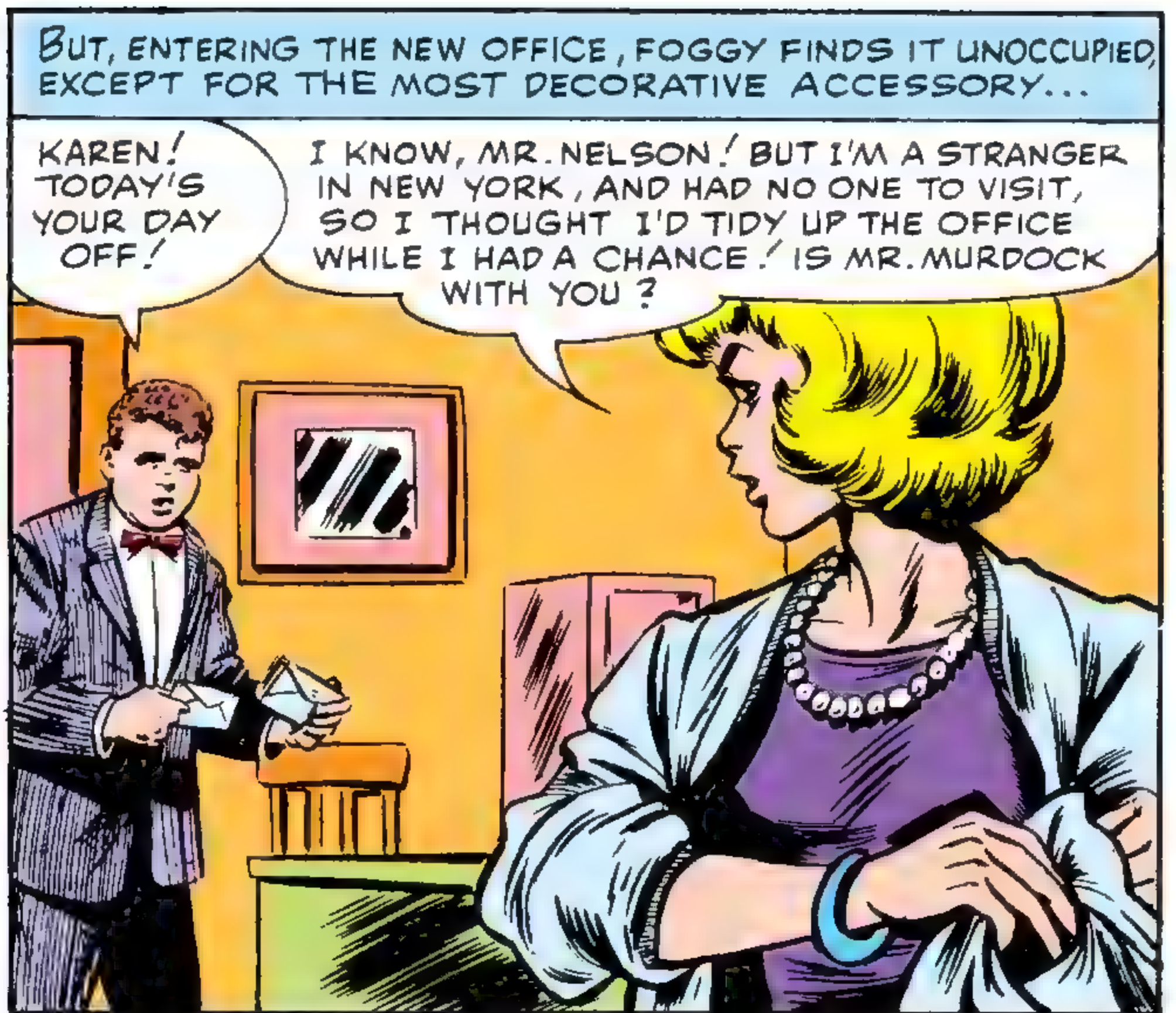
HEY, LAZYPONES! I THOUGHT I'D SEE IF YOU *NEED* ANYTHING, AND... MATT?? HE'S GONE!



GOSH, I WISH HE'D CALLED ME! I HATE TO THINK OF POOR MATT WALKING AROUND TOWN ALL ALONE, WITH ALL THE TRAFFIC IN NEW YORK!



I'LL GO UP TO THE OFFICE...MAYBE HE DECIDED TO COME HERE AND GET FAMILIAR WITH THE PLACE BEFORE STARTING WORK ON MONDAY!



KAREN! TODAY'S YOUR DAY OFF!

I KNOW, MR. NELSON! BUT I'M A STRANGER IN NEW YORK, AND HAD NO ONE TO VISIT, SO I THOUGHT I'D TIDY UP THE OFFICE WHILE I HAD A CHANCE! IS MR. MURDOCK WITH YOU?



NO! MATTER OF FACT, I HOPED HE'D BE **HERE**! I DON'T LIKE HIM WANDERING AROUND TOWN ALONE!

I UNDERSTAND! WHAT A PITY SUCH A WONDERFUL, HANDSOME MAN IS SO HANDICAPPED!

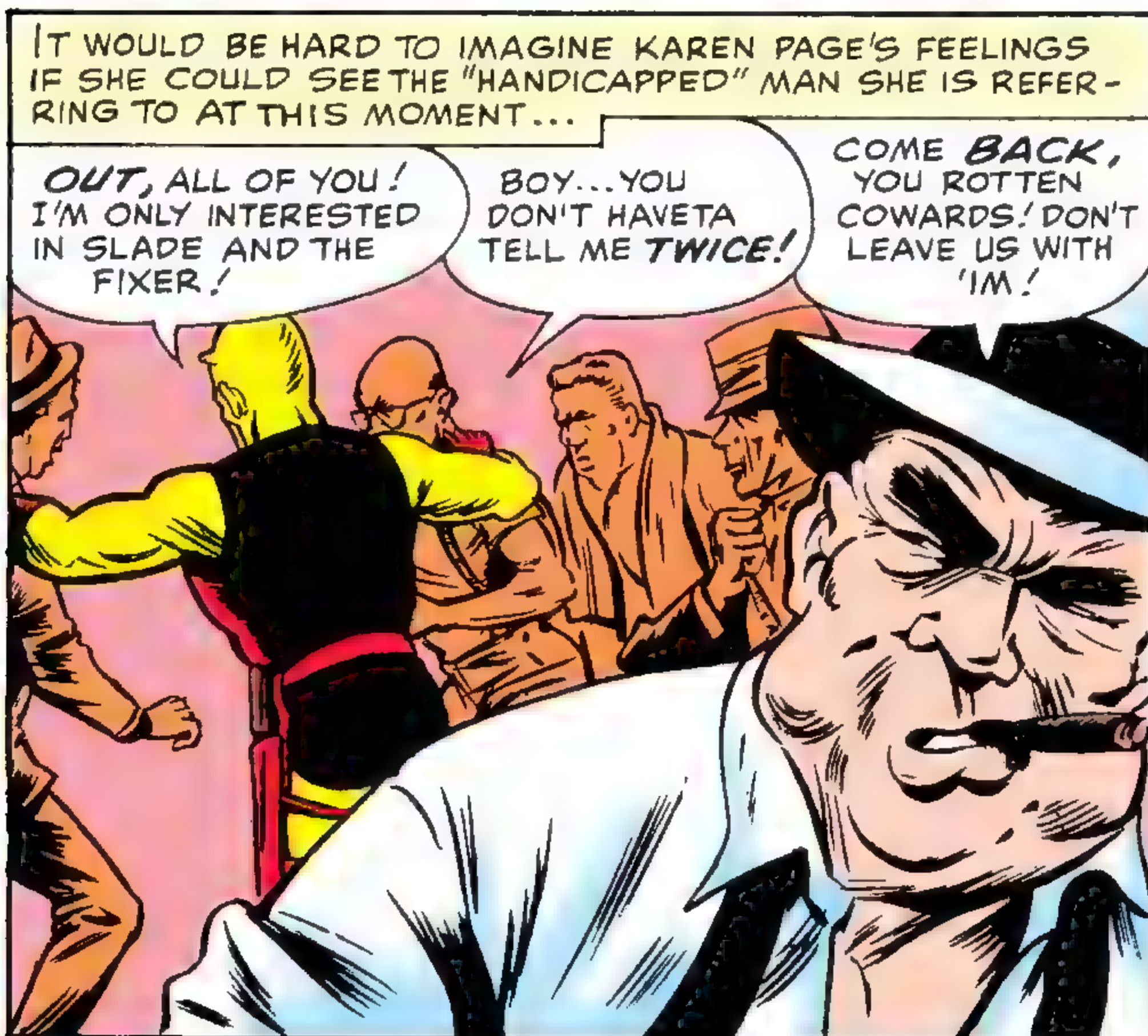


WOW! I'D SURE LIKE TO HEAR HER TALK ABOUT **ME** IN THAT ADORING TONE OF VOICE!

DON'T LET HIS BLINDNESS FOOL YOU, KAREN! HE'S STILL THE SMARTEST, MOST CAPABLE, MOST COURAGEOUS FELLA I KNOW! HE DOESN'T EVEN SEEM TO **MIND** NOT SEEING!



THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT HIM THAT MAKES A GIRL WANT TO TAKE HIM IN HER ARMS AND... OH, I'M SORRY, MR. NELSON! I HAD NO RIGHT TO SPEAK THAT WAY! IT'S JUST THAT HE SEEMS TO NEED SOMEONE TO LOOK AFTER HIM!



IT WOULD BE HARD TO IMAGINE KAREN PAGE'S FEELINGS IF SHE COULD SEE THE "HANDICAPPED" MAN SHE IS REFERRING TO AT THIS MOMENT...

OUT, ALL OF YOU! I'M ONLY INTERESTED IN SLADE AND THE FIXER!

BOY...YOU DON'T HAVETA TELL ME **TWICE**!

COME **BACK**, YOU ROTTEN COWARDS! DON'T LEAVE US WITH 'IM!



NOW, YOU TWO, I'VE LEARNED WHAT I WANTED! **SLADE** ACTUALLY DID THE SHOOTING, BUT **YOU** GAVE THE ORDER!

WHAT **GOOD**'LL IT DO YOU ?? YOU CAN'T **PROVE** IT!

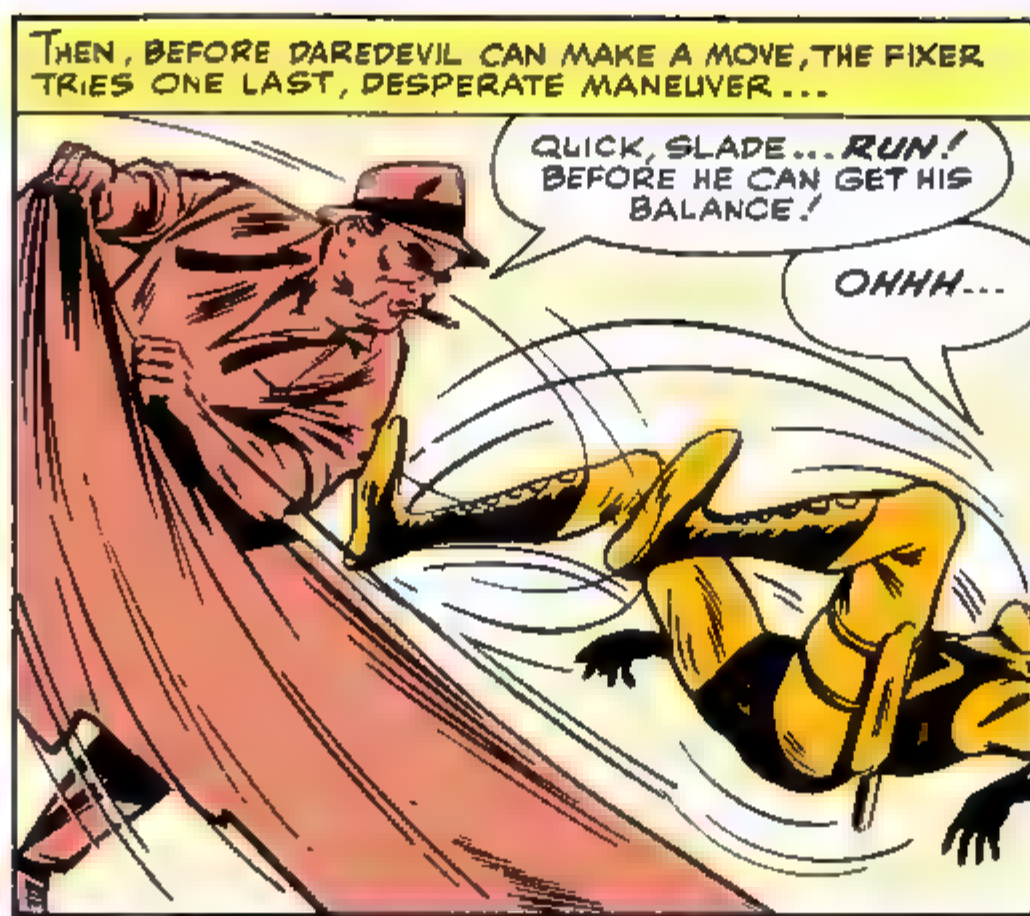
YEAH! WHERE'S YOUR **EVIDENCE**??



NOW FOR MY FINAL BLUFF! THEY'RE SO WORRIED NOW, THEY'LL BELIEVE **ANYTHING!**

RIGHT **HERE!** I HAVE A MINIATURE TAPE RECORDER CONCEALED IN MY BILLY CLUB! IT'LL TELL THE POLICE ALL THEY NEED TO KNOW!

HE'S GOT US!



THEN, BEFORE DAREDEVIL CAN MAKE A MOVE, THE FIXER TRIES ONE LAST, DESPERATE MANEUVER...

QUICK, SLADE... **RUN!** BEFORE HE CAN GET HIS BALANCE!

OH... OH...



...NOW-- PICK UP THE SOUNDS--

--CLATTER OF FLEEING FOOTSTEPS--

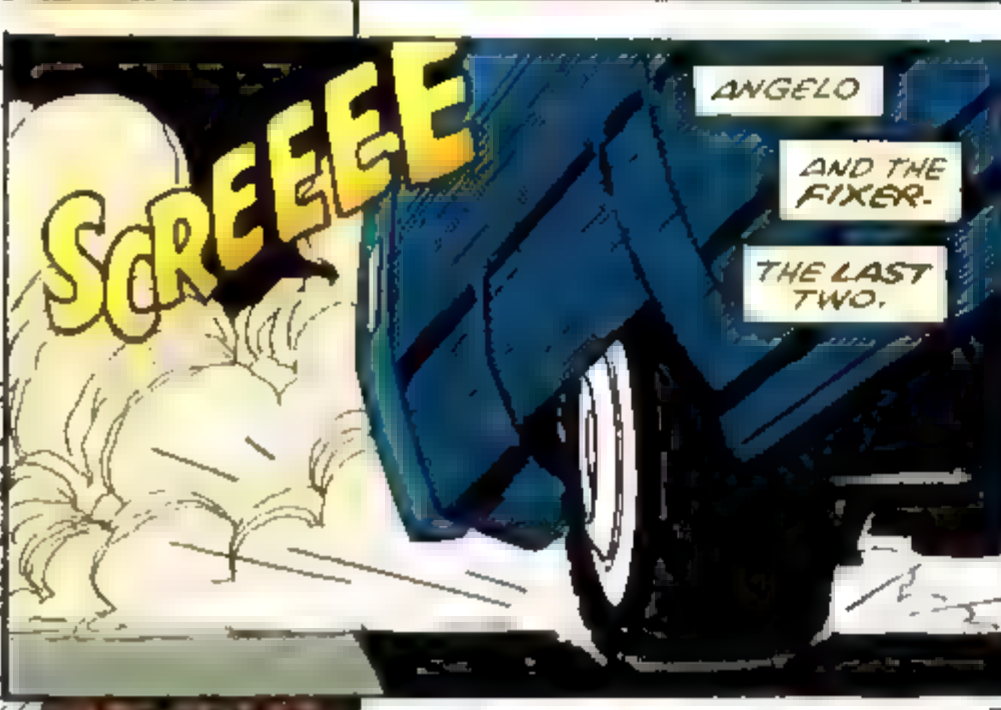
--AWKWARD, PAINFUL SUCKING OF AIR--

--A POUNDING, POUNDING HEART--



GYM

ANGELO! GET OUT OF HERE! NOW!



SCREEEE

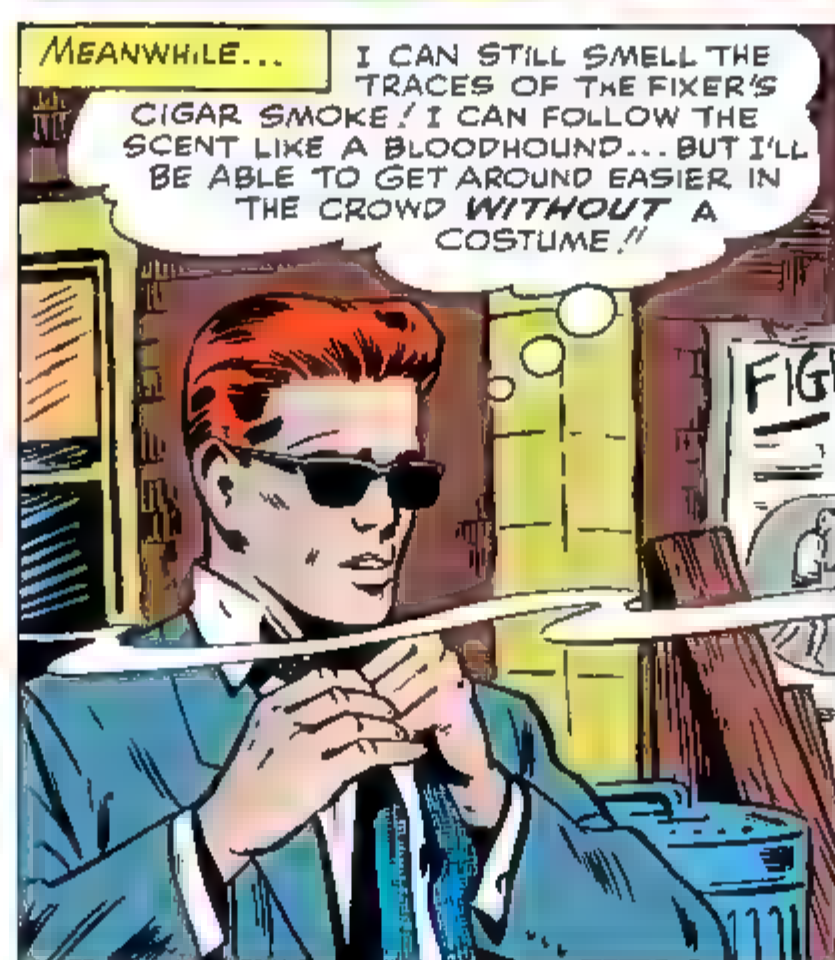
ANGELO
AND THE FIXER.
THE LAST TWO.



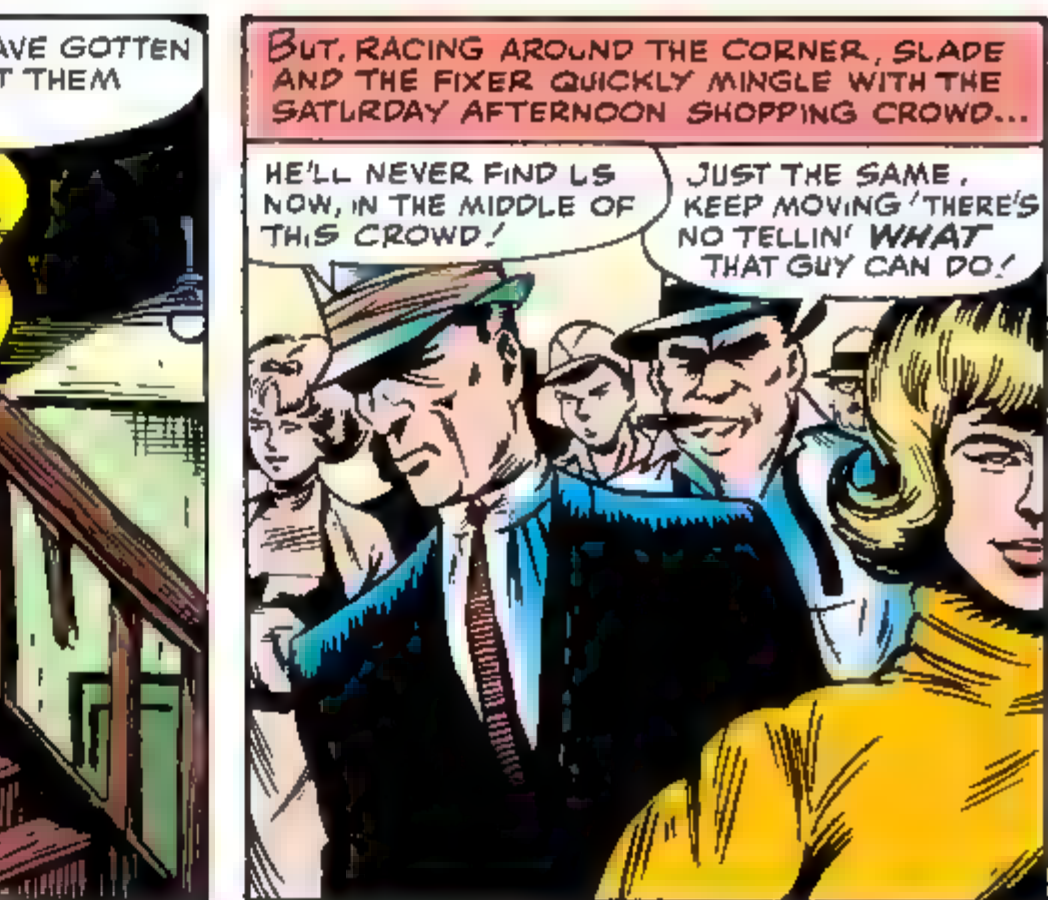
MY ARM! I WRENCHED IT! I WAS A FOOL FOR BEING SO OVERCONFIDENT! I SHOULD HAVE **KNOWN** THEY'D MAKE ONE FINAL TRY TO ESCAPE!



THEY CAN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR! I'LL GET THEM **YET!**



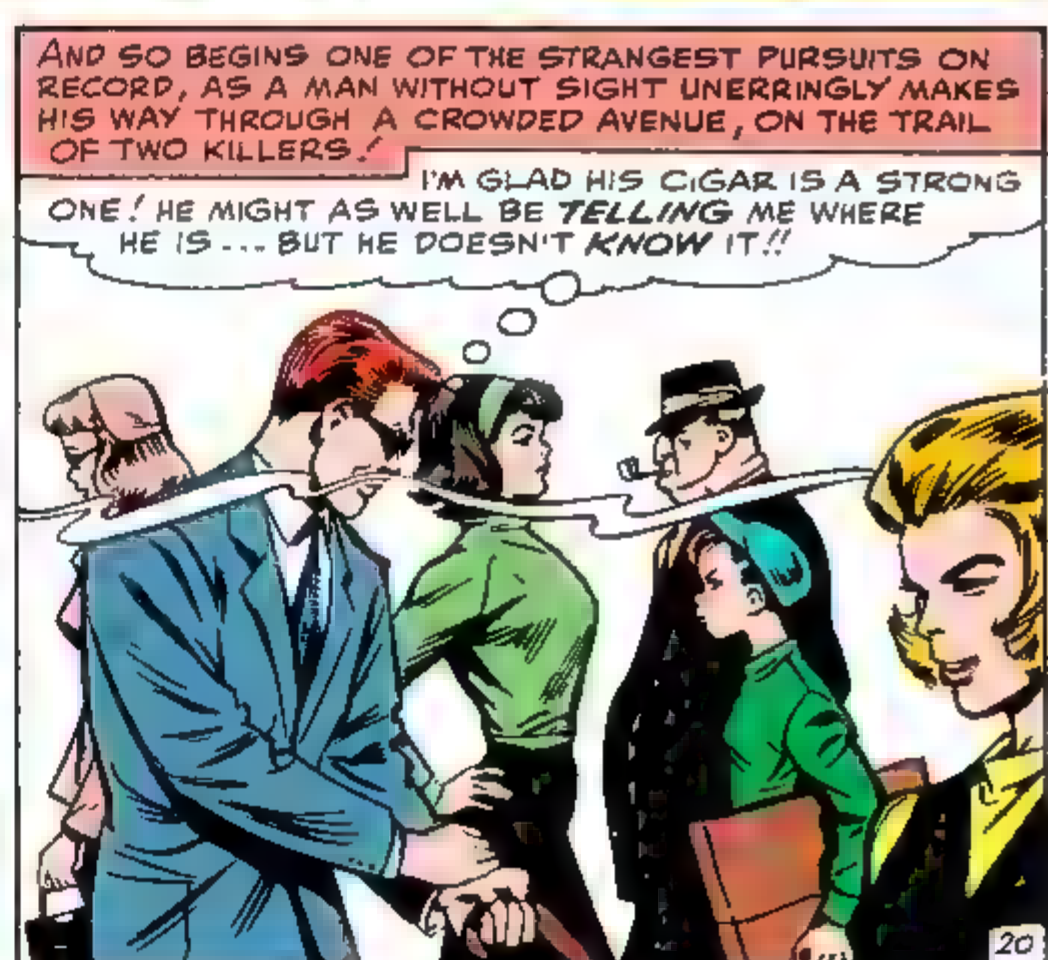
MEANWHILE... I CAN STILL SMELL THE TRACES OF THE FIXER'S CIGAR SMOKE! I CAN FOLLOW THE SCENT LIKE A BLOODHOUND... BUT I'LL BE ABLE TO GET AROUND EASIER IN THE CROWD **WITHOUT** A COSTUME!!



BUT, RACING AROUND THE CORNER, SLADE AND THE FIXER QUICKLY MINGLE WITH THE SATURDAY AFTERNOON SHOPPING CROWD...

HE'LL NEVER FIND US NOW, IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS CROWD!

JUST THE SAME, KEEP MOVING! THERE'S NO TELLIN' **WHAT** THAT GUY CAN DO!



AND SO BEGINS ONE OF THE STRANGEST PURSUITS ON RECORD, AS A MAN WITHOUT SIGHT UNERRINGLY MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH A CROWDED AVENUE, ON THE TRAIL OF TWO KILLERS!

I'M GLAD HIS CIGAR IS A STRONG ONE! HE MIGHT AS WELL BE **TELLING** ME WHERE HE IS... BUT HE DOESN'T **KNOW** IT!!

SO EASY TO
TRACK THE
LIMO'S ENGINE
AND THE FIXER'S
UNCONTROLLA-
BLE COUGHING.

SO EASY.
STICK
TAUGHT
HIM WELL.

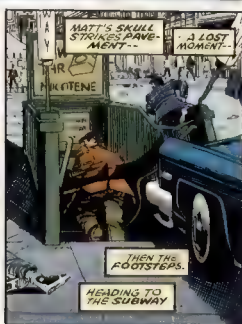
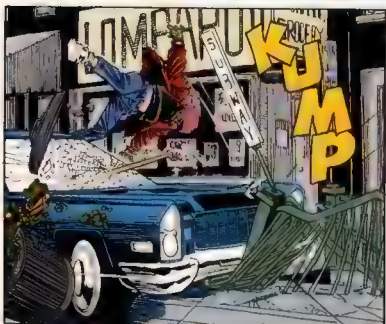
STICK.

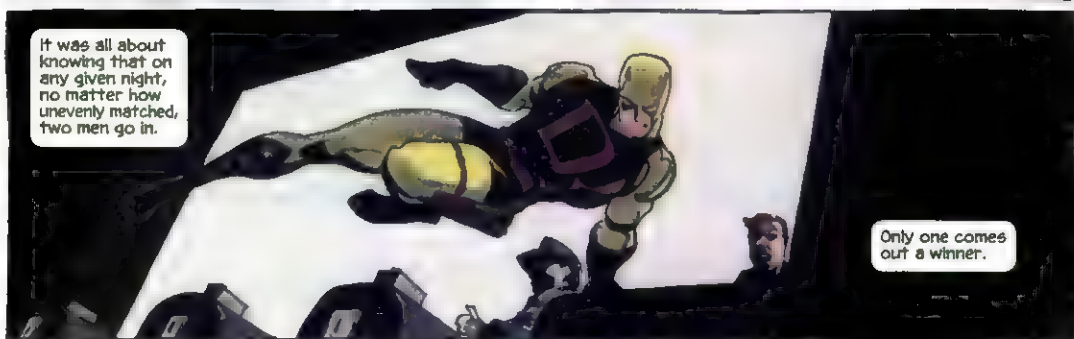
HE'LL HATE
ME FOR
THIS, MATT
THINKS

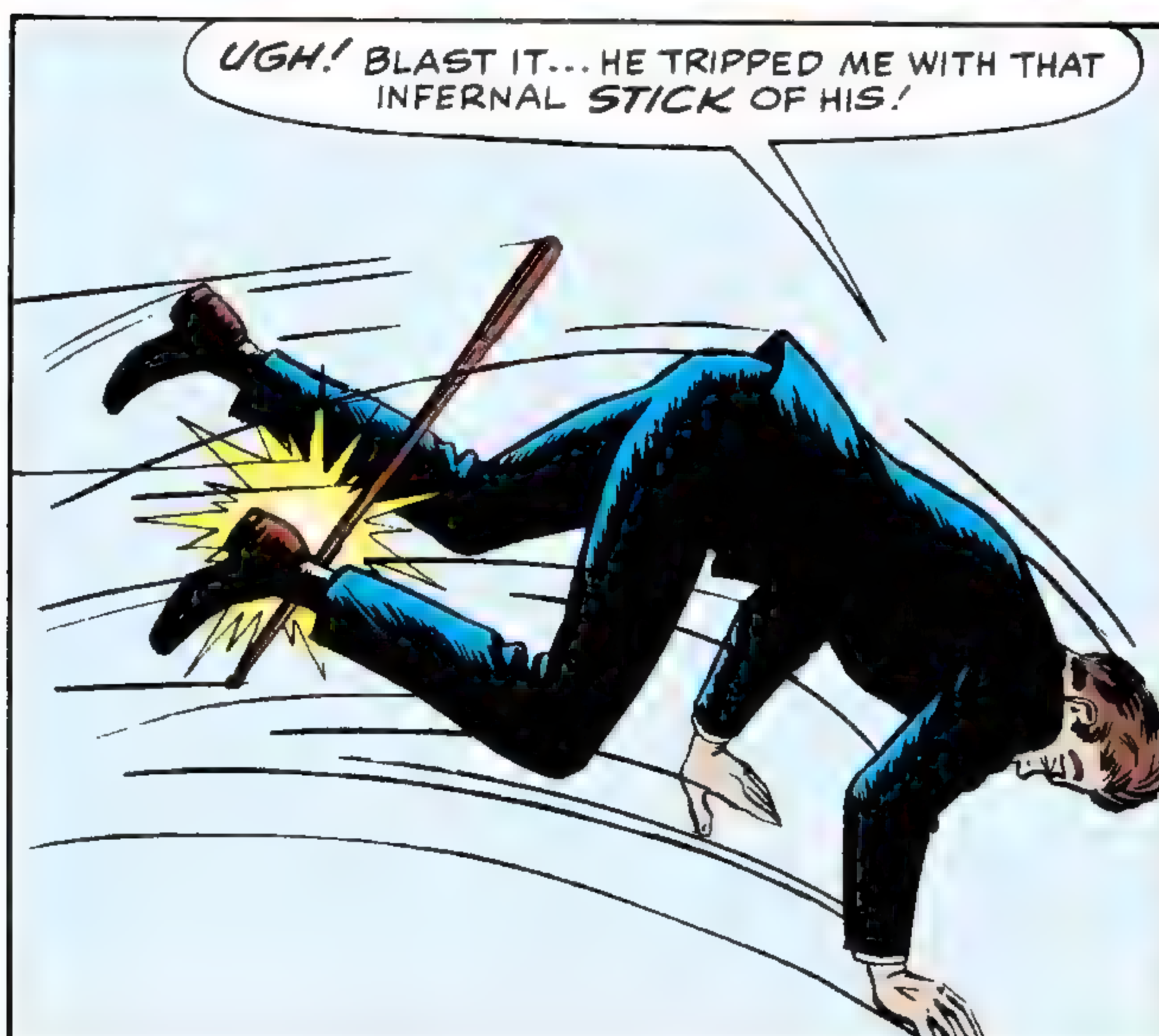
AND FOR
A MOMENT
MATT CARES
ABOUT THIS.

THEN THE COLD
PART OF HIM
TAKES OVER
AGAIN.













The coins in his pockets rattled like cymbals crashing.

ALL THIS OVER --

SHUFFE

-- BATTLING JACK?

HE WAS A BUM!

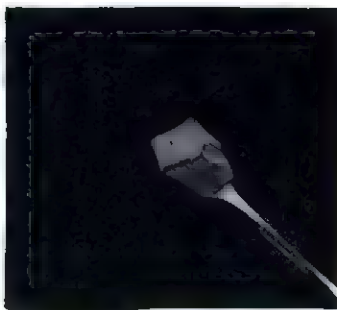


SHUFFE

SHUFFE

SHUFFE

HSSSSS



IS THAT WHY YOU HAD HIM KILLED?

TOK



I could taste his salty sweat without even touching him.

The awful smell of his bladder giving out as he wet himself.

It was like I was inside this horrible man.

OKAY, WHAT'DYA WANT? YOU --

SHUFFE

-- WANT MONEY?

SHUFFE



And then...I knew...
maybe before he did...
his heart wasn't going
to make it.

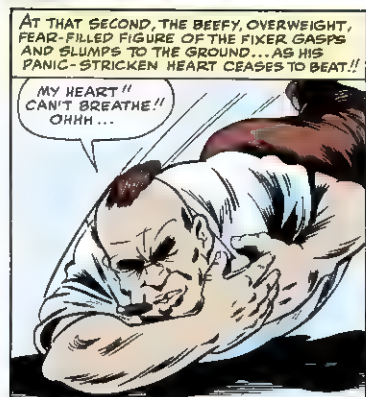
I GOT...
WHEEZE
MONEY...

I remember thinking,
"Don't Fall down --
not before I get to
hit you."



JACK

"You're not
going to
take a dive,
Mister."



AT THAT SECOND, THE BEEFY, OVERWEIGHT,
FEAR-FILLED FIGURE OF THE FIXER GASPS
AND SLUMPS TO THE GROUND... AS HIS
PANIC-STRICKEN HEART CEASES TO BEAT!!

MY HEART!!
CAN'T BREATHE!!
OH... OH...



"Not like you wanted
my Dad to."

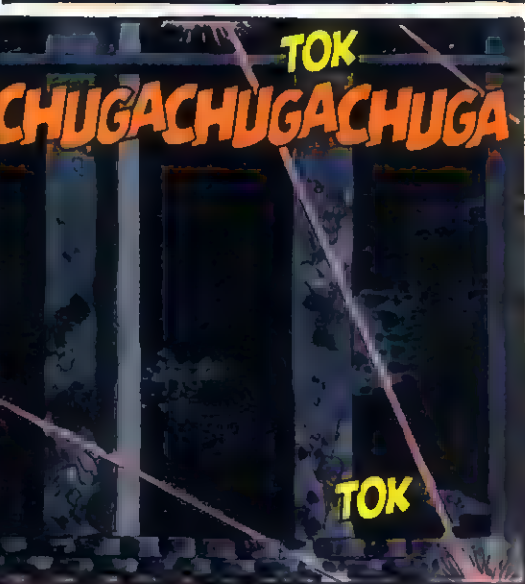
CHUGACHUGACHUGACHUGACHUGA



TOK

TOK

CHUGACHUGACHUGA



TOK

CHUGACHUGACHUGACHUGACHUGA

FAP

TOK

[illegible]

Even over the roar
of the subway,
I could tell.

The Fixer was dead.



YOU THERE/
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING DOWN
HERE?!

THIS MAN IS
DEAD. HEART
ATTACK.

HE'S RESPONSIBLE
FOR THE MURDER OF
BATTLIN' JACK MURDOCK.

NOW, IF ONE OF
YOU OFFICERS WILL
FOLLOW ME OVER TO
FOGWELL'S GYM --

-- WE'LL FIND A
SECOND MAN, SLADE,
WHO ACTUALLY PULLED
THE TRIGGER.

AND, I'M
WILLING TO BET,
THE MURDER
WEAPON.

BATTLIN' JACK?
I REMEMBER HIM.
HE COULD'VE BEEN
THE CHAMP.

SO...WHO
ARE YOU
SUPPOSED
TO BE?



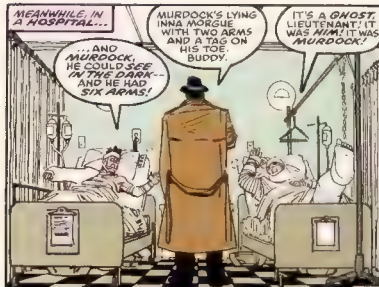
When I was a kid,
the gang in the
neighborhood would
taunt me to fight
back and thought
I was scared.

A large, dark, atmospheric comic book panel. Daredevil, in his yellow and red suit with a large red 'D' on the chest, stands in the center. He is holding a man in a white shirt and dark tie by the back of his head. The man is looking down. The background is a dark, stone-walled interior with a large, arched opening. A speech bubble from Daredevil is in the upper left. A small inset panel in the bottom right shows Daredevil in a different pose, with a speech bubble.

DAREDEVIL.

They weren't
laughing any
more.

THE NAME'S DAREDEVIL ... REMEMBER
IT, YOU'LL BE HEARING IT AGAIN...
I PROMISE !!

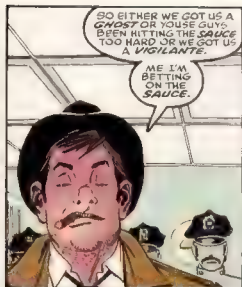


MEANWHILE, IN A HOSPITAL...

...AND MURDOCK, HE COULD SEE IN THE DARK-- AND HE HAD SIX ARMS!

MURDOCK'S LYING INNA MORGUE WITH TWO ARMS AND A TAG ON HIS TOE. BUDDY.

IT'S A GHOST, LIEUTENANT! IT WAS HIM! IT WAS MURDOCK!



SO EITHER WE GOT US A GHOST OR YOUSE GUYS BEEN HITTING THE SAUCE TOO HARD OR WE GOT US A VIGILANTE.

ME I'M BETTING ON THE SAUCE.



ONE REMAINS.

ANGELO

HE THINKS HE'S ESCAPED



ESCAPED TO A PLACE OF THICK PERFUMES AND PRACTICED PASSION.

THEY KNOW HIM HERE HE THINKS HE'S SAFE.

JUST RELAX. ANGELO WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU.

IT WAS SOME KIND OF CRAZY MAN...



--OUT OF NOWHERE HE--

AAAA



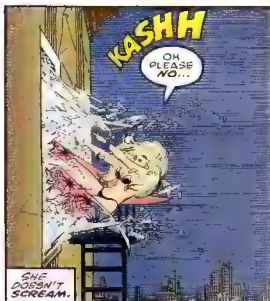
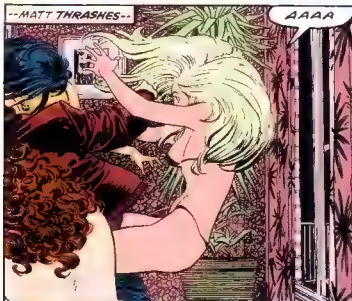
IT'S A RAID!

BUT WE'RE RAID UP!

THAT'S NO COP! KILL HIM!

TRULY, LITTLE MARY'S
LAST IMAGE OF
PAIN...

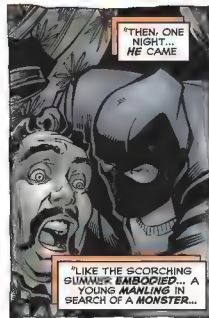
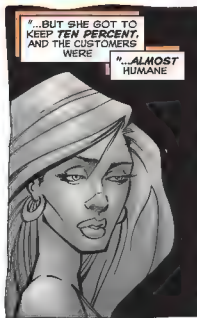
...AND
OF A VERY
SPECIAL YOUNG
MAN.

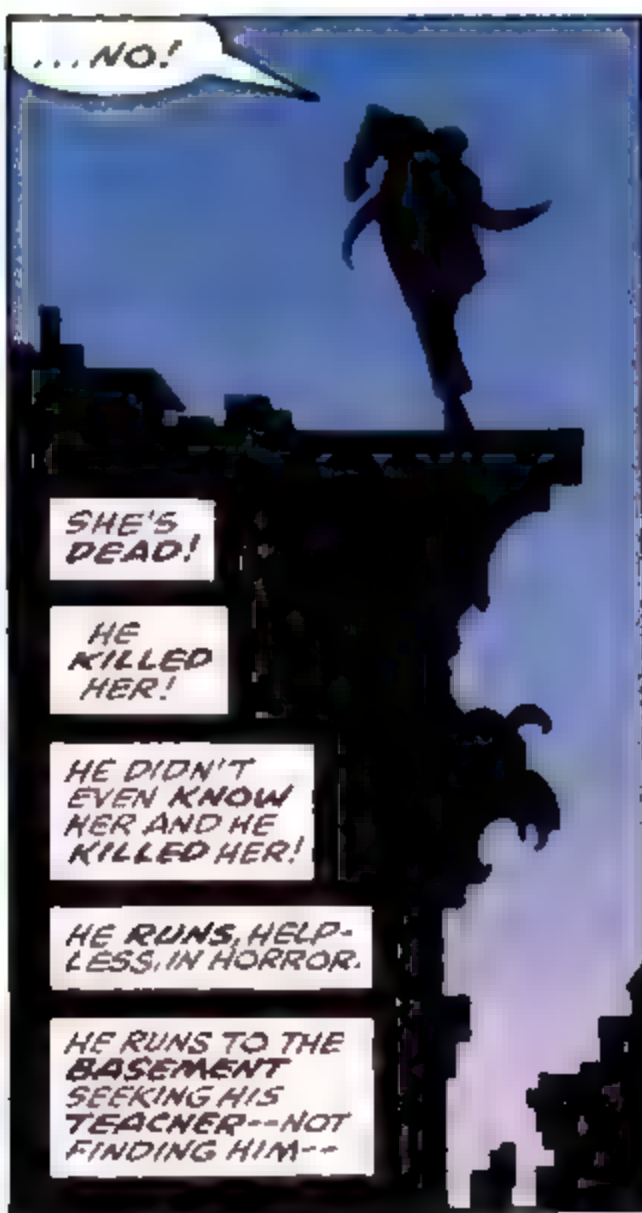
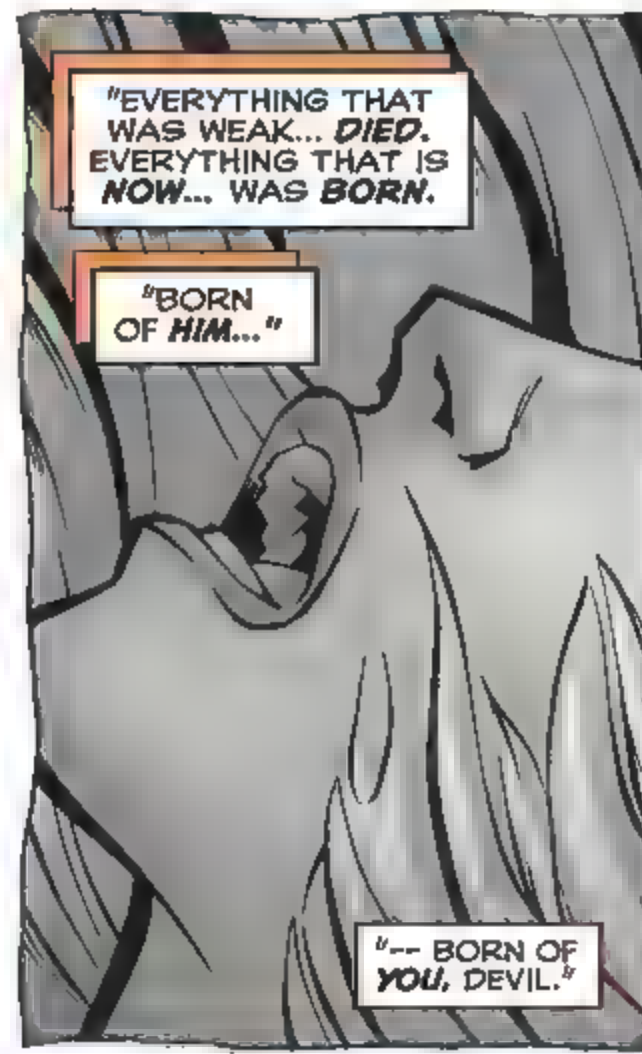
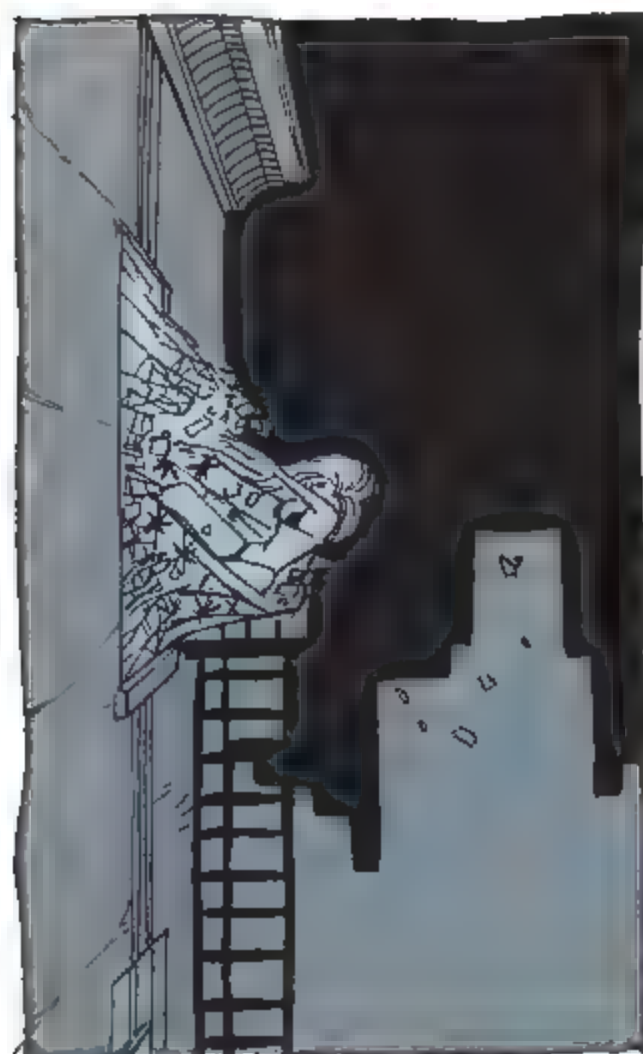


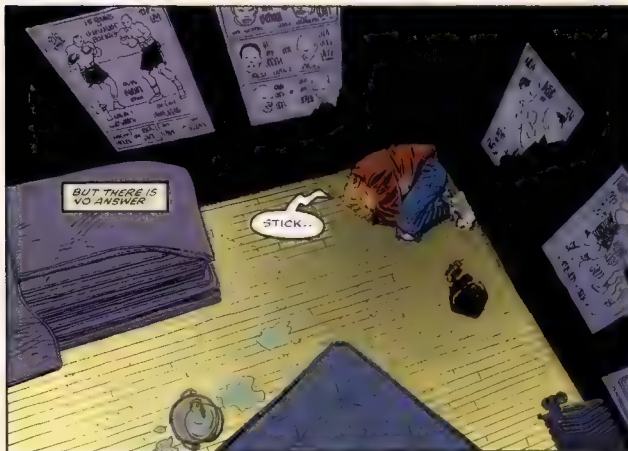
A YOUNG
MAN WITH PIERCING
EYES... MOVES, STILL
RAW, BUT POTENT...
BENT ON REVENGE...

A BOY
DRESSED TO
KILL, WITH A SPOT
IN HIS HEART TO
WATCH... THE BOY
WHO GAVE BIRTH
TO ME

IT
WAS YEARS AGO...
AND LITTLE MARY
HAD TRIPPED AWAY TO
THE BIG CITY. SHE
FOUND HERSELF IN A
BROTHER ON THE
EAST SIDE...









YOU MUST RECONSIDER, STICK. THE BOY HAS TALENT.

NO. I WAS WRONG ABOUT HIM.



YOU'VE SAID IT YOURSELF-- A THOUSAND TIMES. WE NEED ALL THE HELP WE CAN GET.

HE IS UN-DISCIPLINED. EMOTIONAL. JUST LOOK AT WHAT HE DID TONIGHT!



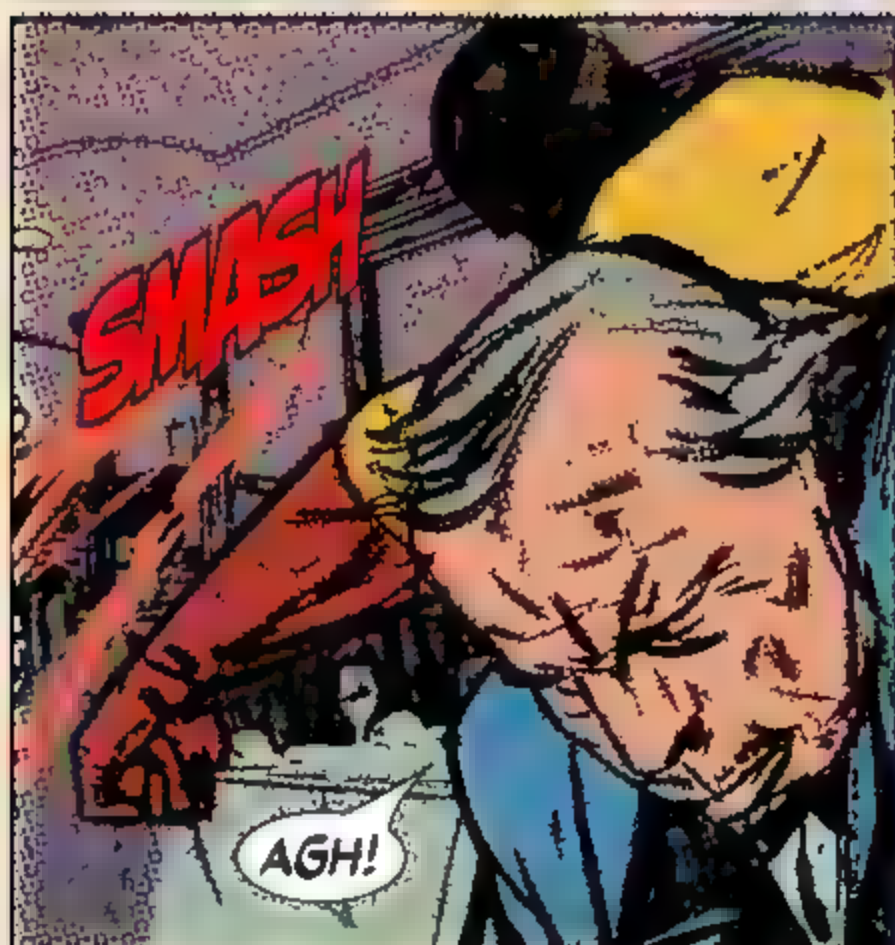
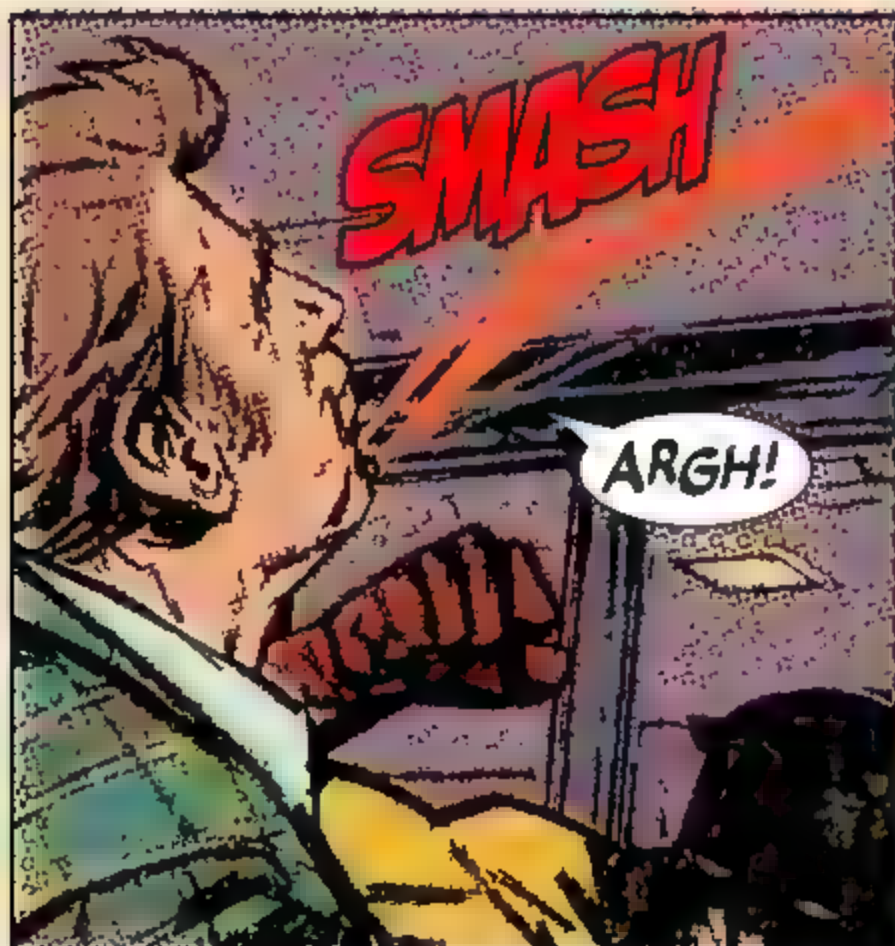
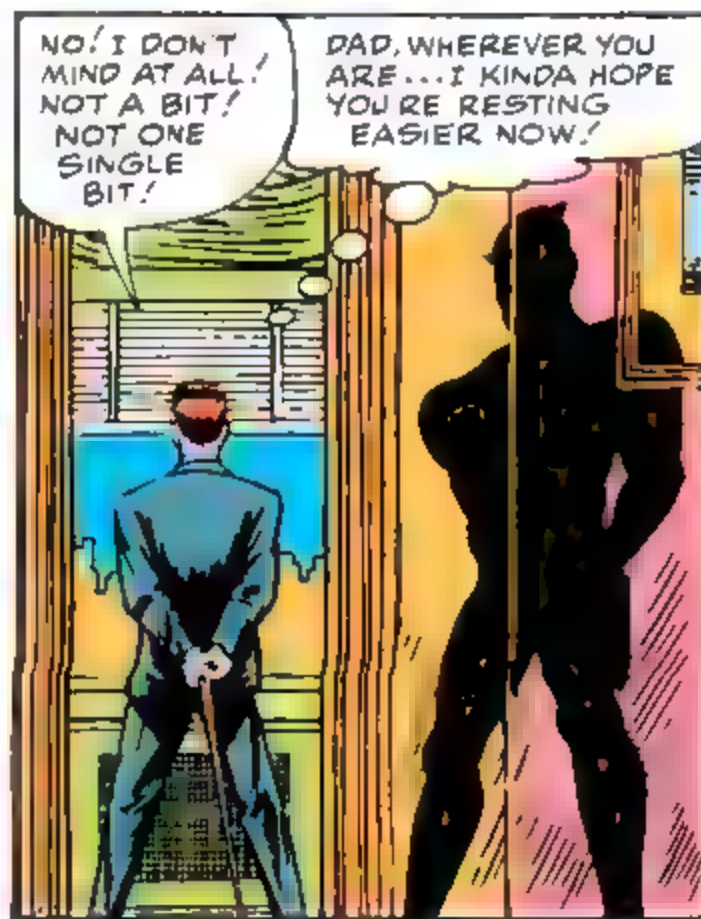
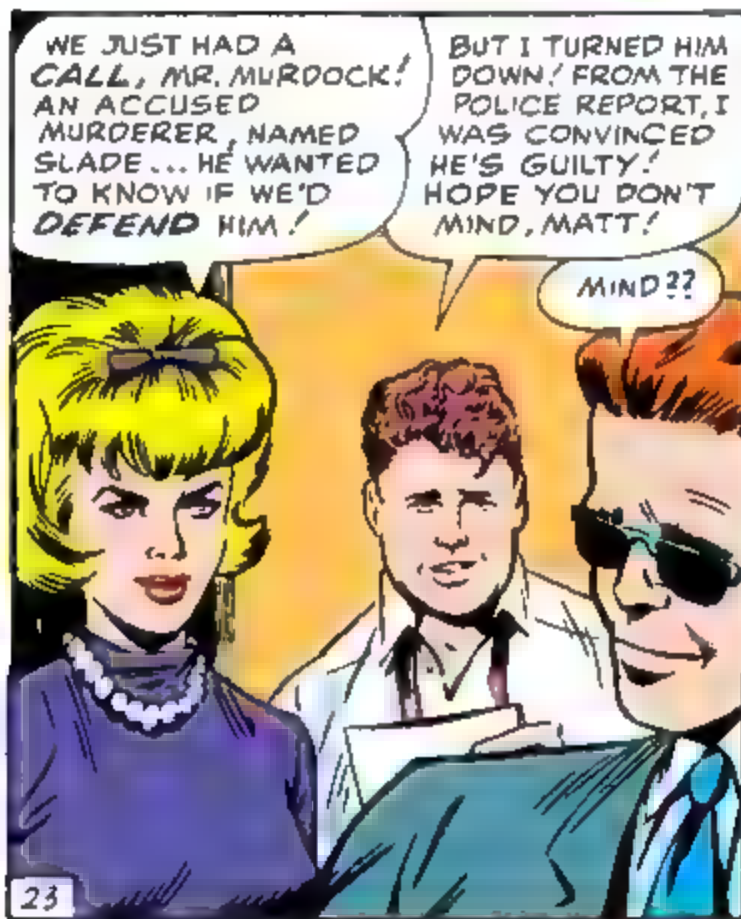
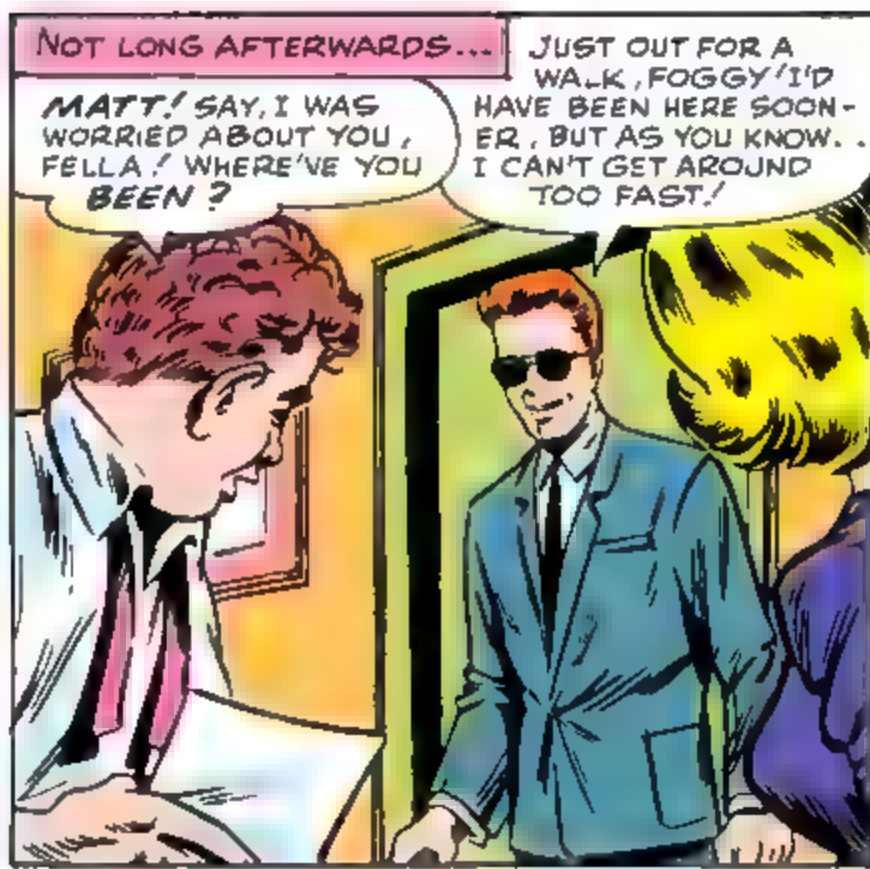
STICK... WE ARE ALL THAT STANDS BETWEEN THE WORLD AND FORCES OF MYSTIC DARKNESS-- AND WE GROW OLD. WE NEED YOUNG BLOOD, YOUNG STRENGTH.

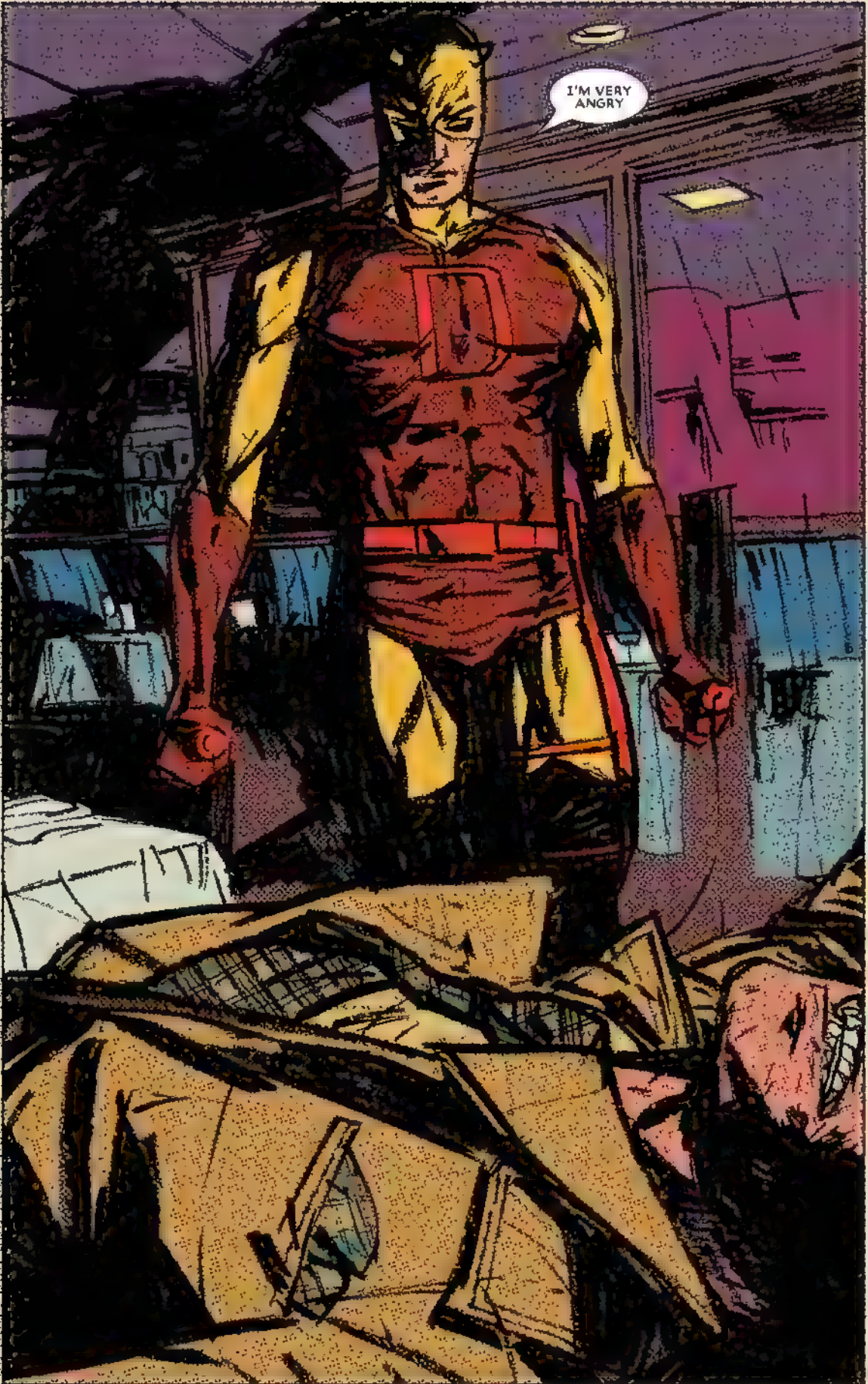
IN THIS GENERATION, ONLY TWO ADEPTS HAVE BEEN BORN. MATT MURDOCK-- AND THE GIRL, ELETRA. AND ALREADY THE GIRL HAS BEEN INFECTED WITH THE DARK WAYS. SHE COULD WELL END UP RECRUITED BY THE ENEMY...

...MATT MURDOCK MUST GET ONE MORE CHANCE! ONE MORE TEST!

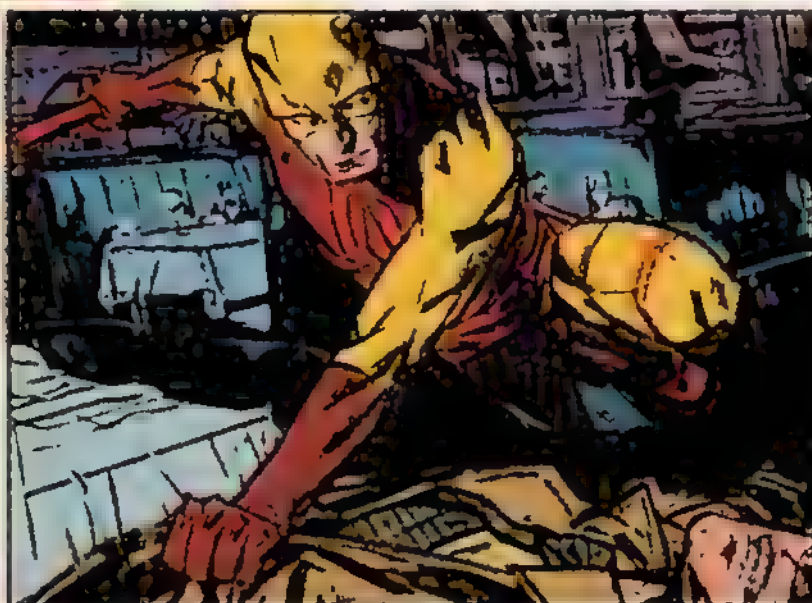
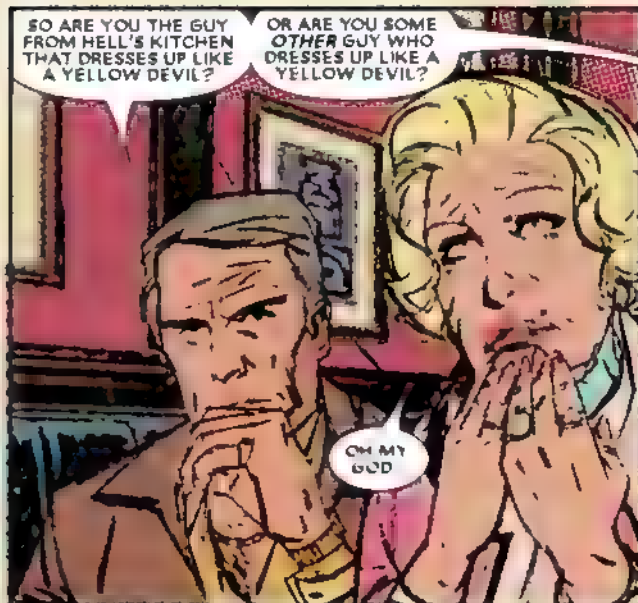
THAT IS ENOUGH, STONE. NO MORE DISCUSSION. WE CAN'T LET OUR ORDER BE COMPROMISED.

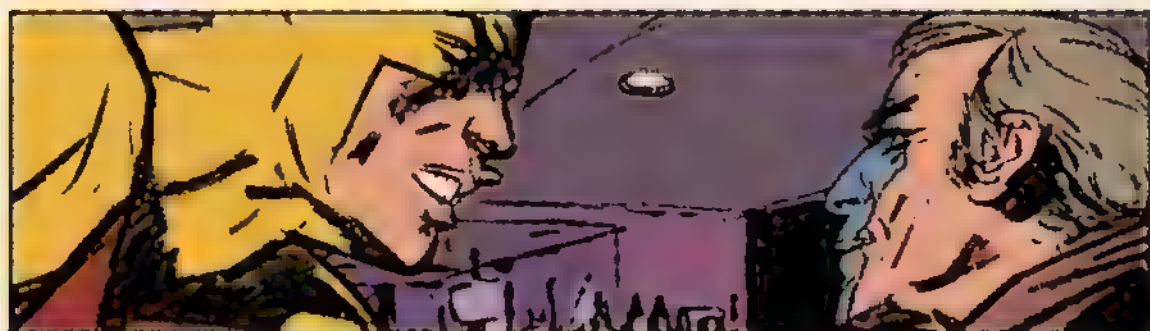
THE BOY HAS FAILED. HE IS USELESS TO US.





I'M VERY
ANGRY







FEDERAL OFFICERS!!!

WILL EVERYBODY PLEASE STAY WHERE YOU ARE!!

NOBODY MAKE ANY SUDDEN MOVES OR YELL OUT--WE HAVE A WARRANT!!



ALEXANDER BONT, WE HAVE A FEDERAL WARRANT FOR YOUR ARREST.

YOUR PROPERTY, INCLUDING THIS RESTAURANT, ARE SEIZED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE

OH NO!! NO NO NO!!



THERE WAS A GUY IN A DEVIL OUTFIT THAT JUST RAN INTO MY KITCHEN

WHY? WHY IS THIS--



YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT

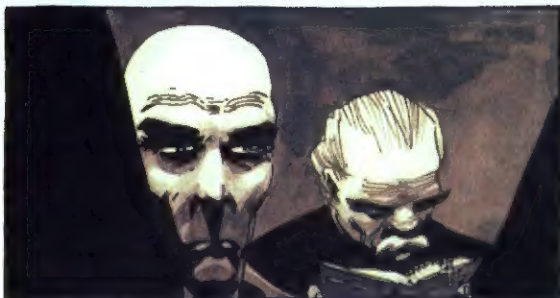


I'll never Forget that night, Karen. It was the first time I felt your body pressed against me.

It was like...

It was like your heart was pounding right inside of mine.

NEW YORK STATE
PENITENTIARY



It wasn't that long after that night, Slade, the man who had put a bullet in the back of my Dad's head, was put to death. I thought I'd be ironic and bring pistachio nuts and eat them in the gallery.



I didn't...couldn't take them out of my pocket.



Both you
and Foggy
urged me not
to attend.



But, the lawyer part
of me wanted to know
what an execution
was like.



The good son
wanted to
see it through
to the end.

I think I thought
it was going to be
like Fighting Electro.
Sparks and jolts and
excitement and...

CHOOM

...it wasn't.

The smell, Karen.
Even through the
glass partition.
Even if it had been
three feet of
poured concrete.

The smell...



I went back to the apartment. I don't know if you remember that I lived there after my Dad died.

I think I told you some excuse about not being able to find affordable housing, when all I really wanted to do was hold onto him for a little longer.

But, the Firm was making money now, and I could change a few things. I bought a refrigerator that didn't leak. A new mattress for the bed.



I never got rid of his chair.



CHRONOLOGICAL DAREDEVIL YEAR ONE: THE END.